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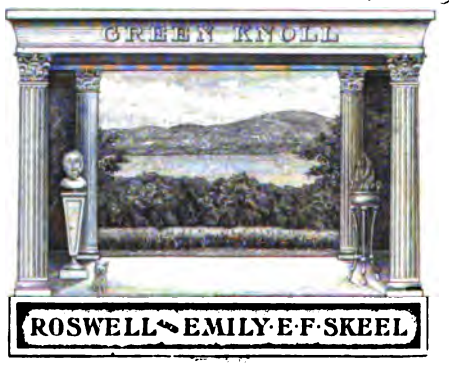
IN MEMORY OF
ROSWELL SKEEL, Jr.
AND THEIR FOUR PARENTS



EXI

Surrender of Granada. From a Modern Painting by F. Pradilla, in the Palacio del Senado, Madrid.

Agapida Edition

Chronicle

of the

Conquest of Granada

By

Washington Irving

Author's Revised Edition

VOLUME II.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

NEW YORK
27 West Twenty-third St.

LONDON
24 Bedford St., Strand

The Knickerbocker Press

1893

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1850, by
WASHINGTON IRVING,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

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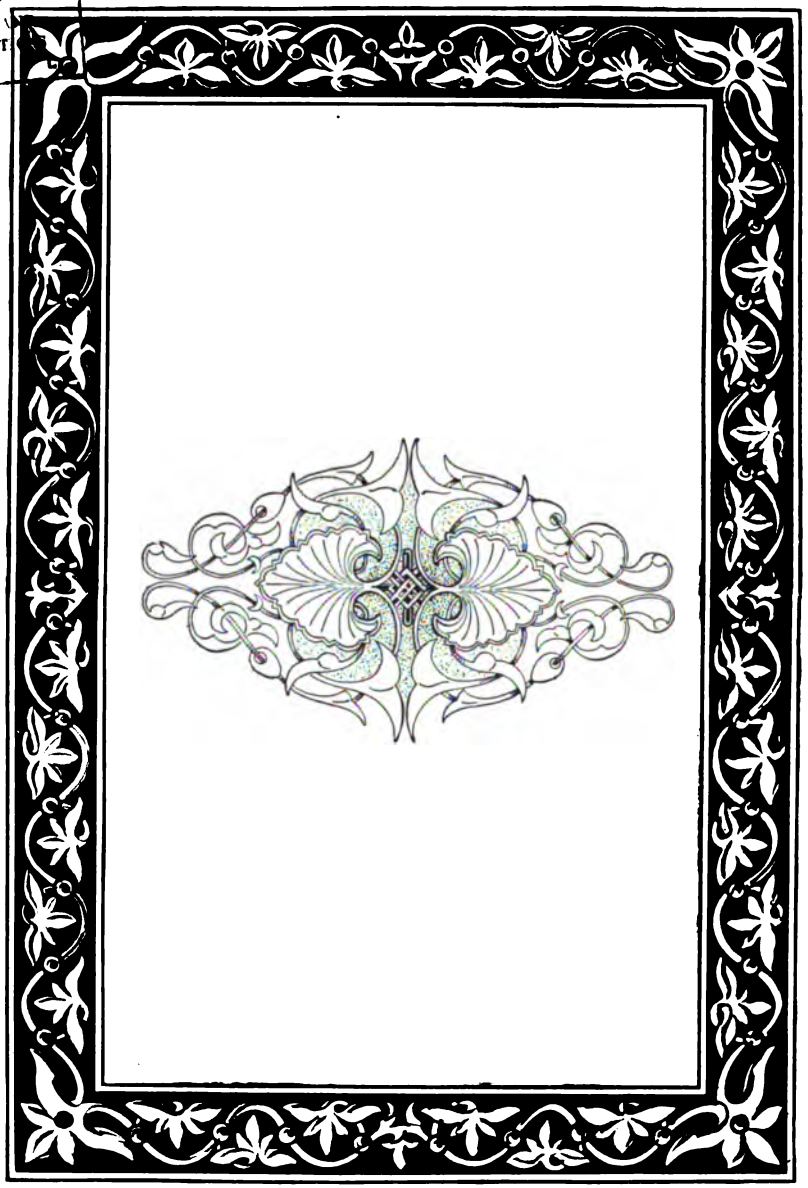

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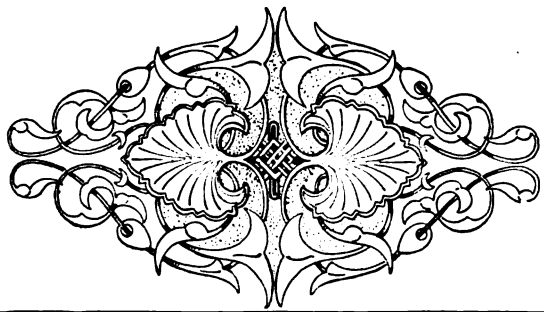

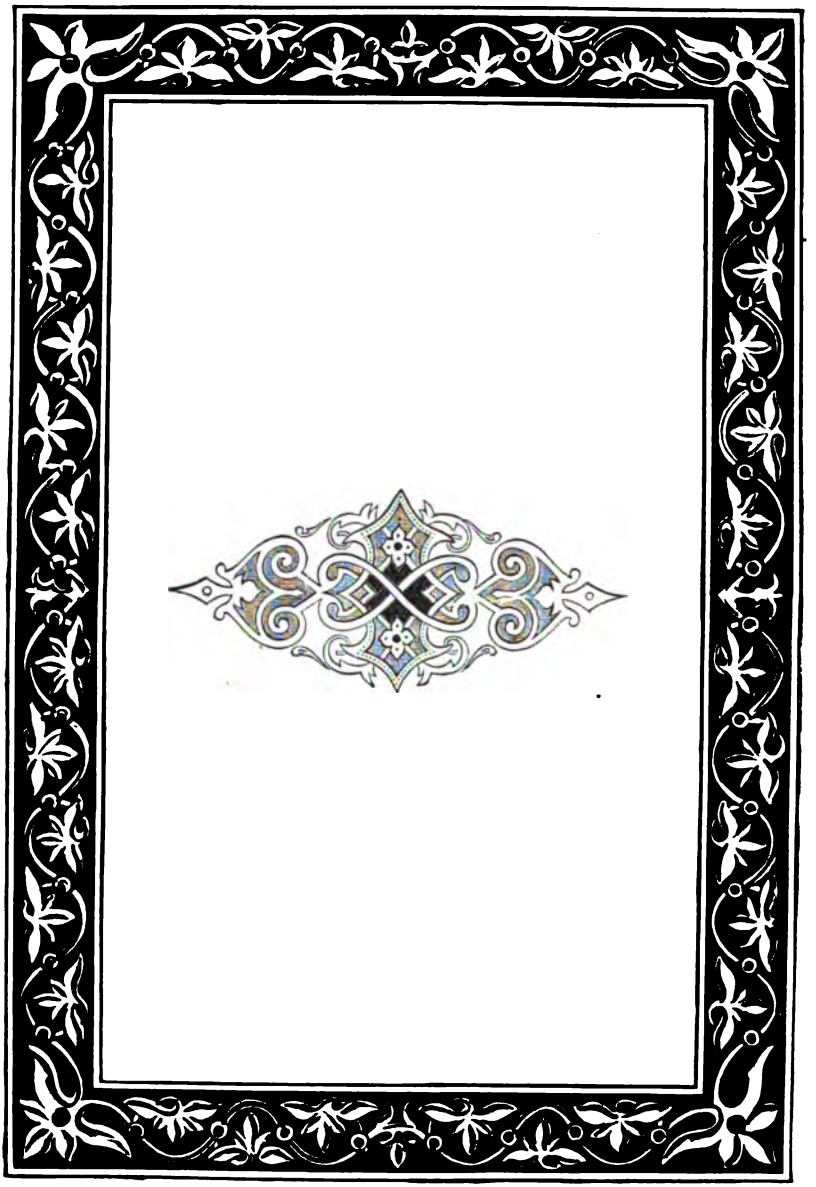

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A CHRONICLE

OF THE

CONQUEST OF GRANADA

CHAPTER I.

How King Ferdinand Laid Siege to Velez Malaga.

HITHERTO, the events of this renowned war have been little else than a succession of brilliant but brief exploits, such as sudden forays, wild skirmishes among the mountains, and the surprisals of castles, fortresses, and frontier towns. We approach now to more important and prolonged operations, in which ancient and mighty cities, the bulwarks of Granada, were invested by powerful armies, subdued by slow and regular sieges, and thus the capital left naked and alone.

The glorious triumphs of the Christian sovereigns (says Fray Antonio Agapida) had resounded throughout the East, and filled all heathenesse with alarm. The Grand Turk Bajazet II., and his deadly foe the Grand Soldan of Egypt, suspending for a time their bloody feuds, entered into a league to protect the religion of Mahomet and the kingdom of Granada from the hostilities of the Christians. It was concerted between them that Bajazet should send a powerful armada against the island of Sicily, then appertaining to the Spanish crown, for the purpose of distracting the attention of the Castilian sovereigns; while, at the same time, great bodies of troops should be poured into Granada, from the opposite coast of Africa.

Ferdinand and Isabella received timely intelligence of these designs. They resolved at once to carry the war into the sea-board of Granada, to possess themselves of its ports, and thus, as it were, to bar the gates of the kingdom against all external aid. Malaga was to be the main object of attack; it was the principal seaport of the kingdom, and almost necessary to its existence. It had long been the seat of opulent commerce, sending many ships to the coasts of Syria and Egypt. It was also the great channel of communication with Africa, through which were introduced

supplies of money, troops, arms, and steeds, from Tunis, Tripoli, Fez, Tremezan, and other Barbary powers. It was emphatically called, therefore, "the hand and mouth of Granada." Before laying siege to this redoubtable city, however, it was deemed necessary to secure the neighboring city of Velez Malaga and its dependent places, which might otherwise harass the besieging army.

For this important campaign, the nobles of the kingdom were again summoned to take the field with their forces, in the spring of 1487. The menaced invasion of the infidel powers of the East, had awakened new ardor in the bosoms of all true Christian knights; and so zealously did they respond to the summons of the sovereigns, that an army of twenty thousand cavalry and fifty thousand foot, the flower of Spanish warriors, led by the bravest of Spanish cavaliers, thronged the renowned city of Cordova, at the appointed time.

On the night before this mighty host set forth upon its march, an earthquake shook the city. The inhabitants, awakened by the shaking of the walls and rocking of the towers, fled to the courts and squares, fearing to be overwhelmed by the ruins of their dwellings. The earthquake was most violent in the quarter of the royal residence, the site of the ancient

palace of the Moorish kings. Many looked upon this as an omen of some impending evil; but Fray Antonio Agapida, in that infallible spirit of divination which succeeds an event, plainly reads in it a presage that the empire of the Moors was about to be shaken to its centre.

It was on Saturday, the eve of the Sunday of Palms (says a worthy and loyal chronicler of the time), that the most Catholic monarch departed with his army, to render service to Heaven, and make war upon the Moors.* Heavy rains had swelled all the streams, and rendered the roads deep and difficult. The King, therefore, divided his host into two bodies. In one he put all the artillery, guarded by a strong body of horse, and commanded by the Master of Alcantara and Martin Alonzo, Senior of Montemayor. This division was to proceed by the road through the valleys, where pasturage abounded for the oxen which drew the ordnance.

The main body of the army was led by the King in person. It was divided into numerous battalions, each commanded by some distinguished cavalier. The King took the rough and perilous road of the mountains, and few mountains are more rugged and difficult than those of Andalusia. The roads are mere mule-

* Pulgar, *Cronica de los Reyes Catholicos.*

paths, straggling amidst rocks and along the verge of precipices, clambering vast craggy heights, or descending into frightful chasms and ravines, with scanty and uncertain foothold for either man or steed. Four thousand pioneers were sent in advance, under the Alcayde de los Donzeles, to conquer, in some degree, the asperities of the road. Some had pickaxes and crowbars to break the rocks, others had implements to construct bridges over the mountain torrents, while it was the duty of others to lay stepping-stones in the smaller streams. As the country was inhabited by fierce Moorish mountaineers, Don Diego de Castrillo was dispatched, with a body of horse and foot, to take possession of the heights and passes. Notwithstanding every precaution, the royal army suffered excessively on its march. At one time there was no place to encamp, for five leagues of the most toilsome and mountainous country; and many of the beasts of burden sank down and perished on the road.

It was with the greatest joy, therefore, that the royal army emerged from these stern and frightful defiles, and came to where they looked down upon the *vega* of Velez Malaga. The region before them was one of the most delectable to the eye, that ever was ravaged by an army. Sheltered from every rude blast

by a screen of mountains, and sloping and expanding to the south, this lovely valley was quickened by the most generous sunshine, watered by the silver meanderings of the Velez, and refreshed by cooling breezes from the Mediterranean. The sloping hills were covered with vineyards and olive-trees; the distant fields waved with grain, or were verdant with pasturage; while round the city were delightful gardens, the favorite retreats of the Moors, where their white pavilions gleamed among groves of oranges, citrons, and pomegranates, and were surmounted by stately palms—those plants of southern growth, bespeaking a generous climate and a cloudless sky.

In the upper part of this delightful valley, the city of Velez Malaga reared its warrior battlements in stern contrast to the landscape. It was built on the declivity of a steep and insulated hill, and strongly fortified by walls and towers. The crest of the hill rose high above the town, into a mere crag, inaccessible on every other side, and crowned by a powerful castle, which domineered over the surrounding country. Two suburbs swept down into the valley, from the skirts of the town, and were defended by bulwarks and deep ditches. The vast ranges of gray mountains, often capped with clouds, which rose to the north,

were inhabited by a hardy and warlike race, whose strong fortresses of Comares, Canillas, Competa, and Benamargosa, frowned down from cragged heights.

When the Christian host arrived in sight of this valley, a squadron was hovering on the smooth sea before it, displaying the banner of Castile. This was commanded by the Count of Trevento, and consisted of four armed galleys, conveying a number of caravels, laden with supplies for the army.

After surveying the ground, King Ferdinand encamped on the side of a mountain which advanced close to the city, and was the last of a rugged *sierra*, or chain of heights, that extended quite to Granada. On the summit of this mountain, and overlooking the camp, was a Moorish town, powerfully fortified, called Bentomiz, considered capable of yielding great assistance to Velez Malaga. Several of the generals remonstrated with the King for choosing a post so exposed to assaults from the mountaineers; but he replied that he should thus cut off all communication between Bentomiz and the city; and that as to the danger, his soldiers must keep the more vigilant guard against surprise.

King Ferdinand rode about, attended by several cavaliers and a small number of cuiras-

siers, appointing the various stations of the camp. Having directed a body of foot-soldiers to possess themselves, as an advanced guard, of an important height which overlooked the city, he retired to a tent to take refreshment. While at table, he was startled by a sudden uproar, and, looking forth, beheld his soldiers flying before a superior force of the enemy. The King had on no other armor but a cuirass; seizing a lance, however, he sprang upon his horse and galloped to protect the fugitives, followed by his handful of knights and cuirassiers. When the soldiers saw the King hastening to their aid, they turned upon their pursuers. Ferdinand, in his eagerness, threw himself into the midst of the foe. One of his grooms was killed beside him; but, before the Moor who slew him could escape, the King transfixed him with his lance. He then sought to draw his sword, which hung at his saddle-bow, but in vain. Never had he been exposed to such peril; he was surrounded by the enemy, without a weapon wherewith to defend himself.

In this moment of awful jeopardy, the Marques of Cadiz, the Count de Cabra, the Adelantado of Murcia, with two other cavaliers, named Garcilasso de la Vega and Diego de Atayde, came galloping to the scene of action,

and, surrounding the King, made a rampart of their bodies against the assaults of the Moors. The horse of the Marques was pierced by an arrow, and that worthy cavalier exposed to imminent danger; but, with the aid of his valorous companions, he quickly put the enemy to flight, and pursued them, with slaughter, to the very gates of the city.

When these loyal warriors returned from the pursuit, they remonstrated with the King for exposing his life in personal conflict, seeing that he had so many valiant captains whose business it was to fight. They reminded him that the life of a prince was the life of his people, and that many a brave army was lost by the loss of its commander. They entreated him, therefore, in future to protect them with the force of his mind in the cabinet, rather than of his arm in the field.

Ferdinand acknowledged the wisdom of their advice, but declared that he could not see his people in peril without venturing his person to assist them,—a reply (say the old chroniclers) which delighted the whole army, inasmuch as they saw that he not only governed them as a good King, but protected them as a valiant captain. He, however, was conscious of the extreme peril to which he had been exposed, and made a vow never again to venture into

battle without having his sword girt to his side.*

When this achievement of the King was related to Isabella, she trembled amidst her joy at his safety; and afterwards, in memorial of the event, granted to Velez Malaga, as the arms of the city, the figure of the King on horseback, with a groom lying dead at his feet, and the Moors flying.†

The camp was formed, but the artillery was yet on the road, advancing with infinite labor, at the rate of merely a league a day; for heavy rains had converted the streams of the valleys into raging torrents, and completely broken up the roads. In the meantime, King Ferdinand ordered an assault on the suburbs of the city. They were carried, after a sanguinary conflict of six hours, in which many Christian cavaliers were killed and wounded, and, among the latter, Don Alvaro of Portugal, son of the Duke of Braganza. The suburbs were then fortified towards the city with trenches and palisades, and garrisoned by a chosen force, under Don Fadrique de Toledo. Other trenches were digged round the city, and from the suburbs to the royal camp, so as to cut off all communication with the surrounding country.

* Illescas, *Hist. Pontif.*, lib. vi., c. 20. Vedmar, *Hist. Velez Malaga.* † *Ibid.*

Bodies of troops were also sent to take possession of the mountain passes, by which the supplies for the army had to be brought. The mountains, however, were so steep and rugged, and so full of defiles and lurking-places, that the Moors could sally forth and retreat in perfect security; frequently swooping down upon Christian convoys, and bearing off both booty and prisoners to their strongholds. Sometimes the Moors would light fires at night, on the sides of the mountains, which would be answered by fires from the watch-towers and fortresses. By these signals they would concert assaults upon the Christian camp, which, in consequence, was obliged to be continually on the alert.

King Ferdinand flattered himself that the manifestation of his force had struck sufficient terror into the city, and that by offers of clemency it might be induced to capitulate. He wrote a letter, therefore to the commanders, promising, in case of immediate surrender, that all the inhabitants should be permitted to depart with their effects; but threatening them with fire and sword if they persisted in defence. This letter was dispatched by a cavalier named Carvajal, who, putting it on the end of a lance, reached it to the Moors on the walls of the city. Abul

Cacim Vanegas, son of Redûan, and *alcayde* of the fortress, replied that the King was too noble and magnanimous to put such a threat in execution, and that he should not surrender, as he knew the artillery could not be brought to the camp, and he was promised succor by the King of Granada.

At the same time that he received this reply, the King learned that at the strong town of Comares, about two leagues distant from the camp, a large number of warriors had assembled from the Axarquia, the same mountains in which the Christian cavaliers had been massacred in the beginning of the war, and that others were daily expected, for this rugged *sierra* was capable of furnishing fifteen thousand fighting men.

King Ferdinand felt that his army, thus disjointed, and inclosed in an enemy's country, was in a perilous situation, and that the utmost discipline and vigilance were necessary. He put the camp under the strictest regulations, forbidding all gaming, blasphemy, or brawl, and expelling all loose women and their attendant bully ruffians, the usual fomenters of riot and contention among soldiery. He ordered that none should sally forth to skirmish without permission from their commanders; that none should set fire to the woods on the neighboring

mountains; and that all word of security given to Moorish places or individuals should be inviolably observed. These regulations were enforced by severe penalties, and had such salutary effect that, though a vast host of various people was collected together, not an opprobrious epithet was heard, nor a weapon drawn in quarrel.

In the meantime the cloud of war continued to gather about the summits of the mountains, and multitudes of the fierce warriors of the *sierra* descended to the lower heights of Bentomiz, which overhung the camp, intending to force their way to the city. A detachment was sent against them, which, after sharp fighting, drove them to the higher cliffs, where it was impossible to pursue them.

Ten days had elapsed since the encampment of the army, yet still the artillery had not arrived. The lombards and other heavy ordnance were left in despair, at Antiquera; the rest came groaning slowly through the narrow valleys, which were filled with long trains of artillery, and cars laden with munitions. At length part of the smaller ordnance arrived within half a league of the camp, and the Christians were animated with the hopes of soon being able to make a regular attack upon the fortifications of the city.

CHAPTER II.

How King Ferdinand and his Army were Exposed to Imminent Peril before Velez Malaga.

WHILE the standard of the cross waved on the hills before Velez Malaga, and every height and cliff bristled with hostile arms, the civil war between the factions of the Alhambra and the Albaycin, or rather between El Zagal and El Chico, continued to convulse the city of Granada. The tidings of the investment of Velez Malaga at length roused the attention of the old men and the *alfaquis*, whose heads were not heated by the daily broils, and they endeavored to arouse the people to a sense of their common danger.

"Why," said they, "continue these brawls between brethren and kindred? what battles are these, where even triumph is ignominious, and the victor blushes and conceals his scars? Behold the Christians ravaging the land won

Statue of Isabella the Catholic, Granada.

"Her person was of the middle height, and well-proportioned. She had a clear, fresh complexion, with light blue eyes and auburn hair,—a style of beauty exceedingly rare in Spain. Her features were regular and universally allowed to be uncommonly handsome. The illusion which attaches to rank, more especially when united to engaging manners, might lead us to suspect some exaggeration in the encomiums so liberally lavished on her. But they would seem to be in a great measure justified by the portraits that remain of her, which combine a faultless symmetry of features with singular sweetness and intelligence of expression." —*Prescott.*

by the valor and blood of your forefathers; dwelling in the houses they built, sitting under the trees they planted, while your brethren wander about, houseless and desolate. Do you wish to seek your real foe?—he is encamped on the mountain of Bentomiz. Do you want a field for the display of your valor?—you will find it before the walls of Velez Malaga."

When they had roused the spirit of the people, they made their way to the rival kings, and addressed them with like remonstrances. Hamet Aben Zarrax, the inspired *santon*, reproached El Zagal with his blind and senseless ambition: "You are striving to be king," said he, bitterly, "yet suffer the kingdom to be lost!"

El Zagal found himself in a perplexing dilemma. He had a double war to wage—with the enemy without, and the enemy within. Should the Christians gain possession of the sea-coast, it would be ruinous to the kingdom; should he leave Granada to oppose them, his vacant throne might be seized on by his nephew. He made a merit of necessity, and, pretending to yield to the remonstrances of the *alfaquis*, endeavored to compromise with Boabdil. He expressed deep concern at the daily losses of the country, caused by the dissensions of the

capital; an opportunity now presented to retrieve all by a blow. The Christians had in a manner put themselves in a tomb between the mountains—nothing remained but to throw the earth upon them. He offered to resign the title of king, to submit to the government of his nephew, and fight under his standard; all he desired was to hasten to the relief of Velez Malaga, and to take full vengeance on the Christians.

Boabdil spurned his proposition, as the artifice of a hypocrite and a traitor. "How shall I trust a man," said he, "who has murdered my father and my kindred by treachery, and has repeatedly sought my own life, both by violence and stratagem?"

El Zagal boiled with rage and vexation—but there was no time to be lost. He was beset by the *alfaquis* and the nobles of his court; the youthful cavaliers were hot for action, the common people loud in their complaints that the richest cities were abandoned to the mercy of the enemy. The old warrior was naturally fond of fighting; he saw also that to remain inactive would endanger both crown and kingdom, whereas a successful blow might secure his popularity in Granada. He had a much more powerful force than his nephew, having lately received reinforcements from Baza, Gua-

dix, and Almeria; he could march with a large force, therefore, to the relief of Velez Malaga, and yet leave a strong garrison in the Alhambra. He took his measures accordingly, and departed suddenly in the night, at the head of one thousand horse and twenty thousand foot, and urged his way rapidly by the most unfrequented roads, along the chain of mountains extending from Granada to the heights above Velez Malaga.

The Christians were alarmed one evening by the sudden blazing of great fires on the mountains about the fortress of Bentomiz. By the ruddy light they beheld the flash of weapons and the array of troops, and they heard the distant sound of Moorish drums and trumpets. The fires of Bentomiz were answered by fires on the towers of Velez Malaga. The shouts of "El Zagal! El Zagal!" echoed along the cliffs, and resounded from the city; and the Christians found that the old warrior King of Granada was on the mountain above their camp.

The spirits of the Moors were suddenly raised to a pitch of the greatest exultation, while the Christians were astonished to see this storm of war ready to burst upon their heads. The Count de Cabra, with his accustomed eagerness when there was a king in

the field, would fain have scaled the heights, and attacked El Zagal before he had time to form his camp; but Ferdinand, more cool and wary, restrained him. To attack the height would be to abandon the siege. He ordered every one, therefore, to keep vigilant watch at his post and stand ready to defend it to the utmost, but on no account to sally forth and attack the enemy.

All night the signal fires kept blazing along the mountains, rousing and animating the whole country. The morning sun rose over the lofty summit of Bentomiz on a scene of martial splendor. As its rays glanced down the mountain, they lighted up the white tents of the Christian cavaliers, cresting its lower prominences, their pennons and ensigns fluttering in the morning breeze. The sumptuous pavilions of the King, with the holy standard of the cross and the royal banners of Castile and Aragon, dominated the encampment. Beyond lay the city, its lofty castle and numerous towers glistening with arms, while above all, and just on the profile of the height, in the full blaze of the rising sun, were descried the tents of the Moor, his troops clustering about them, and his infidel banners floating against the sky. Columns of smoke rose where the night-fires had blazed, and the clash of the

Moorish cymbal, the bray of trumpet, and the neigh of horse, were faintly heard from the airy heights. So pure and transparent is the atmosphere in this region, that every object can be distinctly seen at a great distance; and the Christians were able to behold the formidable hosts of foes gathering on the summits of the surrounding mountains.

One of the first measures of the Moorish king was to detach a large force, under Reduan de Vanegas, Alcayde of Granada, to fall upon the convoy of ordnance, which stretched for a great distance through the mountain defiles. Ferdinand had anticipated this attempt, and sent the Commander of Leon with a body of horse and foot to reinforce the Master of Alcantara. El Zagal from his mountain height beheld the detachment issue from the camp, and immediately recalled Reduan. The armies now remained quiet for a time, the Moor looking grimly down upon the Christian camp, like a tiger meditating a bound upon his prey. The Christians were in fearful jeopardy—a hostile city below them, a powerful army above them, and on every side mountains filled with implacable foes.

After El Zagal had maturely considered the situation of the Christian camp, and informed himself of all the passes of the mountain, he

conceived a plan to surprise the enemy, which he flattered himself would insure their ruin, and perhaps the capture of King Ferdinand. He wrote a letter to the *alcayde* of the city, commanding him, in the dead of night, on a signal fire being made from the mountain, to sally forth with all his troops, and fall furiously upon the Christian camp. The King would, at the same time, rush down with his army from the mountain, and assail it on the opposite side, thus overwhelming it at the hour of deep repose. This letter he dispatched by a renegado Christian, who knew all the secret roads of the country, and, if taken, could pass himself for a Christian who had escaped from captivity.

El Zagal, confident in his stratagem, looked down upon the Christians as his devoted victims. As the sun went down, and the long shadows of mountains stretched across the Vega, he pointed with exultation to the camp below, apparently unconscious of the impending danger. "Behold," said he, "the unbelievers are delivered into our hands; their king and choicest chivalry will soon be at our mercy. Now is the time to show the courage of men, and by one glorious victory, retrieve all that we have lost. Happy he who falls fighting in the cause of the prophet! he will at once

be transported to the paradise of the faithful, and surrounded by immortal *houris*. Happy he who shall survive victorious! he will behold Granada!—an earthly paradise—once more delivered from its foes, and restored to all its glory." The words of El Zagal were received with acclamations by his troops, who waited impatiently for the appointed hour, to pour down from their mountain-hold upon the Christians.

CHAPTER III.

Result of the Stratagem of El Zagal to Surprise King Ferdinand.

QUEEN ISABELLA and her court had remained at Cordova, in great anxiety for the result of the royal expedition. Every day brought tidings of the difficulties which attended the transportation of the ordnance and munitions, and of the critical state of the army.

While in this state of anxious suspense, couriers arrived with all speed from the frontiers, bringing tidings of the sudden sally of El Zagal from Granada, to surprise the camp. All Cordova was in consternation. The destruction of the Andalusian chivalry, among the mountains of this very neighborhood, was called to mind; it was feared that similar ruin was about to burst forth, from rocks and precipices, upon Ferdinand and his army.

Queen Isabella shared in the public alarm, but it served to rouse all the energies of her heroic mind. Instead of uttering idle apprehensions, she sought only how to avert the danger. She called upon all the men of Andalusia, under the age of seventy, to arm and hasten to the relief of their sovereign: and she prepared to set out with the first levies. The Grand Cardinal of Spain, old Pedro Gonzalez de Mendoza, in whom the piety of a saint and the wisdom of the counsellor were mingled with the fire of the cavalier, offered high pay to all horsemen who would follow him to aid the King and the Christian cause; and buckling on armor, prepared to lead them to the scene of danger.

The summons of the Queen roused the quick Andalusian spirit. Warriors who had long since given up fighting, and had sent their sons to battle, now seized the sword and lance, rusting on the wall, and marshalled forth their gray-headed domestics and their grandchildren for the field. The great dread was that all aid would arrive too late; El Zagal and his host had passed like a storm through the mountains, and it was feared the tempest had already burst upon the Christian camp.

In the meantime, the night had closed which had been appointed by El Zagal for the

execution of his plan. He had watched the last light of day expire, and all the Spanish camp remained tranquil. As the hours wore away, the camp-fires were gradually extinguished. No drum nor trumpet sounded from below. Nothing was heard, but now and then the dull, heavy tread of troops, or the echoing tramp of horses—the usual patrols of the camp, and the changes of the guards. El Zagal restrained his own impatience, and that of his troops, until the night should be advanced, and the camp sunk in that heavy sleep from which men are with difficulty awakened; and, when awakened, prone to be bewildered and dismayed.

At length the appointed hour arrived. By order of the Moorish king, a bright flame sprang up from the height of Bentomiz; but El Zagel looked in vain for the corresponding light from the city. His impatience would brook no longer delay; he ordered the advance of the army to descend the mountain defile and attack the camp. The defile was narrow, and overhung by rocks. As the troops proceeded, they came suddenly, in a shadowy hollow, upon a dark mass of warriors, who, with a loud shout, rushed to assail them. Surprised and disconcerted, they retreated in confusion to the height. When El Zagal heard of a

Christian force in the defile, he doubted some counter-plan by the enemy, and gave orders to light the mountain fires. On a signal given, bright flames sprang up from every height, from pyres of wood, prepared for the purpose; cliff blazed out after cliff, until the whole atmosphere was in a glow of furnace light. The ruddy glare lit up the glens and passes, and fell strongly upon the Christian camp, revealing all its tents, and every post and bulwark. Wherever El Zagal turned his eyes, he beheld the light of his fires flashed back from cuirass, and helm, and sparkling lance; he beheld a grove of spears planted in every pass, every assailable point bristling with arms, and squadrons of horse and foot in battle array, awaiting his attack.

In fact, his letter to the Alcayde of Velez Malaga had been intercepted by the vigilant Ferdinand, the renegado messenger hanged, and secret measures taken, after nightfall to give the Moors a warm reception. El Zagal saw that his plan of surprise was discovered and foiled; furious with disappointment, he ordered his troops forward to the attack. They rushed down the defile, but were again encountered by the mass of Christian warriors, being the advance guard of the army, commanded by Don Hurtado de Mendoza, brother

of the Grand Cardinal. The Moors were again repulsed, and retreated up the height. Don Hurtado would have followed them, but the ascent was steep and rugged, and easily defended. A sharp action was kept up through the night, with cross-bows, darts, and arquebuses. The cliffs echoed with deafening uproar, while the fires blazing upon the mountains threw a lurid and uncertain light upon the scene.

When the day dawned, and the Moors saw that there was no co-operation from the city, they slackened their ardor; they beheld also every pass of the mountain filled with Christian troops, and began to apprehend an assault in return. Just then King Ferdinand sent the Marques of Cadiz, with horse and foot, to seize upon a height occupied by a battalion of the enemy. The Marques assailed the Moors with his usual intrepidity and soon put them to flight. The others, who were above, seeing their comrades fly, threw down their arms and retreated. One of those unaccountable panics, which now and then seize upon great bodies of peoples, and to which the light-spirited Moors were prone, now spread throughout the camp. They were terrified, they knew not why, nor at what, and throwing away swords, lances, breast-plates, cross-bows, everything that could impede their

motions, scattered themselves wildly in every direction. They fled without pursuers—from the glimpse of each other's arms, from the sound of each other's footsteps. Reduan de Vanegas, the brave Alcayde of Granada, alone succeeded in collecting a body of the fugitives; he made a circuit with them through the passes of the mountain, and forcing his way across a weak part of the Christian lines, galloped towards Velez Malaga. The rest of the Moorish host was completely scattered. In vain did El Zagal and his knights attempt to rally them; they were left almost alone, and had to consult their own security by flight.

The Marques of Cadiz finding no opposition, ascended from height to height, cautiously reconnoitring, and fearful of some stratagem or ambush. All, however, was quiet. He reached with his men the place which the Moorish army had occupied; the heights were abandoned, and strewed with cuirasses, cimeters, cross-bows, and other weapons. His force was too small to pursue the enemy, but returned to the royal camp laden with spoils.

Ferdinand at first could not credit so signal and miraculous a defeat, but suspected some lurking stratagem. He ordered, therefore, that a strict watch should be maintained

throughout the camp, and every one be ready for instant action. The following night, a thousand cavaliers and *hidalgos* kept guard about the royal tent, as they had done for several preceding nights; nor did the King relax this vigilance, until he received certain intelligence that the enemy was completely scattered, and El Zagal flying in confusion.

The tidings of this rout, and of the safety of the Christian army, arrived at Cordova just as reinforcements were on the point of setting out. The anxiety and alarm of the Queen and the public, were turned to transports of joy and gratitude. The forces were disbanded, solemn processions were made, and *Te Deums* chanted in the churches, for so signal a victory.

CHAPTER IV.

How the People of Granada Rewarded the Valor of El Zagal.

THE daring spirit of Muley Abdallah el Zagal, in sallying forth to defend his territories, while he left an armed rival in his capital, struck the people of Granada with admiration. They recalled his former exploits, and again anticipated some hardy achievement from his valor. Couriers from the army reported its formidable position on the height of Bentomiz. For a time, there was a pause in the bloody commotions of the city; all attention was turned to the blow about to be struck at the Christian camp. The same considerations which diffused anxiety and terror through Cordova, swelled every bosom with exulting confidence in Granada. The Moors expected to hear of another massacre, like that in the mountains of Malaga. "El Zagal has again entrapped the enemy!" was the cry.

"The power of the unbelievers is about to be struck to the heart. We shall soon see the Christian king led captive to the capital." Thus was the name of El Zagal on every tongue. He was extolled as the savior of the country; the only one worthy of wearing the Moorish crown. Boabdil was reviled as basely remaining passive while his country was invaded; and so violent became the clamor of the populace, that his adherents trembled for his safety.

While the people of Granada were impatiently looking out for tidings of the anticipated victory, scattered horsemen came spurring across the Vega. They were fugitives from the Moorish army, and brought the first incoherent account of its defeat. Every one who attempted to tell the tale of this unaccountable panic and dispersion, was as if bewildered by the broken recollection of some frightful dream. He knew not how or why it came to pass. He talked of a battle in the night, among rocks and precipices, by the glare of bale-fires; of multitudes of armed foes in every pass, seen by gleams and flashes; of the sudden horror that seized upon the army at daybreak; its headlong flight and total dispersion. Hour after hour, the arrival of other fugitives confirmed the story of ruin and disgrace.

In proportion to their recent vaunting, was the humiliation that now fell upon the people of Granada. There was a universal burst, not of grief, but of indignation. They confounded the leader with the army—the deserted with those who had abandoned him; and El Zagal, from being their idol, became suddenly the object of their execration. He had sacrificed the army; he had disgraced the nation; he had betrayed the country. He was a dastard, a traitor; he was unworthy to reign.

On a sudden, one among the multitude shouted, "Long live Boabdil el Chico!" the cry was echoed on all sides, and every one shouted, "Long live Boabdil el Chico! long live the legitimate king of Granada! and death to all usurpers!" In the excitement of the moment, they thronged to the Albaycin; and those who had lately besieged Boabdil with arms, now surrounded his palace with acclamations. The keys of the city, and of all the fortresses, were laid at his feet; he was borne in state to the Alhambra, and once more seated, with all due ceremony, on the throne of his ancestors.

Boabdil had by this time become so accustomed to be crowned and uncrowned by the multitude, that he put no great faith in the duration of their loyalty. He knew that he

was surrounded by hollow hearts, and that most of the courtiers of the Alhambra were secretly devoted to his uncle. He ascended the throne as the rightful sovereign, who had been dispossessed of it by usurpation; and he ordered the heads of four of the principal nobles to be struck off, who had been most zealous in support of the usurper. Executions of the kind were matters of course on any change in the Moorish government; and Boabdil was lauded for his moderation and humanity, in being content with so small a sacrifice. The factions were awed into obedience; the populace delighted with any change, extolled Boabdil to the skies; and the name of Muley Abdallah el Zagal was for a time a by-word of scorn and opprobrium throughout the city.

Never was any commander more astonished and confounded by a sudden reverse of fortune, than El Zagal. The evening had seen him with a powerful army at his command, his enemy within his grasp, and victory about to cover him with glory, and to consolidate his power; the morning beheld him a fugitive among the mountains, his army, his prosperity his power, all dispelled, he knew not how—gone like a dream of the night. In vain had he tried to stem the headlong flight of the army. He saw his squadrons breaking and dispersing

among the cliffs of the mountains, until, of all his host, only a handful of cavaliers remained faithful. With these he made a gloomy retreat toward Granada, but with a heart full of foreboding. As he drew near to the city, he paused on the banks of the Xenil and sent forth scouts to collect intelligence. They returned with dejected countenances: "The gates of Granada," said they, "are closed against you. The banner of Boabdil floats on the tower of the Alhambra."

El Zagal turned his steed, and departed in silence. He retreated to the town of Almunecar, and thence to Almeria, which places still remained faithful to him. Restless and uneasy at being distant from the capital, he again changed his abode, and repaired to the city of Guadix, within a few leagues of Granada. Here he remained, endeavoring to rally his forces, and preparing to avail himself of any sudden change in the fluctuating politics of the metropolis.

CHAPTER V.

Surrender of Velez Malaga and Other Places.

THE people of Velez Malaga had beheld the camp of Muley Abdallah, covering the summit of Bentomiz, and glittering in the last rays of the setting sun. During the night they had been alarmed and perplexed by signal fires on the mountains, and by the sound of distant battle. When the morning broke, the Moorish army had vanished as if by enchantment. While the inhabitants were lost in wonder and conjecture, a body of cavalry, the fragment of the army saved by Reduan de Vanegas, the brave Alcayde of Granada, came galloping to the gates. The tidings of the strange discomfiture of the host filled the people with consternation; but Reduan exhorted the people to continue their resistance. He was devoted to El Zagal, and confident in his skill and prowess; and felt

assured that he would soon collect his scattered forces and return with fresh troops from Granada. The people were comforted by the words, and encouraged by the presence of Reduan; and they had still a lingering hope that the heavy artillery of the Christians might be locked up in the impassable defiles of the mountains. This hope was soon at an end. The very next day, they beheld long laborious lines of ordnance slowly moving into the Spanish camp, lombards, *ribadoquines*, catapults, and cars laden with munitions,—while the escort, under the brave Master of Alcantara, wheeled in great battalions into the camp, to augment the force of the besiegers.

The intelligence that Granada had shut its gates against El Zagal, and that no reinforcements were to be expected, completed the despair of the inhabitants; even Reduan himself lost confidence, and advised capitulation.

Ferdinand granted favorable conditions, for he was eager to proceed against Malaga. The inhabitants were permitted to depart with their effects, except their arms, and to reside, if they chose it, in Spain, in any place distant from the sea. One hundred and twenty Christians, of both sexes, were rescued from captivity by the surrender, and were sent to

Cordova, where they were received with great tenderness by the Queen and her daughter the Infanta Isabella, in the famous cathedral, in the midst of public rejoicings for the victory.

The capture of Velez Malaga was followed by the surrender of Bentomiz, Comares, and all the towns and fortresses of the Axarquia, which were strongly garrisoned, and discreet and valiant cavaliers appointed as their *alcaydes*. The inhabitants of nearly forty towns of the Alpuxarra Mountains, also, sent deputations to the Castilian sovereigns, taking the oath of allegiance as *Mudehares*, or Moslem vassals.

About the same time came letters from Boabdil el Chico, announcing to the sovereigns the revolution of Granada in his favor. He solicited kindness and protection for the inhabitants who had returned to their allegiance, and for those of all other places which should renounce adherence to his uncle. By this means (he observed) the whole kingdom of Granada would soon be induced to acknowledge his sway, and would be held by him in faithful vassalage to the Castilian crown.

The Catholic sovereigns complied with his request. Protection was immediately extended to the inhabitants of Granada, permitting them

to cultivate their fields in peace, and to trade with the Christian territories in all articles excepting arms; being provided with letters of surety, from some Christian captain or *alcayde*. The same favor was promised to all other places which, within six months, should renounce El Zagal and come under allegiance to the younger king. Should they not do so within that time, the sovereigns threatened to make war upon them, and conquer them for themselves. This measure had a great effect in inducing many to return to the standard of Boabdil.

Having made every necessary arrangement for the government and security of the newly conquered territory, Ferdinand turned his attention to the great object of his campaign, the reduction of Malaga.

CHAPTER VI.

Of the City of Malaga, and its Inhabitants—Mission of Hernando del Pulgar.

THE city of Malaga lies in the lap of a fertile valley, surrounded by mountains, excepting on the part which lies open to the sea. As it was one of the most important, so it was one of the strongest, cities of the Moorish kingdom. It was fortified by walls of prodigious strength, studded with a great number of huge towers. On the land side, it was protected by a natural barrier of mountains; and on the other, the waves of the Mediterranean beat against the foundations of its massive bulwarks.

At one end of the city, near the sea, on a high mound, stood the *Alcazaba* or citadel, a fortress of great strength. Immediately above this, rose a steep and rocky mount, on the top of which, in olden times, had been a *pharos* or lighthouse, from which the height

Torre de la Vela (Watch Tower) and Walls of the Alhambra, from the Torres Bermejas (Red Towers).

derived its name of Gibralfaro.* It was at present crowned by an immense castle, which, from its lofty and cragged situation, its vast walls and mighty towers, was deemed impregnable. It communicated with the *Alcazaba* by a covered way, six paces broad, leading down between two walls, along the profile or ridge of the rock. The castle of Gibralfaro commanded both citadel and city, and was capable, if both were taken, of maintaining a siege. Two large suburbs adjoined the city: in the one towards the sea, were the dwelling-houses of the most opulent inhabitants, adorned with hanging gardens; the other, on the land side, was thickly peopled, and surrounded by strong walls and towers.

Malaga possessed a brave and numerous garrison, and the common people were active, hardy, and resolute: but the city was rich and commercial, and under the habitual control of numerous opulent merchants, who dreaded the ruinous consequences of a siege. They were little zealous for the warlike renown of their city, and longed rather to participate in the enviable security of property, and the lucrative privileges of safe traffic with the Christian territories, granted to all places

* A corruption of *Gibel-faro*, the hill of the light-house.

which declared for Boabdil. At the head of these gainful citizens was Ali Dordux, a mighty merchant of uncounted wealth, connected, it is said, with the royal family of Granada, whose ships traded to every part of the Levant, and whose word was as a law in Malaga. Ali Dordux assembled the most opulent and important of his commercial brethren, and they repaired in a body to the *Alcazaba*, where they were received by the Alcayde Aben Comixa, with that deference generally shown to men of their great local dignity and power of purse. Ali Dordux was ample and stately in his form, and fluent and emphatic in his discourse; his eloquence had an effect, therefore upon the *alcayde*, as he represented the hopelessness of a defence of Malaga, the misery that must attend a siege, and the ruin that must follow a capture by force of arms. On the other hand, he set forth the grace that might be obtained from the Castilian sovereigns, by an early and voluntary acknowledgment of Boabdil as king; the peaceful possession of their property, and the profitable commerce with the Christian ports, that would be allowed them. He was seconded by his weighty and important coadjutors; and the *alcayde*, accustomed to regard them as the arbiters of the affairs of the place, yielded to

their united counsels. He departed, therefore, with all speed, to the Christian camp, empowered to arrange a capitulation with the Castilian monarch; and in the meantime, his brother remained in command of the Alcazaba.

There was at this time, as *alcayde*, in the old crag-built castle of Gibralfaro, a warlike and fiery Moor, an implacable enemy of the Christians. This was no other than Hamet Zeli, surnamed El Zegri, the once formidable Alcayde of Ronda, and the terror of its mountains. He had never forgiven the capture of his favorite fortress, and panted for vengeance on the Christians. Notwithstanding his reverses, he had retained the favor of El Zagal, who knew how to appreciate a bold warrior of the kind, and had placed him in command of this important fortress of Gibralfaro.

Hamet el Zegri had gathered round him the remnant of his band of Gomeres, with others of the same tribe, recently arrived from Morocco. These fierce warriors were nestled, like so many war-hawks, about their lofty cliff. They looked down with martial contempt upon the commercial city of Malaga, which they were placed to protect; or rather, they esteemed it only for its military importance, and its capability of defence. They held no communion with its trading, gainful inhabi-

tants, and even considered the garrison of the Alcazaba their inferiors. War was their pursuit and passion; they rejoiced in its turbulent and perilous scenes; and, confident in the strength of the city, and, above all, of their castle, they set at defiance the menace of Christian invasion. There were among them, also, many apostate Moors, who had once embraced Christianity, but had since recanted, and fled from the vengeance of the Inquisition.* These were desperadoes, who had no mercy to expect, should they again fall into the hands of the enemy.

Such were the fierce elements of the garrison of Gibralfaro; and its rage may easily be conceived at hearing that Malaga was to be given up without a blow; that they were to sink into Christian vassals, under the intermediate sway of Boabdil el Chico; and that the Alcayde of the Alcazaba had departed, to arrange the terms of capitulation.

Hamet determined to avert, by desperate means, the threatened degradation. He knew that there was a large party in the city faithful to El Zagal, being composed of warlike men, who had taken refuge from the various mountain towns which had been captured; their feelings were desperate as their fortunes, and,

* Zurita, lib. xxx., c. 71.

like Hamet, they panted for revenge upon the Christians. With these he had a secret conference, and received assurance of their adherence to him in any measures of defence. As to the counsel of the peaceful inhabitants, he considered it unworthy the consideration of a soldier; and he spurned at the interference of the wealthy merchant Ali Dordux, in matters of warfare.

"Still," said Hamet el Zegri, "let us proceed regularly." So he descended with his Gomeres to the citadel, entered it suddenly, put to death the brother of the Alcayde, and such of the garrison as made any demur, and then summoned the principal inhabitants of Malaga, to deliberate on measures for the welfare of the city.* The wealthy merchants again mounted to the citadel, excepting Ali Dordux, who refused to obey the summons. They entered with hearts filled with awe, for they found Hamet surrounded by his grim African guard and all the stern array of military power, and they beheld the bloody traces of the recent massacre.

Hamet rolled a dark and searching eye upon the assembly. "Who," said he "is loyal and devoted to Muley Abdallah el Zagal?" Every one present asserted his loyalty. "Good!"

* *Cura de los Palacios*, c. 82.

said Hamet; "and who is ready to prove his devotion to his sovereign, by defending this his important city to the last extremity?" Every one present declared his readiness. "Enough!" observed Hamet; "the Alcayde Aben Comixa has proved himself a traitor to his sovereign, and to you all; for he has conspired to deliver the place to the Christians. It behooves you to choose some other commander, capable of defending your city from the approaching enemy." The assembly declared unanimously that no one was so worthy of the command as himself. So Hamet was appointed Alcayde of Malaga, and immediately proceeded to man the forts and towers with his partisans, and to make every preparation for a desperate resistance.

Intelligence of these occurrences put an end to the negotiations between King Ferdinand and the superseded Alcayde Aben Comixa, and it was supposed there was no alternative but to lay siege to the place. The Marquis of Cadiz, however, found at Velez a Moorish cavalier of some note, a native of Malaga, who offered to tamper with Hamet el Zegri for the surrender of the city, or at least of the castle of Gibralfaro. The Marques communicated this to the King; "I put this business, and the key of my treasury, into your hands,"

said Ferdinand; "act, stipulate, and disburse, in my name, as you think proper."

The Marques armed the Moor with his own lance, cuirass, and target, and mounted him on one of his own horses. He equipped in similar style, also, another Moor, his companion and relative. They bore secret letters to Hamet from the Marques, offering him the town of Coin in perpetual inheritance, and four thousand *doblas* in gold, if he would deliver up Gibralfaro; together with a farm and two thousand *doblas* for his lieutenant Ibrahim Zenete, and large sums to be distributed among his officers and soldiers; and he offered unlimited rewards for the surrender of the city.

Hamet had a warrior's admiration of the Marques of Cadiz, and received his messengers with courtesy in his fortress of Gibralfaro. He even listened to their propositions with patience, and dismissed them in safety, though with an absolute refusal. The Marques thought his reply was not so peremptory as to discourage another effort. The emissaries were despatched, therefore, a second time, with further propositions. They approached Malaga in the night, but found the guards doubled, patrols abroad, and the whole place on the alert. They were discovered, pursued, and only saved them-

selves by the fleetness of their steeds and their knowledge of the passes of the mountains.*

Finding all attempts to tamper with the faith of Hamet utterly futile, King Ferdinand publicly summoned the city to surrender, offering the most favorable terms in case of immediate compliance, but threatening captivity to all the inhabitants in case of resistance.

It required a man of nerve to undertake the delivery of such a summons in the present heated and turbulent state of the Moorish community. Such a one stepped forward in the person of a cavalier of the royal guards, Hernan Perez del Pulgar by name, a youth of noble descent, who had already signalized himself by his romantic valor and daring enterprise. Furnished with official papers for Hamet el Zegri and a private letter from the King to Ali Dordux, he entered the gates of Malaga under the protection of a flag, and boldly delivered his summons in presence of the principal inhabitants. The language of the summons, or the tone in which it was delivered, exasperated the fiery spirit of the Moors, and it required all the energy of Hamet and the influence of several of the *alfaquis* to prevent an outrage to the person of the ambassador. The reply of Hamet was haughty and

* *Cura de los Palacios*, MS., c. 82.

decided. "The city of Malaga has been confided to me," said he, "not to be surrendered, but defended, and the King shall witness how I acquit myself of my charge." *

His mission at an end, Hernan del Pulgar rode slowly and deliberately through the city, utterly regardless of the scowls and menaces, and scarcely restrained turbulence of the multitude, and bore to Ferdinand at Velez the haughty answer of the Moor; but at the same time gave him a formidable account of the force of the garrison, the strength of the fortifications, and the determined spirit of the commander and his men. The King immediately sent orders to have the heavy artillery forwarded from Antiquera, and, on the 7th of May, marched with his army towards Malaga.

* Pulgar, part 3, c. 74.

CHAPTER VII.

Advance of King Ferdinand against Malaga.

THE army of Ferdinand advanced in lengthened line, glittering along the foot of the mountains which border the Mediterranean ; while a fleet of vessels, freighted with heavy artillery and warlike munitions, kept pace with it at a short distance from the land, covering the sea with a thousand gleaming sails. When Hamet el Zegri saw this force approaching, he set fire to the houses of the suburbs which adjoined the walls, and sent forth three battalions to encounter the advance-guard of the enemy.

The Christian army drew near to the city at that end where the castle and rocky height of Gibralfaro defend the seaboard. Immediately opposite, at about two bow-shots distance, stood the castle ; and between it and the high chain of mountains was a steep and rocky hill, at present called the Hill of St. Christobal, com-

manding a pass through which the Christians must march to penetrate to the *vega* and surround the city. Hamet ordered the three battalions to take their stations, one on this hill, another in the pass near the castle, and a third on the side of the mountain near the sea.

A body of Spanish foot-soldiers, of the advance-guard, sturdy mountaineers of Galicia, sprang forward to climb the side of the height next the sea; at the same time, a number of cavaliers and *hidalgos* of the royal household attacked the Moors who guarded the pass below. The Moors defended their posts with obstinate valor. The Galicians were repeatedly overpowered and driven down the hill, but as often rallied, and being reinforced by the *hidalgos* and cavaliers, returned to the assault. This obstinate struggle lasted for six hours; the strife was of a deadly kind, not merely with cross-bows and arquebuses, but hand to hand, with swords and daggers; no quarter was claimed or given on either side—they fought not to make captives, but to slay. It was but the advance of the Christian army that was engaged; so narrow was the pass along the coast that the army could proceed only in file; horse and foot and beasts of burden were crowded one upon another, impeding

each other, and blocking up the narrow and rugged defile. The soldiers heard the uproar of the battle, the sound of trumpets, and the war-cries of the Moors—but tried in vain to press forward to the assistance of their companions.

At length a body of foot-soldiers of the Holy Brotherhood climbed, with great difficulty, the steep side of the mountain which overhung the pass, and advanced with seven banners displayed. The Moors, seeing this force above them, abandoned the pass in despair. The battle was still raging on the height; the Galicians, though supported by Castilian troops under Don Hurtado de Mendoza and Garcilasso de la Vega, were severely pressed and roughly handled by the Moors; at length a brave standard-bearer, Luys Mazeda by name, threw himself into the midst of the enemy, and planted his banner on the summit. The Galicians and Castilians, stimulated by this noble self-devotion, followed him, fighting desperately, and the Moors were at length driven to their castle of Gibralfaro.*

This important height being taken, the pass lay open to the army; but by this time evening was advancing, and the host was too weary and exhausted to seek proper situations

* Pulgar, *Cronica.*

for the encampment. The King, attended by several grandees and cavaliers, went the rounds at night, stationing outposts towards the city, and guards and patrols to give the alarm on the least movement of the enemy. All night the Christians lay upon their arms, lest there should be some attempt to sally forth and attack them.

When the morning dawned, the King gazed with admiration at this city, which he hoped soon to add to his dominions. It was surrounded on one side by vineyards, gardens, and orchards, which covered the hills with verdure; on the other side, its walls were bathed by the smooth and tranquil sea. Its vast and lofty towers and prodigious castles, hoary with age, yet unimpaired in strength, showed the labors of magnanimous men in former times to protect their favorite abode. Hanging gardens, groves of oranges, citrons, and pomegranates, with the cedars and stately palms, were mingled with the stern battlements and towers—bespeaking the opulence and luxury that reigned within.

In the meantime the Christian army poured through the pass, and throwing out its columns and extending its lines, took possession of every vantage-ground around the city. King Ferdinand surveyed the ground, and

appointed the stations of the different commanders.

The important mount of St. Christobal, which had cost so violent a struggle, and faced the powerful fortress of Gibralfaro, was given in charge to Roderigo Ponce de Leon, Marques of Cadiz, who, in all sieges, claimed the post of danger. He had several noble cavaliers with their retainers in his encampment, which consisted of fifteen hundred horse and fourteen thousand foot; and extended from the summit of the mount to the margin of the sea, completely blocking up the approach to the city on that side. From this post a line of encampments extended quite round the city to the sea-board, fortified by bulwarks and deep ditches; while a fleet of armed ships and galleys stretched before the harbor; so that the place was completely infested, by sea and land. The various parts of the valley now resounded with the din of preparation, and were filled with artificers preparing warlike engines and munitions; armorers and smiths, with glowing forges and deafening hammers; carpenters and engineers, constructing machines wherewith to assail the walls; stone-cutters, shaping stone balls for the ordnance; and burners of charcoal, preparing fuel for the furnaces and forges.

When the encampment was formed, the heavy ordnance was landed from the ships and mounted in various parts of the camp. Five huge lombards were placed on the mount commanded by the Marques of Cadiz, so as to bear upon the castle of Gibralfaro.

The Moors made strenuous efforts to impede these preparations. They kept up a heavy fire from their ordnance upon the men employed in digging trenches or constructing batteries, so that the latter had to work principally in the night. The royal tents had been stationed conspicuously, and within reach of the Moorish batteries; but were so warmly assailed that they had to remove behind a hill.

When the works were completed, the Christian batteries opened in return, and kept up a tremendous cannonade; while the fleet, approaching the land, assailed the city vigorously on the opposite side.

"It was a glorious and delectable sight," observes Fray Antonio Agapida, "to behold this infidel city thus surrounded by sea and land by a mighty Christian force. Every mound in its circuit was, as it were, a little city of tents, bearing the standard of some renowned Catholic warrior. Beside the warlike ships and galleys which lay before the place, the sea was covered with innumerable

sails, passing and repassing, appearing and disappearing, being engaged in bringing supplies for the subsistence of the army. It seemed a vast spectacle contrived to recreate the eye, did not the volleying bursts of flame and smoke from the ships, which seemed to lie asleep on the quiet sea, and the thunder of ordnance from camp and city, from tower and battlement, tell the deadly warfare that was waging.

"At night the scene was far more direful than in the day. The cheerful light of the sun was gone; there was nothing but the flashes of artillery, or the baleful gleams of combustibles thrown into the city, and the conflagration of the houses. The fire kept up from the Christian batteries was incessant; there were seven great lombards in particular, called the Seven Sisters of Ximenes, which did tremendous execution. The Moorish ordnance replied in thunder from the walls; Gibralfaro was wrapped in volumes of smoke, rolling about its base; and Hamet and his Gomeres looked out with triumph upon the tempests of war they had awaked. Truly they were so many demons incarnate," concludes the pious Fray Antonio Agapida, "who were permitted by Heaven to enter into and possess this infidel city for its perdition."

CHAPTER VIII.

Siege of Malaga.

THE attack on Malaga, by sea and land, was kept up for several days with tremendous violence, but without producing any great impression, so strong were the ancient bulwarks of the city. The Count de Cifuentes was the first to signalize himself by any noted achievement. A main tower, protecting what is at present called the suburb of Santa Ana, had been shattered by the ordnance, and the battlements demolished, so as to yield no shelter to its defenders. Seeing this, the Count assembled a gallant band of cavaliers of the royal household, and advanced to take it by storm. They applied scaling ladders, and mounted, sword in hand. The Moors, having no longer battlements to protect them, descended to a lower floor, and made furious resistance from the windows and loopholes. They poured

down boiling pitch and rosin, and hurled stones and darts and arrows on the assailants. Many of the Christians were slain, their ladders were destroyed by flaming combustibles, and the Count was obliged to retreat from before the tower. On the following day he renewed the attack with superior force, and, after a severe combat, succeeded in planting his victorious banner on the tower.

The Moors now assailed the tower in their turn. They undermined the part towards the city, placed props of wood under the foundation, and, setting fire to them, drew off to a distance. In a little while the props gave way, the foundation sunk, and the tower was rent; part of its wall fell with a tremendous noise; many of the Christians were thrown out headlong, and the rest were laid open to the missiles of the enemy.

By this time, however, a breach had been made in the wall of the suburb adjoining the tower, and troops poured in to the assistance of their comrades. A continued battle was kept up for two days and a night, by reinforcements from camp and city. The parties fought backwards and forwards through the breach of the wall, and in the narrow and winding streets adjacent, with alternate success, and the vicinity of the tower was strewn with the dead and wounded.

At length the Moors gradually gave way, disputing every inch of ground, until they were driven into the city; and the Christians remained masters of the greater part of the suburb.

This partial success, though gained with great toil and bloodshed, gave temporary animation to the Christians; they soon found, however, that the attack on the main works of the city was a much more arduous task. The garrison contained veterans who had served in many of the towns captured by the Christians. They were no longer confounded and dismayed by the battering ordnance and other strange engines of foreign invention, and had become expert in parrying their effects, in repairing breaches, and erecting counterworks.

The Christians, accustomed of late to speedy conquests of Moorish fortresses, became impatient of the slow progress of the siege. Many were apprehensive of a scarcity of provisions, from the difficulty of subsisting so numerous a host in the heart of the enemy's country, where it was necessary to transport supplies across rugged and hostile mountains, or subjected to the uncertainties of the sea. Many also were alarmed at a pestilence which broke out in the neighboring villages; and some were so over-

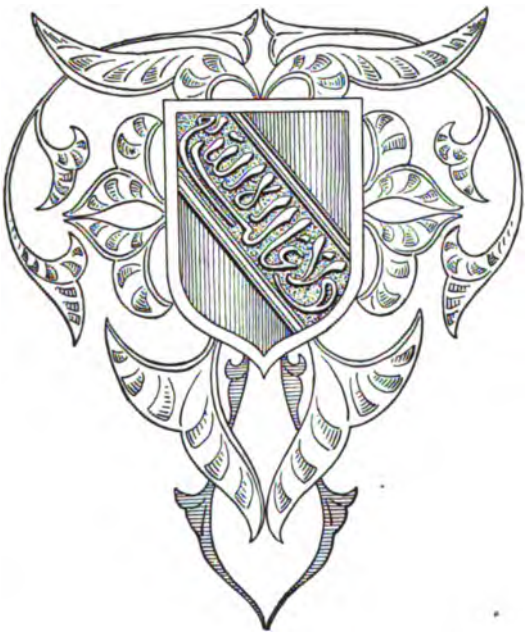
come by these apprehensions as to abandon the camp and return to their homes.

Several of the loose and worthless hangers-on that infest all great armies, hearing these murmurs, thought that the siege would soon be raised, and deserted to the enemy, hoping to make their fortunes. They gave exaggerated accounts of the alarms and discontents of the army, and represented the troops as daily returning home in bands. Above all, they declared that the gunpowder was nearly exhausted, so that the artillery would soon be useless. They assured the Moors, therefore, that if they persisted a little longer in their defence, the King would be obliged to draw off his forces and abandon the siege.

The reports of these renegadoes gave fresh courage to the garrison; they made vigorous sallies upon the camp, harassing it by night and day, and obliging every part to be guarded with the most painful vigilance. They fortified the weak parts of their walls with ditches and palisadoes, and gave every manifestation of a determined and unyielding spirit.

Ferdinand soon received intelligence of the reports which had been carried to the Moors. He understood that they had been informed, likewise, that the Queen was alarmed for the safety of the camp, and had written repeatedly

urging him to abandon the siege. As the best means of disproving all these falsehoods, and destroying the vain hopes of the enemy, he wrote to the Queen, entreating her to come and take up her residence in the camp.



CHAPTER IX.

Siege of Malaga Continued—Obstinacy of Hamet el Zegri.

GREAT was the enthusiasm of the army, when they beheld their patriot queen advancing in state, to share the toils and dangers of her people. Isabella entered the camp, attended by the dignitaries and the whole retinue of her court, to manifest that this was no temporary visit. On one side of her was her daughter, the infanta; on the other, the Grand Cardinal of Spain; Hernando de Talavere, the Prior of Prado, Confessor to the Queen, followed, with a great train of prelates, courtiers, cavaliers, and ladies of distinction. The cavalcade moved in calm and stately order through the camp, softening the iron aspect of war by this array of courtly grace and female beauty.

Isabella had commanded, that on her coming to the camp, the horrors of war should be

suspended, and fresh offers of peace made to the enemy. On her arrival, therefore, there had been a general cessation of firing throughout the camp. A messenger was, at the same time, despatched to the besieged, informing them of her being in the camp, and of the determination of the sovereigns to make it their settled residence until the city should be taken. The same terms were offered, in case of immediate surrender, that had been granted to Velez Malaga; but the inhabitants were threatened with captivity and the sword, should they persist in their defence.

Hamet el Zegri received this message with haughty contempt, and dismissed the messenger without deigning a reply, and accompanied by an escort to prevent his holding any communication with the inhabitants in the streets. "The Christian sovereigns," said Hamet to those about him, "have made this offer in consequence of their despair. The silence of their batteries proves the truth of what has been told us, that their powder is exhausted. They have no longer the means of demolishing our walls; and if they remain much longer, the autumnal rains will interrupt their convoys, and fill their camp with famine and disease. The first storm will disperse their fleet, which has no neighboring

port of shelter: Africa will then be open to us, to procure reinforcements and supplies."

The words of Hamet el Zegri were hailed as oracular, by his adherents. Many of the peaceful part of the community, however, ventured to remonstrate, and to implore him to accept the proffered mercy. The stern Hamet silenced them with a terrific threat: he declared, that whoever should talk of capitulating, or should hold any communication with the Christians should be put to death. The Gomeres, like true men of the sword, acted upon the menace of their chieftain as upon a written law, and having detected several of the inhabitants in secret correspondence with the enemy, set upon and slew them, and confiscated their effects. This struck such terror into the citizens, that those who had been loudest in their murmurs became suddenly mute, and were remarked as evincing the greatest bustle and alacrity in the defence of the city.

When the messenger returned to the camp, and reported the contemptuous reception of the royal message, King Ferdinand was exceedingly indignant. Finding the cessation of firing, on the Queen's arrival, had encouraged a belief among the enemy that there was a scarcity of powder in the camp, he ordered a general discharge from all the batteries. The

sudden burst of war from every quarter soon convinced the Moors of their error, and completed the confusion of the citizens, who knew not which most to dread, their assailants or their defenders, the Christians or the Gomeres.

That evening the sovereigns visited the encampment of the Marques of Cadiz, which commanded a view over a great part of the city, the camp, and the sea with its flotillas. The tent of the Marques was of great magnitude, furnished with hangings of rich brocade and French cloth of the rarest texture. It was in the Oriental style; and, as it crowned the height, with the surrounding tents of other cavaliers, all sumptuously furnished, presented a gay and silken contrast to the opposite towers of Gibralfaro. Here a splendid collation was served up to the sovereigns, and the courtly revel that prevailed in this chivalrous encampment, the glitter of pageantry, and the bursts of festive music, made more striking the gloom and silence that reigned over the Moorish castle.

The Marques of Cadiz, while it was yet light, conducted his royal visitors to every point that commanded a view of the warlike scene below. He caused the heavy lombards also to be discharged, that the Queen and ladies of the court might witness the effects of

these tremendous engines. The fair dames were filled with awe and admiration, as the mountain shook beneath their feet with the thunder of the artillery, and they beheld great fragments of the Moorish walls tumbling down the rocks and precipices.

While the good Marques was displaying these things to his royal guests, he lifted up his eyes, and to his astonishment beheld his own banner hanging out from the nearest tower of Gibralfaro. The blood mantled in his cheek, for it was a banner he had lost at the time of the memorable massacre of the heights of Malaga.* To make this taunt more evident, several of the Gomeres displayed themselves upon the battlements, arrayed in the helmets and cuirasses of some of the cavaliers slain or captured on that occasion. The Marques of Cadiz restrained his indignation, and held his peace; but several of his cavaliers vowed loudly to revenge this cruel bravado, on the ferocious garrison of Gibralfaro.

*Diego de Valera, *Cronica*, MS.

CHAPTER X.

Attack of the Marques of Cadiz upon Gibralfaro.

THE Marques of Cadiz was not a cavalier that readily forgave an injury or an insult. On the morning after the royal banquet, his batteries opened a tremendous fire upon Gibralfaro. All day, the encampment was wrapped in wreaths of smoke; nor did the assault cease with the day—but, throughout the night, there was an incessant flashing and thundering of the lombards, and, the following morning, the assault rather increased than slackened in fury. The Moorish bulwarks were no proof against those formidable engines. In a few days, the lofty tower on which the taunting banner had been displayed, was shattered; a smaller tower in its vicinity reduced to ruins, and a great breach made in the intervening walls.

Several of the hot-spirited cavaliers were

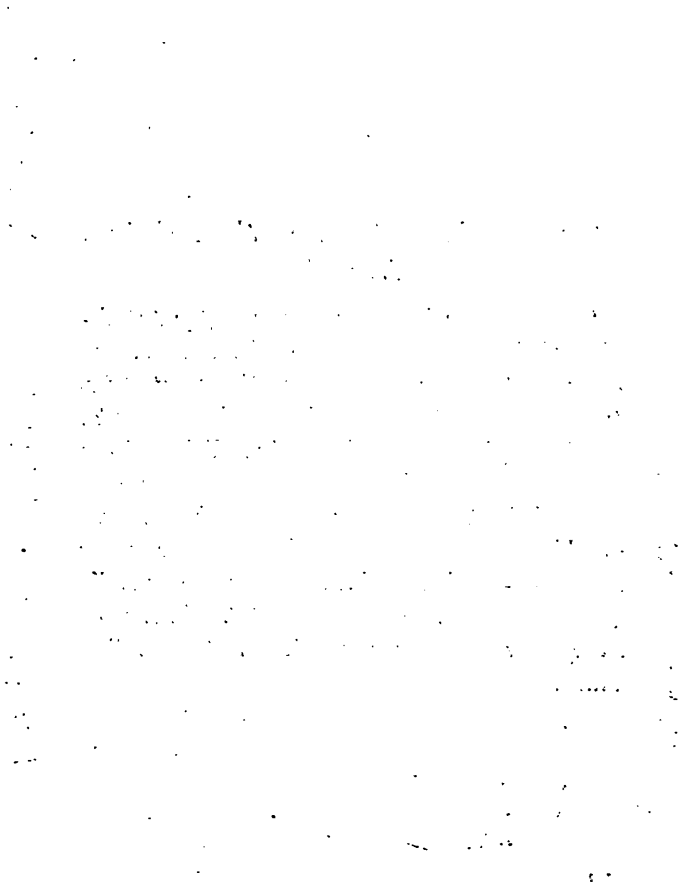
eager for storming the breach, sword in hand; others, more cool and wary, pointed out the rashness of such an attempt; for the Moors had worked indefatigably in the night; they had digged a deep ditch within the breach, and had fortified it with palisadoes and a high breast-work. All, however, agreed that the camp might safely be advanced near to the ruined walls, and that it ought to be done so, in return for the insolent defiance of the enemy.

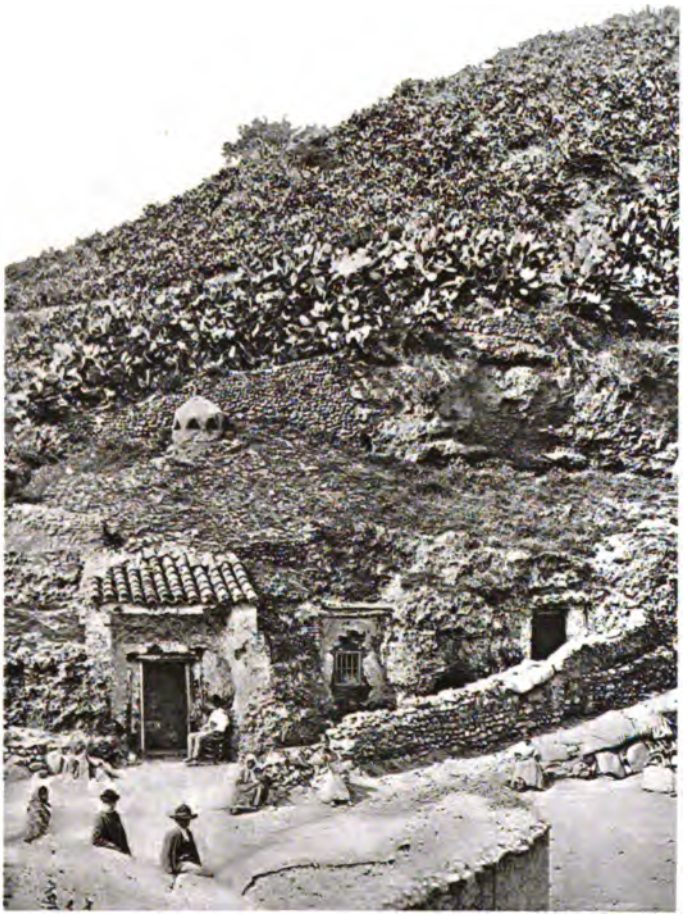
The Marques of Cadiz felt the temerity of the measure, but was unwilling to dampen the zeal of these high-spirited cavaliers; and having chosen the post of danger in the camp, it did not become him to decline any service, merely because it might appear perilous. He ordered his outposts, therefore, to be advanced within a stone's-throw of the breach, but exhorted the soldiers to maintain the utmost vigilance.

The thunder of the batteries had ceased; the troops, exhausted by two night's fatigue and watchfulness, and apprehending no danger from the dismantled walls, were half of them asleep; the rest were scattered about in negligent security. On a sudden, upward of two thousand Moors sallied forth from the castle, led on by Ibrahim Zenete, the principal captain under Hamet. They fell with fearful havoc

Homes of the Gypsies, on the Albaicin, Granada.

"The savage insolence of the gypsy population, their coarse language and manners, and their brutal immoralities are the great objection to a lengthened residence in Granada. Their chief residence is in the hillside of the Albaicin, where innumerable caves are perforated in the living rock beneath immense prickly pears. The mouths of these caves are white-washed and the entrances generally guarded by a piece of old carpet. There the savage families bask all day in the sun."—*Hare.*





upon the advanced guard, slaying many of them in their sleep, and putting the rest to headlong flight.

The Marques was in his tent, about a bow-shot distant, when he heard the tumult of the onset, and beheld his men flying in confusion. He rushed forth, followed by his standard-bearer, "Turn again, cavaliers!" exclaimed he; "I am here, Ponce de Leon! to the foe! to the foe!" The flying troops stopped at hearing his well-known voice, rallied under his banner, and turned upon the enemy. The encampment by this time was roused; several cavaliers from the adjoining stations had hastened to the scene of action, with a number of Galicians and soldiers of the Holy Brotherhood. An obstinate and bloody contest ensued; the ruggedness of the place, the rocks, chasms, and declivities, broke it into numerous combats: Christian and Moor fought hand to hand, with swords and daggers; and often, grappling and struggling, rolled together down the precipices.

The banner of the Marques was in danger of being taken; he hastened to its rescue, followed by some of his bravest cavaliers. They were surrounded by the enemy, and several of them cut down. Don Diego Ponce de Leon, brother to the Marques, was wounded by an

arrow; and his son-in-law, Luis Ponce, was likewise wounded; they succeeded, however, in rescuing the banner, and bearing it off in safety. The battle lasted for an hour; the height was covered with killed and wounded, and the blood flowed in streams down the rocks; at length, Ibrahim Zenete being disabled by the thrust of a lance, the Moors gave way and retreated to the castle.

They now opened a galling fire from their battlements and towers, approaching the breeches so as to discharge their cross-bows and arquebuses into the advanced guard of the encampment. The Marques was singled out; the shot fell thick about him, and one passed through his buckler, and struck upon his cuirass, but without doing him any injury. Every one now saw the danger and inutility of approaching the camp thus near to the castle; and those who had counselled it, were now urgent that it should be withdrawn. It was accordingly removed back to its original ground, from which the Marques had most reluctantly advanced it. Nothing but his valor and timely aid had prevented this attack on his outpost from ending in a total rout of all that part of the army.

Many cavaliers of distinction fell in this contest; but the loss of none was felt more

deeply than that of Ortega del Prado, captain of *escaladors*. He was one of the bravest men in the service; the same who had devised the first successful blow of the war, the storming of Alhama, where he was the first to plant and mount the scaling-ladders. He had always been high in the favor and confidence of the noble Ponce de Leon, who knew how to appreciate and avail himself of the merits of all able and valiant men.*

*Zurita. Mariana. Abarca.

CHAPTER XI.

Siege of Malaga Continued—Stratagems of Various Kinds.

GREAT were the exertions now made, both by the besiegers and the besieged, to carry on this contest with the utmost vigor. Hamet went the rounds of the walls and towers, doubling the guards, and putting everything in the best posture of defence. The garrison was divided into parties of a hundred, to each of which a captain was appointed. Some were to patrol, others to sally forth and skirmish with the enemy, and others to hold themselves armed and in reserve. Six *albatozas*, or floating batteries, were manned and armed with pieces of artillery, to attack the fleet.

On the other hand, the Castilian sovereigns kept open a communication by sea with various parts of Spain, from which they received provisions of all kinds; they ordered supplies of powder also from Valencia, Barcelona,

Sicily, and Portugal. They made great preparations also for storming the city. Towers of wood were constructed to move on wheels, each capable of holding one hundred men; they were furnished with ladders to be thrown from their summits to the tops of the walls; and within those ladders others were encased, to be let down for the descent of the troops into the city. There were *gallipagos* or tortoises, also, being great wooden shields, covered with hides, to protect the assailants and those who undermined the walls.

Secret mines were commenced in various places; some were intended to reach to the foundations of the walls, which were to be propped up with wood, ready to be set on fire; others were to pass under the walls and remain ready to be broken open, so as to give entrance to the besiegers. At these mines the army worked day and night, and during these secret preparations the ordnance kept up a fire upon the city to divert the attention of the besieged.

In the meantime, Hamet displayed wonderful vigor and ingenuity in defending the city, and in repairing or fortifying, by deep ditches, the breaches made by the enemy. He noted, also, every place where the camp might be assailed with advantage, and gave the besieging army no repose night or day. While his

troops sallied on the land, his floating batteries attacked the besiegers on the sea, so that there was incessant skirmishing. The tents, called the Queen's Hospital, were crowded with wounded, and the whole army suffered from constant watchfulness and fatigue. To guard against the sudden assaults of the Moors, the trenches were deepened and palisadoes erected in front of the camp; and in that part facing Gibralfaro, where the rocky heights did not admit of such defences, a high rampart of earth was thrown up. The cavaliers Garcilasso de la Vega, Juan de Zuñiga, and Diego de Atayde were appointed to go the rounds and keep vigilant watch that these fortifications were maintained in good order.

In a little while Hamet discovered the mines secretly commenced by the Christians. He immediately ordered counter-mines. The soldiers mutually worked until they met and fought hand to hand in these subterranean passages. The Christians were driven out of one of their mines; fire was set to the wooden framework and the mine destroyed. Encouraged by this success, the Moors attempted a general attack upon the camp, the mines, and the besieging fleet. The battle lasted for six hours, on land and water, above and below ground, on bulwark and in trench and mine; the Moors dis-

played wonderful intrepidity, but were finally repulsed at all points and obliged to retire into the city, where they were closely invested, without the means of receiving any assistance from abroad.

The horrors of famine were now added to the other miseries of Malaga. Hamet, with the spirit of a man bred up to war, considered everything as subservient to the wants of the soldier and ordered all the grain in the city to be gathered and garnered up for the sole use of those who fought. Even this was dealt out sparingly, and each soldier received four ounces of bread in the morning and two in the evening for his daily allowance.

The wealthy inhabitants, and all those peacefully inclined, mourned over a resistance which brought destruction upon their houses, death into their families, and which they saw must end in their ruin and captivity; still none of them dared to speak openly of capitulation, or even to manifest their grief, lest they should awaken the wrath of their fierce defenders. They surrounded their civic champion, Ali Dordux, the great and opulent merchant, who had buckled on shield and cuirass and taken spear in hand for the defence of his native city, and, with a large body of the braver citizens, had charge of one of the gates and a considerable portion

of the walls. Drawing Ali Dordux aside, they poured forth their griefs to him in secret. "Why," said they, "should we suffer our native city to be made a mere bulwark and fighting-place for foreign barbarians and desperate men? They have no families to care for, no property to lose, no love for the soil, and no value for their lives. They fight to gratify a thirst for blood or a desire for revenge, and will fight on until Malaga becomes a ruin and its people slaves. Let us think and act for ourselves, our wives, and our children. Let us make private terms with the Christians before it is too late, and save ourselves from destruction."

The bowels of Ali Dordux yearned towards his fellow-citizens; he bethought him also of the sweet security of peace, and the bloodless yet gratifying triumphs of gainful traffic. The idea also of a secret negotiation or bargain with the Castilian sovereigns, for the redemption of his native city, was more conformable to his accustomed habits than this violent appeal to arms; for though he had for a time assumed the warrior, he had not forgotten the merchant. Ali Dordux communed, therefore, with the citizen-soldiers under his command, and they readily conformed to his opinion. Concerting together they wrote a proposition to the Cas-

tilian sovereigns, offering to admit the army into the part of the city intrusted to their care, on receiving assurance of protection for the lives and properties of the inhabitants. This writing they delivered to a trusty emissary to take to the Christian camp, appointing the hour and place of his return, that they might be ready to admit him unperceived.

The Moor made his way in safety to the camp, and was admitted to the presence of the sovereigns. Eager to gain the city without further cost of blood or treasure, they gave a written promise to grant the conditions; and the Moor set out joyfully on his return. As he approached the walls where Ali Dordux and his confederates were waiting to receive him, he was descried by a patrolling band of Gomeres, and considered a spy coming from the camp of the besiegers. They issued forth and seized him, in sight of his employers, who gave themselves up for lost. The Gomeres had conducted him nearly to the gate, when he escaped from their grasp and fled. They endeavored to overtake him, but were encumbered with armor: he was lightly clad, and he fled for his life. One of the Gomeres paused, and, levelling his cross-bow, let fly a bolt, which pierced the fugitive between the shoulders; he fell, and was nearly within their

grasp, but rose again, and with a desperate effort attained the Christian camp. The Gomeres gave over their pursuit, and the citizens returned thanks to Allah for their deliverance from this fearful peril. As to the faithful messenger, he died of his wound shortly after reaching the camp, consoled with the idea that he had preserved the secret and the lives of his employers.*

* Pulgar. *Cronica*, part 8, c. 80.

CHAPTER XII.

Sufferings of the People of Malaga.

THE sufferings of Malaga spread sorrow and anxiety among the Moors; and they dreaded lest this beautiful city, once the bulwark of the kingdom, should fall into the hands of the unbelievers. The old warrior king, Abdallah el Zagal, was still sheltered in Guadix, where he was slowly gathering together his shattered forces. When the people of Guadix heard of the danger and distress of Malaga, they urged to be led to its relief; and the *alfaquis* admonished El Zagal not to desert so righteous and loyal a city, in its extremity. His own warlike nature made him feel a sympathy for a place that made so gallant a resistance; and he despatched as powerful a reinforcement as he could spare, under conduct of a chosen captain, with orders to throw themselves into the city.

Intelligence of this reinforcement reached

Boabdil el Chico in his royal palace of the Alhambra. Filled with hostility against his uncle, and desirous of proving his loyalty to the Castilian sovereigns, he immediately sent forth a superior force of horse and foot, under an able commander, to intercept the detachment. A sharp conflict ensued; the troops of El Zagal were routed with great loss, and fled back in confusion to Guadix.

Boabdil, not being accustomed to victories, was flushed with this melancholy triumph. He sent tidings of it to the Castilian sovereigns, accompanied with rich silks, boxes of Arabian perfume, a cup of gold, richly wrought, and a female captive of Ubeda, as presents to the Queen; and four Arabian steeds, magnificently caparisoned, a sword and dagger richly mounted, and several *albornozes* and other robes sumptuously embroidered, for the King. He entreated them, at the same time, always to look upon him with favor as their devoted vassal.

Boabdil was fated to be unfortunate, even in his victories. His defeat of the forces of his uncle, destined to the relief of unhappy Malaga, shocked the feelings and cooled the loyalty of many of his best adherents. The mere men of traffic might rejoice in their golden interval of peace; but the chivalrous spirits of

Granada spurned a security purchased by such sacrifices of pride and affection. The people at large, having gratified their love of change, began to question whether they had acted generously by their old fighting monarch. "El Zagal," said they, "was fierce and bloody, but then he was faithful to his country; he was an usurper, it is true, but then he maintained the glory of the crown which he usurped. If his sceptre was a rod of iron to his subjects, it was a sword of steel against their enemies. This Boabdil sacrifices religion, friends, country, everything, to a mere shadow of royalty, and is content to hold a rush for a sceptre."

These factious murmurs soon reached the ears of Boabdil, and he apprehended another of his customary reverses. He sent in all haste to the Castilian sovereigns, beseeching military aid to keep him on his throne. Ferdinand graciously complied with a request so much in unison with his policy. A detachment of one thousand cavalry and two thousand infantry was sent, under the command of Don Fernandez Gonsalvo, of Cordova, subsequently renowned as the Grand Captain. With this succor Boabdil expelled from the city all those who were hostile to him and in favor of his uncle. He felt secure in these troops, from their being

distinct in manners, language, and religion, from his subjects; and compromised with his pride, in thus exhibiting that most unnatural and humiliating of all regal spectacles, a monarch supported on his throne by foreign weapons and by soldiers hostile to his people.

Nor was Boabdil el Chico the only Moorish sovereign that sought protection from Ferdinand and Isabella. A splendid galley, with lateen sails, and several banks of oars, displaying the standard of the crescent, but likewise a white flag in sign of amity, came one day into the harbor. An ambassador landed from it, within the Christian lines. He came from the King of Tremezan, and brought presents similar to those of Boabdil, consisting of Arabian coursers, with bits, stirrups, and other furniture of gold, together with costly Moorish mantles; for the Queen there were sumptuous shawls, robes, and silken stuffs, ornaments of gold, and exquisite Oriental perfumes.

The King of Tremezan had been alarmed at the rapid conquests of the Spanish arms, and startled by the descent of several Spanish cruisers on the coast of Africa. He craved to be considered a vassal to the Castilian sovereigns, and that they would extend such favor and security to his ships and subjects as had been shown to other Moors who had submitted

to their sway. He requested a painting of their arms, that he and his subjects might recognize and respect their standard whenever they encountered it. At the same time he implored their clemency toward unhappy Malaga, and that its inhabitants might experience the same favor that had been shown towards the Moors of other captured cities.

The embassy was graciously received by the Christian sovereigns. They granted the protection required, ordering their commanders to respect the flag of Tremezan, unless it should be found rendering assistance to the enemy. They sent also to the Barbary monarch their royal arms, moulded in escutcheons of gold, a hand's-breadth in size.*

While thus the chances of assistance from without daily decreased, famine raged in the city. The inhabitants were compelled to eat the flesh of horses, and many died of hunger. What made the sufferings of the citizens the more intolerable was to behold the sea covered with ships, daily arriving with provisions for the besiegers. Day after day, also, they saw herds of fat cattle and flocks of sheep driven into the camp. Wheat and flour were piled in huge mounds in the centre of the encampments, glaring in the sunshine, and tantalizing the

* *Cura de los Palacios*, c. 84. Pulgar, part 3, c. 68.

wretched citizens, who, while they and their children were perishing with hunger, beheld prodigal abundance reigning within a bow-shot of their walls.

CHAPTER XIII.

How a Moorish Santon Undertook to Deliver the City of Malaga from the Power of its Enemies.

THERE lived at this time, in a hamlet in the neighborhood of Guadix, an ancient Moor, of the name of Ibrahim el Guerbi. He was a native of the island of Guerbes, in the kingdom of Tunis, and had for several years led the life of a *santon* or hermit. The hot sun of Africa had dried his blood, and rendered him of an exalted yet melancholy temperament. He passed most of his time in caves of the mountains, in meditation, prayer, and rigorous abstinence, until his body was wasted and his mind bewildered, and he fancied himself favored with divine revelations and visited by angels, sent by Mahomet. The Moors, who have a great reverence for all enthusiasts of the kind, believed in his being inspired, listened to all his ravings as veritable prophecies, and denominated him *El Santo*, or The Saint.

The woes of the kingdom of Granada had long exasperated the gloomy spirit of this man, and he had beheld with indignation this beautiful country wrested from the dominion of the faithful, and becoming a prey to the unbelievers. He had implored the blessings of Allah on the troops which issued forth from Guadix for the relief of Malaga; but when he saw them return, routed and scattered by their own countrymen, he retired to his cell, shut himself up from the world, and was plunged for a time in the blackest melancholy.

On a sudden he made his appearance again in the streets of Guadix, his face haggard, his form emaciated, but his eye beaming with fire. He said that Allah had sent an angel to him in the solitude of his cell, revealing to him a mode of delivering Malaga from its perils, and striking horror and confusion into the camp of the unbelievers. The Moors listened with eager credulity to his words; four hundred of them offered to follow him even to the death, and to obey implicitly his commands. Of this number many were Gomeres, anxious to relieve their countrymen, who formed part of the garrison of Malaga.

They traversed the kingdom by the wild and lonely passes of the mountains, concealing themselves in the day and travelling only in

The Sceptre, Crown, Missal, and "Viril" of the Catholic Sovereigns, in the Royal Chapel of the Cathedral of Granada.

"Ferdinand and Isabella bequeathed to the Royal Chapel the royal sword, with a singular semi-circular guard, a plain gold crown, an exquisite enamelled 'viril,' or Box in which the host is exposed to public view, and the Queen's own missal, a beautiful illuminated manuscript by Fr. Florez, 'finished on Monday, July 18, 1496.'" —Ford.

the night, to elude the Christian scouts. At length they arrived at the mountains which tower above Malaga, and, looking down, beheld the city completely invested ; a chain of encampments extending round it from shore to shore, and a line of ships blockading it by sea ; while the continual thunder of artillery, and the smoke rising in various parts, showed that the siege was pressed with great activity. The hermit scanned the encampments warily, from his lofty height. He saw that the part of the encampment of the Marques of Cadiz which was at the foot of the height, and on the margin of the sea, was most assailable, the rocky soil not admitting ditches or palisadoes. Remaining concealed all day, he descended with his followers at night to the sea coast, and approached silently to the outworks. He had given them their instructions : they were to rush suddenly upon the camp, fight their way through, and throw themselves into the city.

It was just at the gray of the dawning, when objects were obscurely visible, that they made this desperate attempt. Some sprang suddenly upon the sentinels, others rushed into the sea and got around the works, others clambered over the breastworks. There was sharp skirmishing ; a great part of the Moors were

cut to pieces, but about two hundred succeeded in getting into the gates of Malaga.

The *santon* took no part in the conflict, nor did he endeavor to enter the city. His plans were of a different nature. Drawing apart from the battle, he threw himself on his knees on a rising ground, and, lifting his hands to Heaven, appeared to be absorbed in prayer. The Christians, as they were searching for fugitives in the clefts of the rocks, found him at his devotions. He stirred not at their approach, but remained fixed as a statue, without changing color or moving a muscle. Filled with surprise, not unmingled with awe, they took him to the Marques of Cadiz. He was wrapped in a coarse *albornoz*, or Moorish mantle; his beard was long and grizzled, and there was something wild and melancholy in his look, that inspired curiosity. On being examined, he gave himself out as a saint to whom Allah had revealed the events that were to take place in that siege. The Marques demanded when and how Malaga was to be taken. He replied that he knew full well, but he was forbidden to reveal those important secrets except to the King and Queen. The good Marques was not more given to superstitious fancies than other commanders of his time, yet there seemed something singular and

mysterious about this man; he might have some important intelligence to communicate; so he was persuaded to send him to the King and Queen. He was conducted to the royal tent, surrounded by a curious multitude, exclaiming "*El Moro Santo!*" for the news had spread through the camp, that they had taken a Moorish prophet.

The King, having dined, was taking his *siesta*, or afternoon sleep, in his tent; and the Queen, though curious to see this singular man, yet, from a natural delicacy and reserve, delayed until the King should be present. He was taken therefore to an adjoining tent, in which were Doña Beatrix de Boabdilla, Marchioness of Moya, and Don Alvaro of Portugal, son of the Duke of Braganza, with two or three attendants. The Moor, ignorant of the Spanish tongue, had not understood the conversation of the guards, and supposed, from the magnificence of the furniture and the silken hangings, that this was the royal tent. From the respect paid by the attendants to Don Alvaro and the Marchioness, he concluded that they were the King and Queen.

He now asked for a draught of water; a jar was brought to him, and the guard released his arm to enable him to drink. The Marchioness perceived a sudden change in his countenance,

and something sinister in the expression of his eye, and shifted her position to a more remote part of the tent. Pretending to raise the water to his lips, the Moor unfolded his *albornoz*, so as to grasp a cimeter which he wore concealed beneath; then, dashing down the jar, he drew his weapon, and gave Don Alvaro a blow on the head, that struck him to the earth, and nearly deprived him of life. Turning then upon the Marchioness, he made a violent blow at her; but in his eagerness and agitation, his cimeter caught in the drapery of the tent; the force of the blow was broken, and the weapon struck harmless upon some golden ornaments of her head-dress.*

Ruy Lopez de Toledo, treasurer to the Queen, and Juan de Belalcazar, a sturdy friar, who were present, grappled and struggled with the desperado; and immediately the guards, who had conducted him from the Marques de Cadiz, fell upon him and cut him to pieces.†

The King and Queen, brought out of their tents by the noise, were filled with horror when they learned the imminent peril from which they had escaped. The mangled body of the Moor was taken by the people to the camp, and

* Pietro Martyr, *Epist.* 62.

† *Cura de los Palacios.*

thrown into the city from a catapult. The Gomeres gathered up the body with deep reverence, as the remains of a saint; they washed and perfumed it, and buried it with great honor and loud lamentations. In revenge of his death, they slew one of their principal Christian captives, and having tied his body upon an ass, they drove the animal forth into the camp.

From this time there was appointed an additional guard around the tents of the King and Queen, composed of four hundred cavaliers of rank, of the kingdoms of Castile and Arragon. No person was admitted to the royal presence armed; no Moor was allowed to enter the camp, without a previous knowledge of his character and business; and on no account was any Moor to be introduced into the presence of the sovereigns.

An act of treachery of such ferocious nature, gave rise to a train of gloomy apprehensions. There were many cabins and sheds about the camp, constructed of branches of trees which had become dry and combustible; and fears were entertained that they might be set on fire by the Mudexares or Moorish vassals who visited the army. Some even dreaded that attempts might be made to poison the wells and fountains. To quiet these dismal alarms,

all Mudexares were ordered to leave the camp; and all loose, idle loiterers, who could not give a good account of themselves, were taken into custody.

CHAPTER XIV.

How Hamet el Zegri was Hardened in his Obstinacy, by the Arts of a Moorish Astrologer.

AMONG those followers of the Santon that had effected their entrance into the city, was a dark African of the tribe of the Gomeres, who was likewise a hermit or dervise, and passed among the Moors for a holy and inspired man. No sooner were the mangled remains of his predecessor buried with the honors of martyrdom, than this dervise elevated himself in his place, and professed to be gifted with the spirit of prophecy. He displayed a white banner, which, he assured the Moors, was sacred; that he had retained it for twenty years for some signal purpose, and that Allah had revealed to him that under that banner the inhabitants of Malaga should sally forth upon the camp of the unbelievers, put it to utter rout, and banquet upon

the provisions in which it abounded.* The hungry and credulous Moors were elated at this prediction, and cried out to be led forth at once to the attack; but the dervise told them the time was not yet arrived, for every event had its allotted day in the decrees of fate; they must wait patiently, therefore, until the appointed time should be revealed to him by Heaven. Hamet el Zegri listened to the dervise with profound reverence, and his example had great effect in increasing the awe and deference of his followers. He took the holy man up into his stronghold of Gibralfaro, consulted him on all occasions, and hung out his white banner on the loftiest tower, as a signal of encouragement to the people of the city.

In the meantime, the prime chivalry of Spain was gradually assembling before the walls of Malaga. The army which had commenced the siege had been worn out by extreme hardships, having had to construct immense works, to dig trenches and mines, to mount guard by sea and land, to patrol the mountains, and to sustain incessant conflicts. The sovereigns were obliged, therefore, to call upon various distant cities, for reinforcements of horse and foot. Many nobles, also assem-

* *Cura de los Palacios*, c. 84.

bled their vassals, and repaired, of their own accord, to the royal camp.

Every little while, some stately galley or gallant caravel would stand into the harbor, displaying the well-known banner of some Spanish cavalier, and thundering from its artillery a salutation to the sovereigns and a defiance to the Moors. On the land side also, reinforcements would be seen, winding down from the mountains to the sound of drum and trumpet, and marching into the camp with glistening arms, as yet unsullied by the toils of war.

One morning, the whole sea was whitened by the sails and vexed by the oars of ships and galleys bearing towards the port. One hundred vessels of various kinds and sizes arrived, some armed for warlike service, others deep freighted with provisions. At the same time, the clangor of drum and trumpet bespoke the arrival of a powerful force by land, which came pouring in lengthening columns into the camp. This mighty reinforcement was furnished by the Duke of Medina Sidonia, who reigned like a petty monarch over his vast possessions. He came with this princely force, a volunteer to the royal standard, not having been summoned by the sovereigns: and he brought, moreover, a loan of twenty thousand *doblas* of gold.

When the camp was thus powerfully reinforced Isabella advised that new offers of an indulgent kind should be made to the inhabitants; for she was anxious to prevent the miseries of a protracted siege, or the effusion of blood that must attend a general attack. A fresh summons was therefore sent for the city to surrender, with a promise of life, liberty, and property in case of immediate compliance; but denouncing all the horrors of war, if the defence were obstinately continued.

Hamet again rejected the offer with scorn. His main fortifications as yet were but little impaired, and were capable of holding out much longer; he trusted to the thousand evils and accidents that beset a besieging army, and to the inclemencies of the approaching season; and it is said that he, as well as his followers, had an infatuated belief in the predictions of the dervise.

The worthy Fray Antonio Agapida does not scruple to affirm that the pretended prophet of the city was an arch necromancer, or Moorish magician, "of which there be countless many," says he, "in the filthy sect of Mahomet"; and that he was leagued with the prince of the powers of the air, to endeavor to work the confusion and defeat of the Christian army. The worthy father asserts, also, that Hamet em-

ployed him in a high tower of the Gibralfaro, which commanded a wide view over sea and land, where he wrought spells and incantations with astrolabes and other diabolical instruments to defeat the Christian ships and forces, wherever they were engaged with the Moors.

To the potent spells of this sorcerer, he ascribes the perils and losses sustained by a party of cavaliers of the royal household, in a desperate combat to gain two towers in the suburb, near the gate of the city, called La Puerto de Granada. The Christians, led on by Ruy Lopez de Toledo, the valiant treasurer of the Queen, took, and lost, and retook the towers, which were finally set on fire by the Moors, and abandoned to the flames by both parties. To the same malignant influence he attributes the damage done to the Christian fleet, which was so vigorously assailed by the *albatozas*, or floating batteries of the Moors, that one ship belonging to the Duke of Medina Sidonia, was sunk, and the rest were obliged to retire.

"Hamet el Zegri," says Fray Antonio Agapida, "stood on the top of the high tower of Gibralfaro, and beheld this injury wrought upon the Christian force; and his proud heart was puffed up. And the Moorish nigromancer stood beside him. And he pointed out to him

the Christian host below, encamped on every eminence around the city, and covering its fertile valley, and the many ships floating upon the tranquil sea; and he bade him be strong of heart, for that in a few days all this mighty fleet would be scattered by the winds of Heaven; and that he should sally forth, under the guidance of the sacred banner, and attack this host and utterly defeat it, and make spoil of those sumptuous tents; and Malaga should be triumphantly revenged upon her assailants. So the heart of Hamet was hardened like that of Pharaoh, and he persisted in setting at defiance the Catholic sovereigns and their army of saintly warriors."

CHAPTER XV.

Siege of Malaga Continued—Destruction of a Tower, by Francisco Ramirez de Madrid.

SEEING the infatuated obstinacy of the besieged, the Christians now approached their works to the walls, gaining one position after another, preparatory to a general assault. Near the barrier of the city was a bridge with four arches, defended at each end by a strong and lofty tower, by which a part of the army would have to pass in making an attack. The commander-in-chief of the artillery, Francisco Ramirez de Madrid, was ordered to take possession of this bridge. The approach to it was perilous in the extreme, from the exposed situation of the assailants, and the number of Moors that garrisoned the towers. Francisco Ramirez therefore secretly excavated a mine leading beneath the first tower, and placed a piece of ordnance with its mouth upwards, immediately under the found-

ation, with a train of powder to produce an explosion at the necessary moment.

When this was arranged, he advanced slowly with his forces in face of the towers, erecting bulwarks at every step, and gradually gaining ground until he arrived near to the bridge. He then planted several pieces of artillery in his works, and began to batter the tower. The Moors replied bravely from their battlements, but, in the heat of the combat, the piece of ordnance under the foundation was discharged. The earth was rent open, a part of the tower overthrown, and several of the Moors were torn to pieces; the rest took to flight, overwhelmed with terror at this thundering explosion bursting beneath their feet, and at beholding the earth vomiting flames and smoke; for never before had they witnessed such a stratagem in warfare. The Christians rushed forward and took possession of the abandoned post, and immediately commenced an attack upon the other tower at the opposite end of the bridge, to which the Moors had retired. An incessant fire of cross-bows and arquebuses was kept up between the rival towers, volleys of stones were discharged, and no one dared to venture upon the intermediate bridge.

Francisco de Ramirez at length renewed his former mode of approach, making bulwarks

step by step, while the Moors stationed at the other end, swept the bridge with their artillery. The combat was long and bloody,—furious on the part of the Moors, patient and persevering on the part of the Christians. By slow degrees, they accomplished their advance across the bridge, drove the enemy before them, and remained masters of this important pass.

For this valiant and skilful achievement, King Ferdinand, after the surrender of the city, conferred the dignity of knighthood upon Francisco Ramirez, in the tower which he had so gloriously gained.* The worthy padre Fray Antonio Agapida indulges in more than a page of extravagant eulogy, upon this invention of blowing up the foundation of the tower by a piece of ordnance, which, in fact, is said to be the first instance on record of gunpowder being used in a mine.

* Pulgar, part 3, c. 91.

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CHAPTER XVI.

How the People of Malaga Expostulated with Hamet el Zegri.

WHILE the dervise was deluding the garrison of Malaga with vain hopes, the famine increased to a terrible degree. The Gomeres ranged about the city as though it had been a conquered place, taking by force whatever they found eatable in the houses of the peaceful citizens; and breaking open vaults and cellars, and demolishing walls, wherever they thought provisions might be concealed.

The wretched inhabitants had no longer bread to eat; the horse-flesh also now failed them, and they were fain to devour skins and hides toasted at the fire, and to assuage the hunger of their children with vine-leaves cut up and fried in oil. Many perished of famine, or of the unwholesome food with which they endeavored to relieve it; and many took

A Proclamation in Granada, by Boabdil.
From a Painting by Placido Francés,
National Exhibition of Fine Arts,
Madrid, 1884.

refuge in the Christian camp, preferring captivity to the horrors which surrounded them.

At length the sufferings of the inhabitants became so great, as to conquer even their fears of Hamet and his Gomeres. They assembled before the house of Ali Dordux, the wealthy merchant, whose stately mansion was at the foot of the Alcazaba, and they urged him to stand forth as their leader, and to intercede with Hamet for a surrender. Ali Dordux was a man of courage, as well as policy; he perceived also that hunger was giving boldness to the citizens, while he trusted it was subduing the fierceness of the soldiery. He armed himself, therefore, *cap-a-pie*, and undertook this dangerous parley with the Alcayde. He associated with him an *alfaqui* named Abraham Alhariz, and an important inhabitant named Amar ben Amar; and they ascended to the fortress of Gibralfaro, followed by several of the trembling merchants.

They found Hamet el Zegri, not as before, surrounded by ferocious guards and all the implements of war; but in a chamber of one of the lofty towers, at a table of stone, covered with scrolls traced with strange characters and mystic diagrams; while instruments of singular and unknown form lay about the room. Beside Hamet stood the prophetic dervise, who ap-

peared to have been explaining to him the mysterious inscriptions of the scrolls. His presence filled the citizens with awe, for even Ali Dordux considered him a man inspired.

The *alfaqui*, Abraham Alhariz, whose sacred character gave him boldness to speak, now lifted up his voice, and addressed Hamet el Zegri. "We implore thee," said he solemnly, "in the name of the most powerful God, no longer to persist in a vain resistance, which must end in our destruction, but deliver up the city while clemency is yet to be obtained. Think how many of our warriors have fallen by the sword; do not suffer those who survive to perish by famine. Our wives and children cry to us for bread, and we have none to give them. We see them expire in lingering agony before our eyes, while the enemy mocks our misery by displaying the abundance of his camp. Of what avail is our defence? Are our walls peradventure more strong than the walls of Ronda? Are our warriors more brave than the defenders of Loxa? The walls of Ronda were thrown down, and the warriors of Loxa had to surrender. Do we hope for succor?—whence are we to receive it? The time for hope is gone by. Granada has lost its power; it no longer possesses chivalry, commanders, nor a king. Boabdil sits a vassal in the degraded

halls of the Alhambra; El Zagal is a fugitive, shut up within the walls of Guadix. The kingdom is divided against itself,—its strength is gone, its pride fallen, its very existence at an end. In the name of Allah, we conjure thee, who art our captain, be not our direst enemy; but surrender these ruins of our once happy Malaga, and deliver us from these overwhelming horrors."

Such was the supplication forced from the inhabitants by the extremity of their sufferings. Hamet listened to the Alfaqui without anger, for he respected the sanctity of his office. His heart, too, was at that moment lifted up with a vain confidence. "Yet a few days of patience," said he, "and all these evils will suddenly have an end. I have been conferring with this holy man, and find that the time of our deliverance is at hand. The decrees of fate are inevitable; it is written in the book of destiny, that we shall sally forth and destroy the camp of the unbelievers, and banquet upon those mountains of grain which are piled up in the midst of it. So Allah hath promised, by the mouth of this his prophet. *Allah Achbar!* God is great. Let no man oppose the decrees of Heaven!"

The citizens bowed with profound reverence, for no true Moslem pretends to struggle against

whatever is written in the book of fate. Ali Dordux, who had come prepared to champion the city and to brave the ire of Hamet, humbled himself before this holy man, and gave faith to his prophecies as the revelations of Allah. So the deputies returned to the citizens, and exhorted them to be of good cheer: "A few days longer," said they, "and our sufferings are to terminate. When the white banner is removed from the tower, then look out for deliverance; for the hour of sallying forth will have arrived." The people retired to their homes, with sorrowful hearts; they tried in vain to quiet the cries of their famishing children; and day by day, and hour by hour, their anxious eyes were turned to the sacred banner, which still continued to wave on the tower of Gibralfaro.

CHAPTER XVII.

How Hamet et Zegri Sallied Forth with the Sacred Banner, to Attack the Christian Camp.

"THE Moorish nigromancer," observers the worth Fray Antonio Agapida, "remained shut up in a tower of the Gibralfaro, devising devilish means to work mischief and discomfiture upon the Christians. He was daily consulted by Hamet, who had great faith in those black and magic arts, which he had brought with him from the bosom of heathen Africa."

From the account given of this dervise and his incantations by the worthy father, it would appear that he was an astrologer, and was studying the stars, and endeavoring to calculate the day and hour when a successful attack might be made upon the Christian camp.

Famine had now increased to such a degree as to distress even the garrison of Gibralfaro, although the Gomeres had seized upon all the

provisions they could find in the city. Their passions were sharpened by hunger, and they became restless and turbulent, and impatient for action.

Hamet was one day in council with his captains, perplexed by the pressure of events, when the dervise entered among them. "The hour of victory," exclaimed he, "is at hand. Allah has commanded that to-morrow morning ye shall sally forth to the fight. I will bear before you the sacred banner, and deliver your enemies into your hands. Remember, however, that ye are but instruments in the hands of Allah, to take vengeance on the enemies of the faith. Go into battle, therefore, with pure hearts, forgiving each other all past offences; for those who are charitable towards each other, will be victorious over the foe." The words of the dervise were received with rapture; all Gibralfaro and the Alcazaba resounded immediately with the din of arms; and Hamet sent throughout the towers and fortifications of the city and selected the choicest troops and most distinguished captains for this eventful combat.

In the morning early, the rumor went throughout the city that the sacred banner had disappeared from the tower of Gibralfaro, and all Malaga was roused to witness the sally

that was to destroy the unbelievers. Hamet descended from his stronghold, accompanied by his principal captain, Ibrahim Zenete, and followed by his Gomeres. The dervise led the way displaying the white banner, the sacred pledge of victory. The multitude shouted "*Allah Achbar!*" and prostrated themselves before the banner as it passed. Even the dreaded Hamet was hailed with praises; for in their hopes of speedy relief through the prowess of his arm, the populace forgot everything but his bravery. Every bosom in Malaga was agitated by hope and fear—the old men, the women and children, and all who went not forth to battle, mounted on tower and battlement and roof, to watch a combat that was to decide their fate.

Besides sallying forth from the city, the dervise addressed the troops, reminding them of the holy nature of this enterprise, and warning them not to forfeit the protection of the sacred banner by any unworthy act. They were not to pause to make spoil nor to take prisoners; they were to press forward, fighting valiantly, and granting no quarter. The gate was then thrown open, and the dervise issued forth, followed by the army. They directed their assaults upon the encampments of the Master of Santiago and the Master of Alcantara, and

came upon them so suddenly that they killed and wounded several of the guards. Ibrahim Zenete made his way into one of the tents, where he beheld several Christian striplings just starting from their slumber. The heart of the Moor was suddenly touched with pity for their youth, or perhaps he scorned the weakness of the foe. He smote them with the flat instead of the edge of the sword. "Away, imps," cried he, "away to your mothers." The fanatic dervise reproached him with his clemency. "I did not kill them," replied Zenete, "because I saw no beards!" *

The alarm was given in the camp, and the Christians rushed from all quarters to defend the gates of the bulwarks. Don Pedro Puerto Carrero, Senior of Moguer, and his brother Don Alonzo Pacheco, planted themselves, with their followers, in the gateway of the encampment of the Master of Santiago, and bore the whole brunt of battle until they were reinforced. The gate of the encampment of the Master of Calatrava was in like manner defended by Lorenzo Saurez de Mendoza. Hamet was furious at being thus checked, where he had expected a miraculous victory. He led his troops repeatedly to the attack, hoping to force the gates before succor should arrive; they

* *Cura de los Palacios*, c. 84.

fought with vehement ardor, but were as often repulsed; and every time they returned to the assault they found their enemies doubled in number. The Christians opened a cross-fire of all kinds of missiles from their bulwarks; the Moors could effect but little damage upon a foe thus protected behind their works, while they themselves were exposed from head to foot. The Christians singled out the most conspicuous cavaliers, the greater part of whom were either slain or wounded. Still the Moors, infatuated by the predictions of the prophet, fought desperately and devotedly, and they were furious to revenge the slaughter of their leaders. They rushed upon certain death, endeavoring madly to scale the bulwarks or force the gates, and fell amidst showers of darts and lances, filling the ditches with their mangled bodies.

Hamet el Zegri raged along the front of the bulwarks, seeking an opening for attack. He gnashed his teeth with fury as he saw so many of his chosen warriors slain around him. He seemed to have a charmed life, for, though constantly in the hottest of the fight, amidst showers of missiles, he still escaped uninjured. Blindly confiding in the prophecy of victory, he continued to urge on his devoted troops. The dervise, too, ran like a maniac through

the ranks, waving his white banner, and inciting the Moors by howlings rather than by shouts. "Fear not! the victory is ours! for so it is written!" cried he. In the midst of his frenzy, a stone from a catapult struck him in the head and dashed out his bewildered brains.*

When the Moors beheld their prophet slain, and his banner in the dust, they were seized with despair, and fled in confusion to the city. Hamet el Zegri made some effort to rally them, but was himself confounded by the fall of the dervise. He covered the flight of his broken forces, turning repeatedly upon their pursuers, and slowly making his retreat into the city.

The inhabitants of Malaga witnessed from their walls, with trembling anxiety, the whole of this disastrous conflict. At the first onset, when they beheld the guards of the camp put to flight, they exclaimed, "Allah has given us the victory!" and they sent up shouts of triumph. Their exultation, however, was soon turned into doubt, when they beheld their troops repulsed in repeated attacks. They could see, from time to time, some distinguished warrior laid low, and others brought back bleeding to the city. When at length the sacred banner fell, and the routed troops

* Garibay, lib. xx., c. 33.

came flying to the gates, pursued and cut down by the foe, horror and despair seized upon the populace.

As Hamet entered the gates, he heard nothing but loud lamentations; mothers, whose sons had been slain, shrieked curses after him as he passed; some, in the anguish of their hearts, threw down their famishing babes before him, exclaiming: "Trample on them with thy horse's feet; for we have no food to give them, and we cannot endure their cries." All heaped execrations on his head, as the cause of the woes of Malaga.

The warlike part of the citizens, also, and many warriors, who, with their wives and children, had taken refuge in Malaga from the mountain fortresses, now joined in the popular clamor, for their hearts were overcome by the sufferings of their families.

Hamet el Zegri found it impossible to withstand this torrent of lamentations, curses, and reproaches. His military ascendency was at an end; for most of his officers, and the prime warriors of his African band, had fallen in this disastrous sally. Turning his back, therefore, upon the city, and abandoning it to its own councils, he retired with the remnant of his Gomeres to his stronghold in the Gibralfaro.

CHAPTER XVIII.

How the City of Malaga Capitulated.

THE people of Malaga, being no longer overawed by Hamet el Zegri and his Gomeres, turned to Ali Dordux, the magnanimous merchant, and put the fate of the city into his hands. He had already gained the *alcaydes* of the castle of the Genoese and of the citadel into his party, and in the late confusion had gained the sway over those important fortresses. He now associated himself with the *alfaqui*, Abraham Alhariz, and four of the principal inhabitants, and, forming a provisional *junta*, they sent heralds to the Christian sovereigns, offering to surrender the city on certain temrs, protecting the persons and property of the inhabitants, permitting them to reside as *Mudexa res* or tributary vassals either in Malaga or elsewhere.

When the heralds arrived at the camp, and made known their mission to King Ferdinand,

The Armor of Gonsalvo of Cordova, "El Gran Capitan." Royal Armory, Madrid.

his anger was kindled. "Return to your fellow-citizens," said he, "and tell them that the day of grace is gone by. They have persisted in a fruitless defence until they are driven by necessity to capitulate; they must surrender unconditionally, and abide the fate of the vanquished. Those who merit death shall suffer death; those who merit captivity shall be made captives."

This stern reply spread consternation among the people of Malaga; but Ali Dordux comforted them, and undertook to go in person, and pray for favorable terms. When the people beheld this great and wealthy merchant, who was so eminent in their city, departing with his associates on this mission, they plucked up heart; for they said: "Surely the Christian King will not turn a deaf ear to such a man as Ali Dordux!"

Ferdinand, however, would not even admit the ambassadors to his presence. "Send them to the devil!" said he, in a great passion, to the Commander of Leon; "I 'll not see them. Let them get back to their city. They shall all surrender to my mercy as vanquished enemies." *

To give emphasis to this reply, he ordered a general discharge from all the artillery and

* *Cura de los Palacios*, c. 84.

batteries; and there was a great shout throughout the camp, and all the lombards and catapults, and other engines of war, thundered furiously upon the city, doing great damage.

Ali Dordux and his companions returned to the city with downcast countenances, and could scarce make the reply of the Christian sovereign be heard, for the roaring of the artillery, the tumbling of the walls, and the cries of women and children. The citizens were greatly astonished and dismayed, when they found the little respect paid to their most eminent man; but the warriors who were in the city exclaimed: "What has this merchant to do with questions between men of battle? Let us not address the enemy as abject suppliants who have no power to injure, but as valiant men, who have weapons in their hands."

So they despatched another message to the Christian sovereigns, offering to yield up the city and all their effects, on condition of being secured in their personal liberty. Should this be denied, they declared they would hang from the battlements fifteen hundred Christian captives, male and female; that they would put all their old men, their women, and children into the citadel, set fire to the city, and sally forth, sword in hand, to fight until the last

gasp. "In this way," said they, "the Spanish sovereigns shall gain a bloody victory, and the fall of Malaga be renowned while the world endures."

To this fierce and swelling message Ferdinand replied that if a single Christian captive were injured, not a Moor in Malaga but should be put to the edge of the sword.

A great conflict of counsels now arose in Malaga. The warriors were for following up their menace by some desperate act of vengeance or of self-devotion. Those who had families looked with anguish upon their wives and daughters, and thought it better to die than to live to see them captives. By degrees, however, the transports of passion and despair subsided, the love of life resumed its sway, and they turned once more to Ali Dordux, as the man most prudent in council and able in negotiation. By his advice fourteen of the principal inhabitants were chosen from the fourteen districts of the city, and sent to the camp, bearing a long letter, couched in terms of the most humble supplication.

Various debates now took place in the Christian camp. Many of the cavaliers were exasperated against Malaga for its long resistance, which had caused the death of many of their relatives and favorite companions. It had long

been a stronghold, also, for Moorish depredators, and the mart where most of the warriors captured in the Axarquia had been exposed in triumph and sold to slavery. They represented, moreover, that there were many Moorish cities yet to be besieged; and that an example ought to be made of Malaga, to prevent all obstinate resistance thereafter. They advised, therefore, that all the inhabitants should be put to the sword!*

The humane heart of Isabella revolted at such sanguinary counsels: she insisted that their triumph should not be disgraced by cruelty. Ferdinand, however, was inflexible in refusing to grant any preliminary terms, insisting on an unconditional surrender.

The people of Malaga now abandoned themselves to paroxysms of despair; on one side they saw famine and death, on the other slavery and chains. The mere men of the sword, who had no families to protect, were loud for signalizing their fall by some illustrious action. "Let us sacrifice our Christian captives, and then destroy ourselves," cried some. "Let us put all the women and children to death, set fire to the city, fall on the Christian camp, and die sword in hand," cried others.

Ali Dordux gradually made his voice be

* Pulgar.

heard amidst the general clamor. He addressed himself to the principal inhabitants, and to those who had children. "Let those who live by the sword, die by the sword," cried he; "but let us not follow their desperate counsels. Who knows what spark of pity may be awakened in the bosoms of the Christian sovereigns, when they behold our unoffending wives and daughters, and our helpless little ones! The Christian queen, they say, is full of mercy."

At these words, the hearts of the unhappy people of Malaga yearned over their families and they empowered Ali Dordux to deliver up their city to the mercy of the Castilian sovereigns.

The merchant now went to and fro, and had several communications with Ferdinand and Isabella and interested several principal cavaliers in his cause; and he sent rich presents to the King and Queen, of oriental merchandise, and silks and stuffs of gold, and jewels and precious stones, and spices and perfumes, and many other sumptuous things, which he had accumulated in his great tradings with the East; and he gradually found favor in the eyes of the sovereigns.* Finding that there was nothing to be obtained for the city, he now,

* MS. *Chron. of Valera.*

like a prudent man and able merchant, began to negotiate for himself and his immediate friends. He represented that from the first they had been desirous of yielding up the city, but had been prevented by warlike and high-handed men, who had threatened their lives; he entreated, therefore, that mercy might be extended to them, and that they might not be confounded with the guilty.

The sovereigns had accepted the presents of Ali Dordux—how could they then turn a deaf ear to his petition! So they granted a pardon to him, and to forty families which he named; and it was agreed that they should be protected in their liberties and property, and permitted to reside in Malaga as *Mudexares* or Moslem vassals, and to follow their customary pursuits.* All this being arranged, Ali Dordux delivered up twenty of the principal inhabitants, to remain as hostages, until the whole city should be placed in possession of the Christians.

Don Gutierrez de Cardenas, Senior Commander of Leon, now entered the city, armed *cap-a-pie*, on horseback, and took possession in the name of the Castilian sovereigns. He was followed by his retainers, and by the captains and cavaliers of the army; and in a little while, the standards of the cross and of the blessed San-

* *Cura de los Palacios*, c. 84.

tiago, and of the Catholic sovereigns, were elevated on the principal tower of the Alcazaba. When these standards were beheld from the camp, the Queen and the Princess and the ladies of the court, and all the royal retinue, knelt down and gave thanks and praises to the Holy Virgin and to Santiago, for this great triumph of the faith; and the bishops and other clergy who were present, and the choristers of the royal chapel, chanted "*Te Deum Laudamus*," and "*Gloria in Excelsis.*"

CHAPTER XIX.

Fulfilment of the Prophecy of the Dervise—Fate of Hamet el Zegri.

NO sooner was the city delivered up, than the wretched inhabitants implored permission to purchase bread for themselves and their children, from the heaps of grain which they had so often gazed at wistfully from their walls. Their prayer was granted, and they issued forth with the famished eagerness of starving men. It was piteous to behold the struggles of those unhappy people as they contended who first should have their necessities relieved.

"Thus," says the pious Fray Antonio Agapida, "thus are the predictions of false prophets sometimes permitted to be verified, but always to the confusion of those who trust in them: for the words of the Moorish nigromancer came to pass, that the people of Malaga should eat of those heaps of bread; but they

ate in humiliation and defeat, and with sorrow and bitterness of heart."

Dark and fierce were the feelings of Hamet el Zegri, as he looked down from the castle of Gibralfaro, and beheld the Christian legions pouring into the city, and the standard of the cross supplanting the crescent on the citadel. "The people of Malaga," said he, "have trusted to a man of trade, and he has trafficked them away; but let us not suffer ourselves to be bound hand and foot, and delivered up as part of his bargain. We have yet strong walls around us, and trusty weapons in our hands. Let us fight until buried beneath the last tumbling tower of Gibralfaro, or, rushing down from among its ruins, carry havoc among the unbelievers, as they throng the streets of Malaga!"

The fierceness of the Gomeres, however, was broken. They could have died in the breach, had their castle been assailed; but the slow advances of famine subdued their strength without rousing their passions, and sapped the force both of soul and body. They were almost unanimous for a surrender.

It was a hard struggle for the proud spirit of Hamet, to bow itself to ask for terms. Still he trusted that the valor of his defence would gain him respect in the eyes of a chivalrous foe.

"Ali," said he, "has negotiated like a merchant; I will capitulate as a soldier." He sent a herald, therefore, to Ferdinand, offering to yield up his castle, but demanding a separate treaty.* The Castilian sovereign made a laconic and stern reply: "He shall receive no terms but such as have been granted to the community of Malaga."

For two days Hamet el Zegri remained brooding in his castle, after the city was in possession of the Christians; at length, the clamors of his followers compelled him to surrender. When the remnant of this fierce African garrison descended from their cragged fortress, they were so worn by watchfulness, famine, and battle, yet carried such a lurking fury in their eyes, that they looked more like fiends than men. They were all condemned to slavery, excepting Ibrahim Zenete. The instance of clemency which he had shown in refraining to harm the Spanish striplings, on the last sally from Malaga, won him favorable terms. It was cited as a magnanimous act by the Spanish cavaliers, and all admitted, that though a Moor in blood, he possessed the Christian heart of a Castilian *hidalgo*.†

As to Hamet el Zegri, on being asked what

* *Cura de los Palacios*, c. 84.

† *Ibid.*

moved him to such hardened obstinacy, he replied: "When I undertook my command, I pledged myself to fight in defence of my faith, my city, and my sovereign, until slain or made prisoner; and depend upon it, had I men to stand by me, I should have died fighting, instead of thus tamely surrendering myself without a weapon in my hand."

"Such," says the pious Fray Antonio Agapida, "was the diabolical hatred and stiff-necked opposition of this infidel to our holy cause. But he was justly served by our most Catholic and high-minded sovereign, for his pertinacious defence of the city; for Ferdinand ordered that he should be loaded with chains and thrown into a dungeon." He was subsequently retained in rigorous confinement at Carmona. *

* Pulgar, pt. 3, c. 93. Pietro Martyr lib. i., c. 69. Alcantara, *Hist. Granada*, vol. iv., c. 18.

CHAPTER XX.

How the Castilian Sovereigns Took Possession of the City of Malaga, and How King Ferdinand Signalized Himself by His Skill in Bargaining with the Inhabitants for Their Ransom.

ONE of the first cares of the conquerors, on entering Malaga, was to search for Christian captives. Nearly sixteen hundred men and women were found, and among them were persons of distinction. Some of them had been ten, fifteen, and twenty years in captivity. Many had been servants to the Moors, or laborers on public works, and some had passed their time in chains and dungeons. Preparations were made to celebrate their deliverance as a Christian triumph. A tent was erected not far from the city, and furnished with an altar and all the solemn decorations of a chapel. Here the King and Queen waited to receive the Christian captives. They were assembled in the city, and marshalled forth in piteous procession. Many of them had still the

chains and shackles on their legs; they were wasted with famine, their hair and beards overgrown and matted, and their faces pale and haggard from long confinement. When they found themselves restored to liberty and surrounded by their countrymen, some stared wildly about as if in a dream, others gave way to frantic transports, but most of them wept for joy. All present were moved to tears, by so touching a spectacle. When the procession arrived at what is called the Gate of Granada, it was met by a great concourse from the camp, with crosses and pennons, who turned and followed the captives, singing hymns of praise and thanksgiving. When they came in presence of the King and Queen, they threw themselves on their knees and would have kissed their feet, as their saviors and deliverers; but the sovereigns prevented such humiliation, and graciously extended to them their hands. They then prostrated themselves before the altar, and all present joined them in giving thanks to God for their liberation from this cruel bondage. By orders of the King and Queen, their chains were then taken off, and they were clad in decent raiment, and food was set before them. After they had ate and drunk, and were refreshed and invigorated, they were provided with money and all things necessary

for their journey, and sent joyfully to their homes.

While the old chroniclers dwell with becoming enthusiasm on this pure and affecting triumph of humanity, they go on, in a strain of equal eulogy, to describe a spectacle of a far different nature. It so happened, that there were found in the city twelve of those renegado Christians who had deserted to the Moors, and conveyed false intelligence, during the siege; a barbarous species of punishment was inflicted upon them, borrowed, it is said, from the Moors, and peculiar to these wars. They were tied to stakes in a public place, and horsemen exercised their skill in transpiercing them with pointed reeds, hurled at them while careering at full speed, until the miserable victims expired beneath their wounds. Several apostate Moors also, who, having embraced Christianity, had afterwards relapsed into their early faith, and had taken refuge in Malaga from the vengeance of the Inquisition, were publicly burnt. "These," says an old Jesuit historian, exultingly, "these were the tilts of reeds and the illuminations most pleasing for this victorious festival, and for the Catholic piety of our sovereigns!" *

* "Los renegados fuernon acañavareados: y los conversos quemados; y estos fueron las cañas, y lu-

When the city was cleansed from the impurities and offensive odors, which had collected during the siege, the bishops and other clergy who accompanied the Court, and the choir of the royal chapel, walked in procession to the principal mosque, which was consecrated, and entitled Santa Maria de la Incarnacion. This done, the King and Queen entered the city, accompanied by the Grand Cardinal of Spain, and the principle nobles and cavaliers of the army, and heard a solemn mass. The church was then elevated into a cathedral, and Malaga was made a bishopric, and many of the neighboring towns were comprehended in its diocese. The Queen took up her residence in the Alcazaba, in the apartments of her valiant treasurer, Ruy Lopez, whence she had a view of the whole city; but the King established his quarters in the warrior castle of Gibralfaro.

And now came to be considered the disposition of the Moorish prisoners. All those who were strangers in the city, and had either taken refuge there, or had entered to defend it, were at once considered slaves. They were divided into three lots: one was set apart for the service of God, in redeeming Christian captives

minarias mas alegres, por la fiesta de la vitoria para la piedad Catholica de nuestros Reyes." — Abarca, *Anales de Aragon*, tom. ii., Rey xxx., c. 3.

from bondage, either in the kingdom of Granada or in Africa; the second lot was divided among those who had aided either in field or cabinet, in the present siege, according to their rank; the third was appropriated to defray, by their sale, the great expenses incurred in the reduction of the place. A hundred of the Gomeres were sent as presents to Pope Innocent VIII., and were led in triumph through the streets of Rome, and afterwards converted to Christianity. Fifty Moorish maidens were sent to the Queen Joanna of Naples, sister to King Ferdinand, and thirty to the Queen of Portugal. Isabella made presents of others to the ladies of her household, and of the noble families of Spain.

Among the inhabitants of Malaga were four hundred and fifty Moorish Jews, for the most part women, speaking the Arabic language, and dressed in the Moresco fashion. These were ransomed by a wealthy Jew of Castile, farmer-general of the royal revenues derived from the Jews of Spain. He agreed to make up, within a certain time, the sum of twenty thousand *doblas*, or pistoles of gold; all the money and jewels of the captives being taken in part payment. They were sent to Castile, in two armed galleys. As to Ali Dordux, such favors and honors were heaped upon him by

the Spanish sovereigns for his considerate mediation in the surrender, that the disinterestedness of his conduct has often been called in question. He was appointed chief justice and *alcayde* of the *Mudexares* or Moorish subjects, and was presented with twenty houses, one public bakery, and several orchards, vineyards, and tracts of open country. He retired to Antiquera, where he died several years afterwards, leaving his estate and name to his son Mohammed Dordux. The latter embraced the Christian faith, as did his wife, the daughter of a Moorish noble. On being baptized he received the name of Don Fernando de Malaga, his wife that of Isabella, after the Queen. They were incorporated with the nobility of Castile, and their descendants still bear the name of Malaga.*

As to the great mass of Moorish inhabitants, they implored that they might not be scattered and sold into captivity, but might be permitted to ransom themselves by an amount paid within a certain time. Upon this, King Ferdinand took the advice of certain of his ablest counsellors: they said to him: "If you hold out a prospect of hopeless captivity, the infidels will throw all their gold and jewels into wells and

* *Conversaciones Malagueñas*, 26, as cited by Alcantara in his *History of Granada*, vol. iv., c. 18.

pits, and you will lose the greater part of the spoil; but if you fix a general rate of ransom, and receive their money and jewels in part payment, nothing will be destroyed. The King relished greatly this advice, and it was arranged that all the inhabitants should be ransomed at the general rate of thirty *doblas* or pistoles in gold for each individual, male or female, large or small; that all their gold, jewels, and other valuables, should be received immediately in part payment of the general amount, and that the residue should be paid within eight months; that if any of the number actually living should die in the interim, their ransom should nevertheless be paid. If, however, the whole of the amount were not paid at the expiration of the eight months, they should all be considered and treated as slaves.

The unfortunate Moors were eager to catch at the least hope of future liberty, and consented to these hard conditions. The most rigorous precautions were taken to exact them to the uttermost. The inhabitants were numbered by houses and families, and their names taken down; their most precious effects were made up into parcels, and sealed and inscribed with their names; and they were ordered to repair with them to certain large *corrales* or

inclosures adjoining the Alcazaba, which were surrounded by high walls and overlooked by watch-towers, to which places the *cavalgadas* of Christian captives had usually been driven, to be confined until the time of sale, like cattle in a market. The Moors were obliged to leave their houses one by one; all their money, necklaces, bracelets, and anklets of gold, pearl, coral, and precious stones, were taken from them at the threshold, and their persons so rigorously searched that they carried off nothing concealed.

Then might be seen old men and helpless women, and tender maidens, some of high birth and gentle condition, passing through the streets, heavily burdened, towards the Alcazaba. As they left their homes, they smote their breasts, and wrung their hands, and raised their weeping eyes to Heaven in anguish; and this is recorded as their plaint: "O Malaga! city so renowned and beautiful! where now is the strength of thy castle, where the grandeur of thy towers? Of what avail have been thy mighty walls, for the protection of thy children! Behold them driven from thy pleasant abodes, doomed to drag out a life of bondage in a foreign land, and to die far from the home of their infancy! What will become of thy old men and matrons, when their gray

hairs shall be no longer reverenced? What will become of thy maidens, so delicately reared and tenderly cherished, when reduced to hard and menial servitude? Behold, thy once happy families scattered asunder, never again to be united; sons separated from their fathers, husbands from their wives, and tender children from their mothers: they will bewail each other in foreign lands, but their lamentations will be the scoff of the stranger. O Malaga! city of our birth! who can behold thy desolation, and not shed tears of bitterness!" *

When Malaga was completely secured, a detachment was sent against two fortresses near the sea, called Mixas and Osuna, which had frequently harassed the Christian camp. The inhabitants were threatened with the sword, unless they instantly surrendered. They claimed the same terms that had been granted to Malaga, imagining them to be freedom of person and security of property. Their claim was granted; they were transported to Malaga with all their riches, and, on arriving there, were overwhelmed with consternation at finding themselves captives. "Ferdinand," observes Fray Antonio Agapida, "was a man of his word; they were shut up in the inclosure

* Pulgar, *Reyes Catolicos*, c. 93.

at the Alcazaba, with the people of Malaga, and shared their fate."

The unhappy captives remained thus crowded in the court-yards of the Alcazaba, like sheep in a fold, until they could be sent by sea and land to Seville. They were then distributed about in city and country, each Christian family having one or more to feed and maintain as servants, until the term fixed for the payment of the residue of the ransom should expire. The captives had obtained permission that several of their number should go about among the Moorish towns of the kingdom of Granada, collecting contributions to aid in the purchase of their liberties; but these towns were too much impoverished by the war, and engrossed by their own distresses, to lend a listening ear: so the time expired without the residue of the ransom being paid, and all the captives of Malaga, to the number, as some say, of eleven, and others, of fifteen thousand, became slaves! "Never," exclaims the worthy Fray Antonio Agapida, in one of his usual bursts of zeal and loyalty, "never has there been recorded a more adroit and sagacious arrangement than this made by the Catholic monarch, by which he not only secured all the property and half of the ransom of these infidels, but finally got possession of their persons

into the bargain. This truly may be considered one of the greatest triumphs of the pious and politic Ferdinand, and as raising him above the generality of conquerors, who have merely the valor to gain victories, but lack the prudence and management necessary to turn them to account.'' *

* The detestable policy of Ferdinand in regard to the Moorish captives of Malaga is recorded at length by the Curate of los Palacios (c. 87), a contemporary, a zealous admirer of the King, and one of the most honest of chroniclers; who really thought he was recording a notable instance of sagacious piety.

CHAPTER XXI.

How King Ferdinand Prepared to Carry the War into a Different Part of the Territories of the Moors.

THE western part of the kingdom of Granada had now been conquered by the Christian arms. The seaport of Malaga was captured; the fierce and warlike inhabitants of the Serrania de Ronda, and the other mountain-holds of the frontier were all disarmed and reduced to peaceful and laborious vassalage; their haughty fortresses, which had so long overawed the valleys of Andalusia, now displayed the standard of Castile and Aragon; the watch-towers, which crowned every height, whence the infidels had kept a vulture eye over the Christian territories, were now either dismantled or garrisoned with Catholic troops. "What signalized and sanctified this great triumph," adds the worthy Fray Antonio Agapida, "were the emblems of ecclesiastical domination which everywhere

appeared. In every direction rose stately convents and monasteries, those fortresses of the faith, garrisoned by its spiritual soldiery of monks and friars. The sacred melody of Christian bells was again heard among the mountains, calling to early matins, or sounding the Angelus at the solemn hour of evening." *

While this part of the kingdom was thus reduced by the Christian sword, the central part, round the city of Granada, forming the heart of the Moorish territory, was held in vassalage of the Castilian monarch, by Boabdil, surnamed El Chico. That unfortunate prince lost no occasion to propitiate the conquerors of his country by acts of homage, and by professions that must have been foreign to his heart. No sooner had he heard of the capture of Malaga, than he sent congratulations to the Catholic sovereigns, accompanied with presents of horses richly caparisoned for the King, and precious cloth of gold and oriental perfumes for the Queen. His congratulations and his presents were received with the utmost graciousness; and the short-sighted prince, lulled by the temporary and politic forbearance of

* The worthy Curate of los Palacios intimates in his *Chronicle*, that this melody, so grateful to the ears of pious Christians, was a source of perpetual torment to the ears of infidels.

Shield of Gonsalvo of Cordova. Royal Armory, Madrid.

Ferdinand, flattered himself that he was securing the lasting friendship of that monarch.

The policy of Boabdil had its transient and superficial advantages. The portion of Moorish territory under his immediate sway had a respite from the calamities of war: the husbandmen cultivated their luxuriant fields in security, and the Vega of Granada once more blossomed like the rose. The merchants again carried on a gainful traffic; the gates of the city were thronged with beasts of burden, bringing the rich products of every clime. Yet, while the people of Granada rejoiced in their teeming fields and crowded marts, they secretly despised the policy which procured them these advantages, and held Boabdil for little better than an apostate and an unbeliever. Muley Abdallah el Zagal was now the hope of the unconquered part of the kingdom; and every Moor, whose spirit was not quite subdued with his fortunes, lauded the valor of the old monarch and his fidelity to the faith, and wished success to his standard.

El Zagal, though he no longer sat enthroned in the Alhambra, yet reigned over more considerable domains than his nephew. His territories extended from the frontiers of Jaen along the borders of Murcia to the Mediterranean, and reached into the centre of the

kingdom. On the northeast he held the cities of Baza and Guadiz, situated in the midst of fertile regions. He had the important seaport of Almeria, also which at one time rivalled Granada itself in wealth and population. Besides these, his territories included a great part of the Alpuxarra mountains, which extend across the kingdom and shoot out branches towards the sea-coast. This mountainous region was a stronghold of wealth and power. Its stern and rocky heights, rising to the clouds, seemed to set invasion at defiance; yet within their rugged embraces were sheltered delightful valleys, of the happiest temperature and richest fertility. The cool springs and limpid rills which gushed out in all parts of the mountains, and the abundant streams, which, for a great part of the year, were supplied by the Sierra Nevada, spread a perpetual verdure over the skirts and slopes of the hills, and, collecting in silver rivers in the valleys, wound along among plantations of mulberry trees, and groves of oranges and citrons, of almonds, figs, and pomegranates. Here was produced the finest silk of Spain, which gave employment to thousands of manufacturers. The sunburnt sides of the hills, also were covered with vineyards; the abundant herbage of the mountain ravines, and the rich pasturage of

the valleys fed vast flocks and herds; and even the arid and rocky bosoms of the heights teemed with wealth, from the mines of various metals with which they were impregnated. In a word, the Alpuxarra mountains had ever been the great source of revenue to the monarchs of Granada. Their inhabitants, also, were hardy and warlike, and a sudden summons from the Moorish king could at any time call forth fifty thousand fighting men from their rocky fastnesses.

Such was the rich but rugged fragment of an empire which remained under the sway of the old warrior monarch, El Zagal. The mountain barriers by which it was locked up, had protected it from most of the ravages of the present war. El Zagal prepared himself, by strengthening every fortress, to battle fiercely for its maintenance.

The Catholic sovereigns saw that fresh troubles and toils awaited them. The war had to be carried into a new quarter demanding immense expenditures; and new ways and means must be devised to replenish their exhausted coffers. "As this was a holy war, however," says Fray Antonio Agapida," and peculiarly redounded to the prosperity of the church, the clergy were full of zeal, and contributed vast sums of money and large bodies

of troops. A pious fund was also produced, from the first fruits of that glorious institution, the Inquisition."

It so happened, that about this time there were many families of wealth and dignity in the kingdom of Aragon and Valentia, and the principality of Catalonia, whose forefathers had been Jews, but had been converted to Christianity. Notwithstanding the outward piety of these families, it was surmised, and soon came to be strongly suspected, that many of them had a secret hankering after Judaism; and it was even whispered, that some of them practised Jewish rites in private.

The Catholic monarch (continues Agapida) had a righteous abhorrence of all kinds of heresy, and a fervent zeal for the faith: he ordered, therefore, a strict investigation of the conduct of these *pseudo* Christians. Inquisitors were sent into these provinces for the purpose, who proceeded with their accustomed zeal. The consequence was, that many families were convicted of apostasy from the Christian faith, and of the private practice of Judaism. Some, who had grace and policy sufficient to reform in time, were again received into the Christian fold, after being severely mulcted and condemned to heavy penance; others were burned at *autos-de-fé*, for the edifi-

cation of the public, and their property was confiscated for the good of the state.

As these Hebrews were of great wealth, and had an hereditary passion for jewelry, there was found abundant store in their possession of gold and silver, of rings and necklaces, and strings of pearl and coral, and precious stones; —treasures easy of transportation, and wonderfully adapted for the emergencies of war. "In this way," concludes the pious Agapida, "these backsliders, by the all-seeing contrivances of Providence, were made to serve the righteous cause which they had so treacherously deserted; and their apostate wealth was sanctified by being devoted to the service of Heaven and the Crown, in this holy crusade against the infidels."

It must be added, however, that these pious financial expedients received some check from the interference of Queen Isabella. Her penetrating eyes discovered that many enormities had been committed under color of religious zeal, and many innocent persons accused by false witnesses of apostasy, either through malice or a hope of obtaining their wealth; she caused strict investigation, therefore, into the proceedings which had been held, many of which were reversed, and suborners punished in proportion to their guilt.*

* Pulgar, pt. 3, c. 100.

CHAPTER XXII.

How King Ferdinand Invaded the Eastern Side of the Kingdom of Granada, and How He was Received by El Zagal.

"MULEY ABDALLAH EL ZAGAL," says the venerable Jesuit father, Pedro Abarca, "was the most venomous Mahometan in all Morisma": and the worthy Fray Antonio Agapida most devoutly echoes his opinion. "Certainly," adds the latter, "none ever opposed a more heathenish and diabolical obstinacy to the holy inroads of the cross and sword."

El Zagal felt that it was necessary to do something to quicken his popularity with the people, and that nothing was more effectual than a successful inroad. The Moors loved the stirring call to arms and a wild foray among the mountains; and delighted more in a hasty spoil, wrested with hard fighting from the

Christians, than in all the steady and certain gains secured by peaceful traffic.

There reigned at this time a careless security along the frontier of Jaen. The *alcaydes* of the Christian fortresses were confident of the friendship of Boabdil el Chico, and they fancied his uncle too distant and too much engrossed by his own perplexities, to think of molesting them. On a sudden, El Zagal issued out of Guadix with a chosen band, passed rapidly through the mountains which extend behind Granada, and fell like a thunderbolt upon the territories in the neighborhood of Alcala la Real. Before the alarm could be spread and the frontier roused, he had made a wide career of destruction through the country, sacking and burning villages, sweeping off flocks and herds, and carrying away captives. The warriors of the frontier assembled; but El Zagal was already far on his return through the mountains, and he re-entered the gates of Guadix in triumph, his army laden with Christian spoil, and conducting an immense *cavalgada*. Such was one of El Zagal's preparatives for the expected invasion of the Christian king, exciting the warlike spirit of his people, and gaining for himself a transient popularity.

King Ferdinand assembled his army at Mur-

cia, in the spring of 1488. He left that city on the 5th of June, with a flying camp of four thousand horse and fourteen thousand foot. The Marques of Cadiz led the van, followed by the Adelantado of Murcia. The army entered the Moorish frontier by the sea-coast, spreading terror through the land; wherever it appeared the towns surrendered without a blow, so great was the dread of experiencing the woes which had desolated the opposite frontier. In this way, Vera, Velez el Rubio, Velez el Blanco, and many towns of inferior note, to the number of sixty, yielded at the first summons.

It was not until it approached Almeria that the army met with resistance. This important city was commanded by the Prince Zelim, a relative of El Zagal. He led forth his Moors bravely to the encounter, and skirmished fiercely with the advanced guard in the gardens near the city. King Ferdinand came up with the main body of the army, and called off his troops from the skirmish. He saw that to attack the place with his present force was fruitless. Having reconnoitred the city and its environs, therefore, against a future campaign, he retired with his army and marched towards Baza.

The old warrior El Zagal was himself drawn up in the city of Baza, with a powerful garri-

son. He felt confidence in the strength of the place, and rejoiced when he heard that the Christian king was approaching. In the valley in front of Baza, there extended a great tract of gardens, like a continued grove, intersected by canals and water-courses. In this he stationed an ambuscade of arquebusiers and cross-bowmen. The vanguard of the Christian army came marching gayly up the valley, with great sound of drum and trumpet, and led on by the Marques of Cadiz and the Adelantado of Murcia. As they drew near, El Zagal sallied forth with horse and foot, and attacked them for a time with great spirit. Gradually falling back, as if pressed by their superior valor, he drew the exulting Christians among the gardens. Suddenly the Moors in ambuscade burst from their concealment, and opened such a fire in flank and rear, that many of the Christians were slain, and the rest thrown into confusion. King Ferdinand arrived in time to see the disastrous situation of his troops, and gave signal for the vanguard to retire.

El Zagal did not permit the foe to draw off unmolested. Ordering out fresh squadrons, he fell upon the rear of the retreating troops with triumphant shouts, driving them before him with dreadful havoc. The old war-cry of "El Zagal! El Zagal!" was again put up by the

Moors, and echoed with transport from the walls of the city. The Christians were in imminent peril of a complete rout, when fortunately the Adelantado of Murcia threw himself with a large body of horse and foot between the pursuers and the pursued, covering the retreat of the latter and giving them time to rally. The Moors were now attacked so vigorously in turn, that they gave over the contest, and drew back slowly into the city. Many valiant cavaliers were slain in this skirmish; among the number was Don Philip of Aragon, Master of the chivalry of St. George of Montesor; he was illegitimate son of the King's illegitimate brother Don Carlos, and his death was greatly bewailed by Ferdinand. He had formerly been Archbishop of Palermo, but had doffed the cassock for the cuirass, and, according to Fray Antonio Agapida, had gained a glorious crown of martyrdom by falling in this holy war.

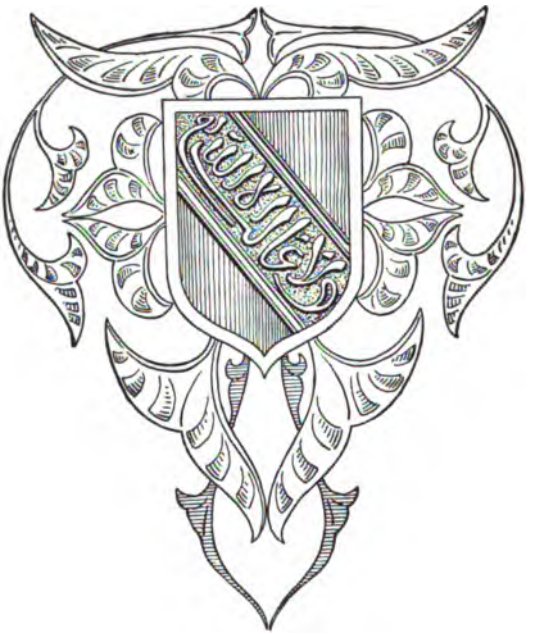
The warm reception of his advance guard, brought King Ferdinand to a pause: he encamped on the banks of the neighboring river Guadalquiton, and began to consider whether he had acted wisely in undertaking this campaign with his present force. His late successes had probably rendered him overconfident: El Zagal had again schooled him

into his characteristic caution. He saw that the old warrior was too formidably ensconced in Baza, to be dislodged by anything except a powerful army and battering artillery; and he feared, that should he persist in his invasion, some disaster might befall his army, either from the enterprise of the foe, or from a pestilence which prevailed in various parts of the country. He retired, therefore, from before Baza, as he had on a former occasion from before Loxa, all the wiser for a wholesome lesson in warfare, but by no means grateful to those who had given it, and with a solemn determination to have his revenge upon his teachers.

He now took measures for the security of the places gained in this campaign; placing in them strong garrisons, well-armed and supplied, charging their *alcaydes* to be vigilant on their posts and to give no rest to the enemy. The whole of the frontier was placed under the command of Luis Fernandez Puerto Carrero. As it was evident, from the warlike character of El Zagal, that there would be abundance of active service and hard fighting, many *hidalgos* and young cavaliers, eager for distinction, remained with Puerto Carrero.

All these dispositions being made, King Ferdinand closed the dubious campaign of this

year, not, as usual, by returning in triumph at the head of his army to some important city of his dominions, but by disbanding the troops, and repairing to pray at the cross of Caravaca.



CHAPTER XXIII.

How the Moors Made Various Enterprises against the Christians.

"WHILE the pious King Ferdinand," observes Fray Antonio Agapida, "was humbling himself before the cross, and devoutly praying for the destruction of his enemies, that fierce pagan, El Zagal, depending merely on arm of flesh and sword of steel, pursued his diabolical outrages upon the Christians." No sooner was the invading army disbanded than he sallied forth from his stronghold, and carried fire and sword into all those parts which had submitted to the Spanish yoke. The castle of Nixar, being carelessly guarded, was taken by surprise, and its garrison put to the sword. The old warrior raged with sanguinary fury about the whole frontier, attacking convoys, slaying, wounding, and making prisoners, and coming by surprise upon the Christians wherever they were off their guard.

Carlos de Biedma, Alcayde of the fortress of

Culla, confiding in the strength of its walls and towers, and in its difficult situation, being built on the summit of a lofty hill, and surrounded by precipices, ventured to absent himself from his post. He was engaged to be married to a fair and noble lady of Baza, and repaired to that city to celebrate his nuptials, escorted by a brilliant array of the best horsemen of his garrison. Apprised of his absence, the vigilant El Zagal suddenly appeared before Culla with a powerful force, stormed the town sword in hand, fought the Christians from street to street, and drove them, with great slaughter, to the citadel. Here a veteran captain, by the name of Juan de Avalos, a gray-headed warrior, scarred in many a battle, assumed the command, and made an obstinate defence. Neither the multitude of the enemy, nor the vehemence of their attacks, though led on by the terrible El Zagal himself, had power to shake the fortitude of this doughty old soldier.

The Moors undermined the outer walls and one of the towers of the fortress, and made their way into the exterior court. The Alcayde manned the tops of his towers, pouring down melted pitch, and showering darts, arrows, stones, and all kinds of missiles upon the assailants. The Moors were driven out of the court; but being re-inforced with fresh troops,

returned repeatedly to the assault. For five days the combat was kept up: the Christians were nearly exhausted, but were sustained by the cheerings of their stanch old Alcayde, and the fear of death from El Zagal should they surrender. At length the approach of a powerful force under Don Luis Puerto Carrero relieved them from this fearful peril. El Zagal abandoned the assault, but set fire to the town in his rage and disappointment, and retired to his stronghold of Guadix.

The example of El Zagal roused his adherents to action. Two bold Moorish *alcaydes*, Ali Aliatar and Yzan Aliatar, commanding the fortresses of Alhenden and Salobreña, laid waste the country of the subjects of Boabdil, and the places which had recently submitted to the Christians: they swept off the cattle, carried off captives, and harassed the whole of the newly-conquered frontier.

The Moors, also, of Almeria, and Tavernas, and Purchena, made inroads into Murcia, and carried fire and sword into its most fertile regions. On the opposite frontier, also, among the wild valleys and rugged recesses of the Sierra Bermeja, or Red mountains, many of the Moors who had lately submitted again flew to arms. The Marques of Cadiz suppressed by timely vigilance the rebellion of the

mountain town of Gausin, situated on a high peak, almost among the clouds; but others of the Moors fortified themselves in rock-built towers and castles, inhabited solely by warriors; whence they carried on a continual war of forage and depredation; sweeping down into the valleys, and carrying off flocks and herds and all kinds of booty to these eagle-nests, to which it was perilous and fruitless to pursue them.

The worthy father, Fray Antonio Agapida, closes his history of this checkered year in quite a different strain from those triumphant periods with which he is accustomed to wind up the victorious campaigns of the sovereigns. "Great and mighty," says this venerable chronicler, "were the floods and tempests which prevailed throughout the kingdoms of Castile and Aragon about this time. It seemed as though the windows of heaven were again opened, and a second deluge overwhelming the face of nature. The clouds burst, as it were, in cataracts upon the earth; torrents rushed down from the mountains, overflowing the valleys; brooks were swelled into raging rivers; houses were undermined; mills were swept away by their own streams; the affrighted shepherds saw their flocks drowned in the midst of the pasture, and were fain to

take refuge for their lives in towers and high places. The Guadalquivir for a time became a roaring and tumultuous sea, inundating the immense plain of the Tablada, and filling the fair city of Seville with affright.

"A vast black cloud moved over the land, accompanied by a hurricane and a trembling of the earth. Houses were unroofed, the walls and battlements of fortresses shaken, and lofty towers rocked to their foundations. Ships, riding at anchor, were either stranded or swallowed up; others, under sail, were tossed to and fro upon mountain waves, and cast upon the land, where the whirlwind rent them in pieces and scattered them in fragments in the air. Doleful was the ruin and great the terror where this baleful cloud passed by; and it left a long track of desolation over sea and land. Some of the faint-hearted," adds Antonio Agapida, "looked upon this torment of the elements as a prodigious event, out of the course of nature. In the weakness of their fears, they connected it with those troubles which occurred in various places, considering it a portent of some great calamity, about to be wrought by the violence of the bloody-handed El Zagal and his fierce adherents." *

* See *Cura de los Palacios*, c. 91. Palencia, *De Belle Granad.*, lib. viii.

CHAPTER XXIV.

How King Ferdinand Prepared to Besiege the City of Baza, and How the City Prepared for Defence.

THE stormy winter had passed away, and the spring of 1489 was advancing; yet the heavy rains had broken up the roads, the mountain brooks were swollen to raging torrents, and the late shallow and peaceful rivers were deep, turbulent, and dangerous. The Christian troops had been summoned to assemble in early spring on the frontiers of Jaen, but were slow in arriving at the appointed place. They were entangled in the miry defiles of the mountains, or fretted impatiently on the banks of impassable floods. It was late in the month of May, before they assembled in sufficient force to attempt the proposed invasion; when at length a valiant army, of thirteen thousand horse and forty thousand foot, marched merrily over the border. The Queen remained at the city of

Jaen with the Prince-Royal and the princesses, her children, accompanied and supported by the venerable Cardinal of Spain and those reverend prelates who assisted in her councils throughout this holy war.

The plan of King Ferdinand was to lay siege to the city of Baza, the key of the remaining possessions of the Moor. That important fortress taken, Guadix and Almeria must soon follow, and then the power of El Zagal would be at an end. As the Catholic king advanced, he had first to secure various castles and strongholds in the vicinity of Baza, which might otherwise harass his army. Some of these made obstinate resistance, especially the town of Zujar. The Christians assailed the walls with various machines, to sap them and batter them down. The brave Alcayde Hubec Abdilbar opposed force to force and engine to engine. He manned his towers with his bravest warriors, who rained down an iron shower upon the enemy; and he linked cauldrons together by strong chains, and cast fire from them, consuming the wooden engines of their assailants, and those who managed them.

The siege was protracted for several days: the bravery of the *alcayde* could not save his fortress from an overwhelming foe, but it gained him honorable terms. Ferdinand per-

mitted the garrison and the inhabitants to repair with their effects to Baza; and the gallant Hubec marched forth with the remnant of his force and took the way to that devoted city.

The delays caused to the invading army by these circumstances had been diligently improved by El Zagal, who felt that he was now making his last stand for empire, and that this campaign would decide whether he should continue a king or sink into a vassal. He was but a few leagues from Baza, at the city of Guadix. This last was the most important point of his remaining territories, being a kind of bulwark between them and the hostile city of Granada, the seat of his nephew's power. Though he heard of the tide of war, therefore, collecting and rolling towards the city of Baza, he dared not go in person to its assistance. He dreaded that should he leave Guadix, Boabdil would attack him in rear while the Christian army was battling with him in front. El Zagal trusted in the great strength of Baza, to defy any violent assault, and profited by the delays of the Christian army, to supply it with all possible means of defence. He sent thither all the troops he could spare from his garrison of Guadix, and despatched missives throughout his territories, calling upon all true Moslems to hasten to Baza and make a devoted

stand in defence of their homes, their liberties, and their religion. The cities of Tavernas and Purchena, and the surrounding heights and valleys, responded to his orders, and sent forth their fighting men to the field. The rocky fastnesses of the Alpuxarras resounded with the din of arms; troops of horse and bodies of foot-soldiers were seen winding down the rugged cliffs and defiles of those marble mountains, and hastening towards Baza. Many brave cavaliers of Granada also, spurning the quiet and security of Christian vassalage, secretly left the city and hastened to join their fighting countrymen. The great dependence of El Zagal, however, was upon the valor and loyalty of his cousin and brother-in-law, Cid Hiaya Alnayar,* who was Alcayde of Almeria

* This name has generally been written Cidi Yahye. The present mode is adopted on the authority of Alcantara in his *History of Granada*, who appears to have derived it from Arabic manuscripts, existing in the archives of the Marques de Corvera, descendant of Cid Hiaya. The latter (Cid Hiaya) was son of Aben Zelim, a deceased prince of Almeria, and was a lineal descendant from the celebrated Aben Hud, surnamed The Just. The wife of Cid Hiaya was sister of the two Moorish generals, Abul Cacim and Reduan Vanegas, and like them the fruit of the union of a Christian knight, Don Pedro Vanegas, with Cetimerien, a Moorish princess.

—a cavalier experienced in warfare and redoubtable in the field. He wrote to him to leave Almeria, and repair with all speed, at the head of his troops, to Baza. Cid Hiaya departed immediately with ten thousand of the bravest Moors in the kingdom. These were for the most part hardy mountaineers, tempered to sun and storm, and tried in many a combat. None equalled them for a sally or a skirmish. They were adroit in executing a thousand stratagems, ambuscadoes, and evolutions. Impetuous in their assaults, yet governed in their utmost fury by a word or sign from their commander, at the sound of a trumpet they would check themselves in the midst of their career, wheel off and disperse; and at another sound of a trumpet they would as suddenly re-assemble and return to the attack. They were upon the enemy when least expected, coming like a rushing blast, spreading havoc and consternation, and then passing away in an instant, so that when one recovered from the shock and looked around, behold! nothing was to be seen or heard of this tempest of war but a cloud of dust and the clatter of retreating hoofs.*

When Cid Hiaya led his train of ten thousand valiant warriors into the gates of Baza, the

* Pulgar, pt. 3, c. 106.

city rang with acclamations, and for a time the inhabitants thought themselves secure. El Zagal, also, felt a glow of confidence, notwithstanding his own absence from the city. "Cid Hiaya," said he, "is my cousin and my brother-in-law; related to me by blood and marriage, he is a second self: happy is that monarch who has his kindred to command his armies."

With all these reinforcements, the garrison of Baza amounted to above twenty thousand men. There were at this time three principal leaders in the city: Mohammed Ibn Hassan, surnamed The Veteran, who was military governor or *alcayde*, an old Moor of great experience and discretion; the second was Hamet Abu Zali, who was captain of the troops stationed in the place; and the third was Hubec Abdilbar, late Alcayde of Zujar, who had repaired hither with the remains of his garrison. Over all these Cid Hiaya exercised a supreme command, in consequence of his being of the blood-royal, and in the especial confidence of Muley Abdallah el Zagal. He was eloquent and ardent in council, and fond of striking and splendid achievements; but he was a little prone to be carried away by the excitement of the moment, and the warmth of his imagination. The councils of war of these

commanders, therefore, were more frequently controlled by the opinions of the old Alcayde Mohammed Ibn Hassan, for whose shrewdness, caution, and experience, Cid Hiaya himself felt the greatest deference.

The city of Baza was situated in a great valley, eight leagues in length and three in breadth, called the Hoya, or basin of Baza. It was surrounded by a range of mountains, called the Sierra of Xabalcohol, the streams of which, collecting themselves into two rivers, watered and fertilized the country. The city was built in the plain; one part of it protected by the rocky precipices of the mountain, and by a powerful citadel; the other by massive walls, studded with immense towers. It had suburbs towards the plain, imperfectly fortified by earthen walls. In front of these suburbs extended a tract of orchards and gardens nearly a league in length, so thickly planted as to resemble a continued forest. Here, every citizen who could afford it, had his little plantation, and his garden of fruits and flowers and vegetables, watered by canals and rivulets, and dominated by a small tower for recreation or defence. This wilderness of groves and gardens, intersected in all parts by canals and runs of water, and studded by above a thousand small towers, formed a kind of protection to

this side of the city, rendering all approach extremely difficult and perplexed.

While the Christian army had been detained before the frontier posts, the city of Baza had been a scene of hurried and unremitting preparation. All the grain of the surrounding valley, though yet unripe, was hastily reaped and borne into the city, to prevent it from yielding sustenance to the enemy. The country was drained of all its supplies; flocks and herds were driven, bleating and bellowing, into the gates; long trains of beasts of burden, some laden with food, others with lances, darts, and arms of all kinds, kept pouring into the place. Already were munitions collected sufficient for a siege of fifteen months; still the eager and hasty preparation was going on, when the army of Ferdinand came in sight.

On one side might be seen scattered parties of foot and horse spurring to the gates, and muleteers hurrying forward their burdened animals, all anxious to get under shelter before the gathering storm; on the other side, the cloud of war came sweeping down the valley, the roll of drum or clang of trumpet resounding occasionally from its deep bosom, or the bright glance of arms flashing forth, like vivid lightning, from its columns. King Ferdinand pitched his tents in the valley, beyond the

green labyrinth of gardens. He sent his heralds to summon the city to surrender, promising the most favorable terms in case of immediate compliance, and avowing in the most solemn terms his resolution never to abandon the siege until he had possession of the place.

Upon receiving this summons, the Moorish commanders held a council of war. The Prince Cid Hiaya, indignant at the menaces of the King, was for retorting by a declaration that the garrison never would surrender, but would fight until buried under the ruins of the walls. "Of what avail," said the veteran Mohammed, "is a declaration of the kind, which we may falsify by our deeds? Let us threaten what we know we can perform, and let us endeavor to perform more than we threaten."

In conformity to his advice, therefore, a laconic reply was sent to the Christian monarch, thanking him for his offer of favorable terms, but informing him that they were placed in the city to defend, not to surrender it.

CHAPTER XXV.

The Battle of the Gardens before Baza.

WHEN the reply of the Moorish commanders was brought to King Ferdinand, he prepared to press the siege with the utmost rigor. Finding the camp too far from the city, and that the intervening orchards afforded shelter for the sallies of the Moors, he determined to advance it beyond the gardens, in the space between them and the suburbs, where his batteries would have full play upon the city walls. A detachment was sent in advance, to take possession of the gardens, and keep a check upon the suburbs, opposing any sally, while the encampment should be formed and fortified. The various commanders entered the orchards at different points. The young cavaliers marched fearlessly forward, but the experienced veterans foresaw infinite peril in the mazes of this verdant labyrinth. The

Master of St. Jago, as he led his troops into the centre of the gardens, exhorted them to keep by one another, and to press forward in defiance of all difficulty or danger; assuring them that God would give them the victory, if they attacked hardily and persisted resolutely.

Scarce had they entered the verge of the orchards, when a din of drums and trumpets, mingled with war-cries, was heard from the suburbs, and a legion of Moorish warriors on foot poured forth. They were led on by the Prince Cid Hiaya. He saw the imminent danger of the city, should the Christians gain possession of the orchards. "Soldiers," he cried, "we fight for life and liberty, for our families, our country, our religion;* nothing is left for us to depend upon but the strength of our hands, the courage of our hearts, and the almighty protection of Allah." The Moors answered him with shouts of war, and rushed to the encounter. The two hosts met in the midst of the gardens. A chance-medley combat ensued, with lances, arquebuses, crossbows, and cimeters; the perplexed nature of the ground, cut up and intersected by canals and streams, the closeness of the trees, the

* "Illi (Mauri) pro fortunis, pro libertate, pro laribus patriis, pro vita denique certabant."—Pietro Martyr, *Epist.* 70.

multiplicity of towers and petty edifices, gave greater advantages to the Moors, who were on foot, than to the Christians, who were on horseback. The Moors, too, knew the ground, with all its alleys and passes; and were thus enabled to lurk, to sally forth, attack, and retreat, almost without injury.

The Christian commanders seeing this, ordered many of the horsemen to dismount and fight on foot. The battle then became fierce and deadly, each disregarding his own life, provided he could slay his enemy. It was not so much a general battle, as a multitude of petty actions; for every orchard and garden had its distinct contest. No one could see farther than the little scene of fury and bloodshed around him, nor how the general battle fared. In vain the captains exerted their voices, in vain the trumpets brayed forth signals and commands—all was confounded and unheard, in the universal din and uproar. No one kept to his standard, but fought as his own fury or fear dictated. In some places the Christians had the advantage, in others the Moors; often, a victorious party, pursuing the vanquished, came upon a superior and triumphant force of the enemy, and the fugitives turned back upon them in an overwhelming wave. Some broken remnants, in their terror

and confusion, fled from their own countrymen and sought refuge among their enemies, not knowing friend from foe, in the obscurity of the groves. The Moors were more adroit in these wild skirmishings, from their flexibility, lightness, and agility, and the rapidity with which they would disperse, rally, and return again to the charge. *

The hardest fighting was about the small garden towers and pavilions, which served as so many petty fortresses. Each party by turns gained them, defended them fiercely, and were driven out; many of the towers were set on fire, and increased the horrors of the fight by the wreath of smoke and flame in which they wrapped the groves, and by the shrieks of those who were burning.

Several of the Christian cavaliers, bewildered by the uproar and confusion, and shocked at the carnage which prevailed, would have led their men out of the action; but they were entangled in a labyrinth, and knew not which way to retreat. While in this perplexity, Juan Perea, the standard-bearer of one of the squadrons of the Grand Cardinal, had his arm carried off by a cannon-ball; the standard was well-nigh falling into the hands of the enemy, when Rodrigo de Mendoza, an intrepid youth,

* Mariana, lib. xxv., c. 13.

natural son of the Grand Cardinal, rushed to its rescue, through a shower of balls, lances, and arrows, and, bearing it aloft, dashed forward with it into the hottest of the combat, followed by his shouting soldiery.

King Ferdinand, who remained in the skirts of the orchard, was in extreme anxiety. It was impossible to see much of the action, for the multiplicity of trees and towers, and the wreaths of smoke; and those who were driven out defeated, or came out wounded and exhausted gave different accounts, according to the fate of the partial conflicts in which they had been engaged. Ferdinand exerted himself to the utmost to animate and encourage his troops to this blind encounter, sending reinforcements of horse and foot to those points where the battle was most sanguinary and doubtful.

Among those who were brought forth mortally wounded was Don Juan de Luna, a youth of uncommon merit, greatly prized by the King, beloved by the army, and married to Doña Catalina de Urrea, a young lady of distinguished beauty.* They laid him at the foot of a tree, and endeavored to stanch and bind up his wounds with a scarf which his bride had wrought for him; but his life-blood flowed too profusely; and while a holy friar

* Mariana. P. Martyr. Zurita.

was yet administering to him the last sacred offices of the church, he expired, almost at the feet of his sovereign.

On the other hand, the veteran Alcayde Mohammed Ibn Hassan, surrounded by a little band of chieftains, kept an anxious eye upon the scene of combat, from the walls of the city. For nearly twelve hours the battle raged without intermission. The thickness of the foliage hid all the particulars from their sight; but they could see the flash of swords and glance of helmets among the trees. Columns of smoke rose in every direction, while the clash of arms, the thundering of *ribadoquines* and arquebuses, the shouts and cries of the combatants, and the groans and supplications of the wounded, bespoke the deadly conflict waging in the bosom of the groves. They were harassed, too, by the shrieks and lamentations of the Moorish women and children, as their wounded relatives were brought bleeding from the scene of action; and were stunned by a general outcry of woe on the part of the inhabitants, as the body of Reduan Zafargal, a renegado Christian, and one of the bravest of their generals, was borne breathless into the city.

At length the din of battle approached nearer to the skirts of the orchard. They beheld

their warriors driven out from among the groves by fresh squadrons of the enemy, and, after disputing the ground inch by inch, obliged to retire to a place between the orchards and the suburbs, which was fortified with palisadoes.

The Christians immediately planted opposing palisadoes, and established strong outposts near to this retreat of the Moors, while, at the same time, King Ferdinand ordered that his encampment should be pitched within the hard-won orchards.

Mohammed Ibn Hassan sallied forth to the aid of the Prince Cid Hiaya, and made a desperate attempt to dislodge the enemy from this formidable position; but the night had closed, and the darkness rendered it impossible to make any impression. The Moors, however, kept up constant assaults and alarms throughout the night; and the weary Christians, exhausted by the toils and sufferings of the day, were not allowed a moment of repose.*

* Pulgar, pt. 3, c. 106, 107. *Cura de los Palacios*, c. 92. Zurita, lib. xx., c. 81.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Siege of Baza—Embarrassments of the Army.

THE morning sun rose upon a piteous scene before the walls of Baza. The Christian outposts, harassed throughout the night, were pale and haggard; while the multitudes of slain which lay before their palisadoes, showed the fierce attacks they had sustained, and the bravery of their defence.

Beyond them lay the groves and gardens of Baza; once favorite resorts for recreation and delight—now, a scene of horror and desolation. The towers and pavilions were smoking ruins; the canals and water-courses were discolored with blood, and choked with the bodies of the slain. Here and there the ground, deep-dinted with the tramp of man and of steed, and plashed and slippery with gore, showed where had been some fierce and mortal conflict; while the bodies of Moors and Christians, ghastly in death, lay half-concealed

among the matted and trampled shrubs, and flowers, and herbage.

Amid these sanguinary scenes rose the Christian tents, hastily pitched among the gardens in the preceding evening. The experience of the night, however, and the forlorn aspect of everything in the morning, convinced King Ferdinand of the perils and hardships to which his camp must be exposed, in its present situation; and, after a consultation with his principal cavaliers, he resolved to abandon the orchards.

It was a dangerous movement, to extricate his army from so entangled a situation, in the face of so alert and daring an enemy. A bold front was therefore kept up towards the city; additional troops were ordered to the advanced posts, and works begun as if for a settled encampment. Not a tent was struck in the gardens; but, in the meantime, the most active and unremitting exertions were made to remove all the baggage and furniture of the camp back to the original station.

All day the Moors beheld a formidable show of war maintained in front of the gardens; while in the rear, the tops of the Christian tents and the pennons of the different commanders were seen rising above the groves. Suddenly, towards evening, the tents sank and

disappeared; the outposts broke up their stations and withdrew, and the whole shadow of an encampment was fast vanishing from their eyes.

The Moors saw too late the subtle manœuvre of King Ferdinand. Cid Hiaya again sallied forth with a large force of horse and foot, and pressed furiously upon the Christians. The latter, however, experienced in Moorish attack, retired in close order, sometimes turning upon the enemy and driving them to their barricadoes, and then pursuing their retreat. In this way the army was extricated, without much further loss, from the perilous labyrinths of the gardens.

The camp was now out of danger, but it was also too distant from the city to do mischief, while the Moors could sally forth and return without hindrance. The King called a council of war, to consider in what manner to proceed. The Marques of Cadiz was for abandoning the siege for the present, the place being too strong, too well garrisoned and provided, and too extensive, for their limited forces either to carry it by assault, or invest and reduce it by famine; while, in lingering before it, the army would be exposed to the usual maladies and sufferings of besieging armies, and, when the rainy season came on, would be shut up by

the swelling of the rivers. He recommended, instead, that the King should throw garrisons of horse and foot into all the towns captured in the neighborhood, and leave them to keep up a predatory war upon Baza, while he should overrun and ravage all the country; so that, in the following year, Almeria and Guadix, having all their subject towns and territories taken from them, might be starved into submission.

Don Gutierre de Cardenas, Senior Commander of Leon, on the other hand, maintained that to abandon the siege would be construed by the enemy into a sign of weakness and irresolution. It would give new spirits to the partisans of El Zagal, and would gain to his standard many of the wavering subjects of Boabdil, if it did not encourage the fickle populace of Granada to open rebellion. He advised, therefore, that the siege should be prosecuted with vigor.

The pride of Ferdinand pleaded in favor of the last opinion; for it would be doubly humiliating, again to return from a campaign in this part of the Moorish kingdom, without effecting a blow. But when he reflected on all that his army had suffered, and on all that they must suffer should the siege continue,—especially from the difficulty of obtaining a

regular supply of provisions for so numerous a host, across a great extent of rugged and mountainous country,—he determined to consult the safety of his people, and to adopt the advice of the Marques of Cadiz.

When the soldiery heard that the King was about to raise the siege in mere consideration of their sufferings, they were filled with generous enthusiasm, and entreated, as with one voice, that the siege might never be abandoned until the city surrendered.

Perplexed by conflicting counsels, the King despatched messengers to the Queen at Jaen, requesting her advice. Posts had been stationed between them, in such manner that missives from the camp could reach the Queen within ten hours. Isabella sent instantly her reply. She left the policy of raising or continuing the siege to the decision of the King and his captains; but should they determine to persevere, she pledged herself, with the aid of God, to forward them men, money, provisions, and all other supplies, until the city should be taken.

The reply of the Queen determined Ferdinand to persevere; and when his determination was made known to the army, it was hailed with as much joy as if it had been tidings of a victory.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Siege of Baza Continued—How King Ferdinand Completely Invested the City.

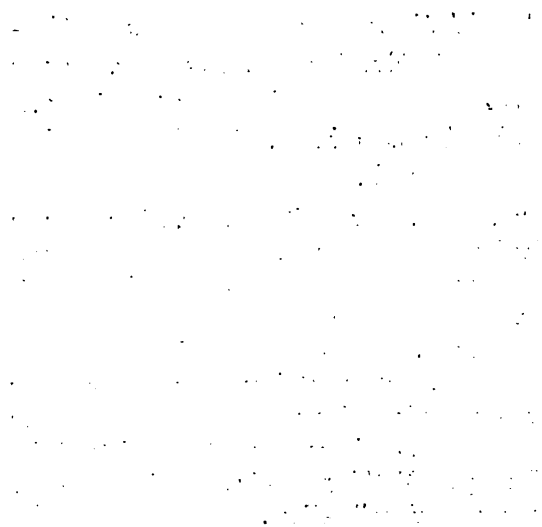
THE Moorish prince Cid Hiaya had received tidings of the doubts and discussions in the Christian camp, and flattered himself with hopes that the besieging army would soon retire in despair, though the veteran Mohammed shook his head with incredulity. A sudden movement one morning in the Christian camp seemed to confirm the sanguine hopes of the Prince. The tents were struck, the artillery and baggage were conveyed away, and bodies of soldiers began to march along the valley. The momentary gleam of triumph was soon dispelled. The Catholic king had merely divided his host into two camps, the more effectually to distress the city. One, consisting of four thousand horse and eight thousand foot, with all the artillery and battering engines, took post on the side of

the city towards the mountain. This was commanded by the Marques of Cadiz, with whom were Don Alonzo de Aguilar, Luis Fernandez Puerto Carrero, and many other distinguished cavaliers.

The other camp was commanded by the King, having six thousand horse and a great host of foot-soldiers, the hardy mountaineers of Biscay, Guipuscoa, Galicia, and the Asturias. Among the cavaliers who were with the King were the brave Count de Tendilla, Don Rodrigo de Mendoza, and Don Alonzo de Cardenas, Master of Santiago. The two camps were wide asunder, on opposite sides of the city, and between them lay the thick wilderness of orchards. Both camps were therefore fortified by great trenches, breastworks, and palisadoes. The veteran Mohammed, as he saw these two formidable camps glittering on each side of the city, and noted the well-known pennons of renowned commanders fluttering above them, still comforted his companions: "These camps," said he, "are too far removed from each other, for mutual succor and co-operation; and the forest of orchards is as a gulf between them." This consolation was but of short continuance. Scarcely were the Christian camps fortified, when the ears of the Moorish garrison were startled by the sound of innu-

Boabdil Surrendering the Keys of Granada to Ferdinand and Isabella. From a Painted Bas-Relief over the Altar in the Royal Chapel, in the Cathedral of Granada.

"*Isabella, on a white palfrey, rides between Ferdinand and the third king, 'the great Cardinal' Mendoza, who opens his hand to receive the keys which the dismounted Boabdil presents. Behind are ladies, knights, and halberdiers, while captives come out from the gates in pairs. This certainly represents the actual scene, and has been attributed to Felipe Vigarny. Nothing of the kind in Spain can be more curious.*"—*Ford.*



merable axes, and the crash of falling trees. They looked with anxiety from their highest towers, and beheld their favorite groves sinking beneath the blows of the Christian pioneers. The Moors sallied forth with fiery zeal to protect their beloved gardens, and the orchards in which they so much delighted. The Christians, however, were too well supported to be driven from their work. Day after day the gardens became the scene of incessant and bloody skirmishings; yet still the devastation of the groves went on, for King Ferdinand was too well aware of the necessity of clearing away this screen of woods, not to bend all his forces to the undertaking. It was a work, however, of gigantic toil and patience. The trees were of such magnitude and so closely set together, and spread over so wide an extent, that notwithstanding four thousand men were employed, they could scarcely clear a strip of land ten paces broad within a day; and such were the interruptions from the incessant assaults of the Moors, that it was full forty days before the orchards were completely levelled.

The devoted city of Baza now lay stripped of its beautiful covering of groves and gardens, at once its ornament, its delight, and its protection. The besiegers went on slowly and

surely, with almost incredible labors, to invest and isolate the city. They connected their camps by a deep trench across the plain, a league in length, into which they diverted the waters of the mountain streams. They protected this trench by palisadoes, fortified by fifteen castles, at regular distances. They dug a deep trench, also, two leagues in length, across the mountain in the rear of the city, reaching from camp to camp, and fortified it on each side with walls of earth, and stone, and wood. Thus the Moors were inclosed on all sides by trenches, palisadoes, walls, and castles; so that it was impossible for them to sally beyond this great line of circumvallation—nor could any force enter to their succor. Ferdinand made an attempt likewise to cut off the supply of water from the city; "for water," observes the worthy Agapida, "is more necessary to these infidels than bread, making use of it in repeated daily ablutions enjoined by their damnable religion, and employing it in baths and in a thousand other idle and extravagant modes, of which we Spaniards and Christians make but little account."

There was a noble fountain of pure water, which gushed out at the foot of the hill Albohacen, just behind the city. The Moors had almost a superstitious fondness for this foun-

tain, and chiefly depended upon it for their supplies. Receiving intimation from some deserters, of the plan of King Ferdinand to get possession of this precious fountain, they sallied forth at night, and threw up such powerful works upon the impending hill, as to set all attempts of the Christian assailants at defiance.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Exploit of Hernando Perez del Pulgar and Other Cavaliers.

THE siege of Baza, while it displayed the skill and science of the Christian commanders, gave but little scope for the adventurous spirit and fiery valor of the young Spanish cavaliers. They repined at the tedious monotony and dull security of their fortified camp, and longed for some soul-stirring exploit of difficulty and danger. Two of the most spirited of these youthful cavaliers were Francisco de Bazan and Antonio de Cueva, the latter of whom was son to the Duke of Albuquerque. As they were one day seated on the ramparts of the camp, and venting their impatience at this life of inaction, they were overheard by a veteran *adalid*, one of those scouts or guides who are acquainted with all parts of the country. "Señors," said he, "if you wish for a service of peril and profit, if you are willing to pluck the fiery old Moor by

the beard, I can lead you to where you may put your mettle to the proof. Hard by the city of Guadix are certain hamlets rich in booty. I can conduct you by a way in which you may come upon them by surprise; and if you are as cool in the head as you are hot in the spur, you may bear off your spoils from under the very eyes of old El Zagal."

The idea of thus making booty at the very gates of Guadix pleased the hot-spirited youths. These predatory excursions were frequent about this time; and the Moors of Padul, Alhenden, and other towns of the Alpuxarras, had recently harassed the Christian territories by expeditions of the kind. Francisco de Bazan and Antonio de Cueva soon found other young cavaliers of their age, eager to join in the adventure; and in a little while they had nearly three hundred horse and two hundred foot, ready equipped and eager for the foray.

Keeping their destination secret, they sallied out of the camp on the edge of an evening, and, guided by the *adalid*, made their way by starlight through the most secret roads of the mountains. In this way they pressed on rapidly day and night, until early one morning, before cock-crowing, they fell suddenly upon the hamlets, made prisoners of the inhabitants, sacked the houses, ravaged the fields, and

sweeping through the meadows, gathered together all the flocks and herds. Without giving themselves time to rest, they set out upon their return, making with all speed for the mountains, before the alarm should be given and the country roused.

Several of the herdsmen, however, had fled to Guadix, and carried tidings of the ravage to El Zagal. The beard of old Muley trembled with rage; he immediately sent out six hundred of his choicest horse and foot, with orders to recover the booty and to bring those insolent marauders captives to Guadix.

The Christian cavaliers were urging their *cavalgada* of cattle and sheep up a mountain, as fast as their own weariness would permit, when, looking back, they beheld a great cloud of dust, and presently descried the turbaned host hot upon their traces.

They saw that the Moors were superior in number; they were fresh also, both man and steed, whereas both they and their horses were fatigued by two days and two nights of hard marching. Several of the horsemen therefore gathered round the commanders, and proposed that they should relinquish their spoil, and save themselves by flight. The captains, Francisco de Bazan and Antonio de Cueva, spurned at such craven counsel.

"What!" cried they, "abandon our prey without striking a blow? Leave our foot-soldiers too in the lurch, to be overwhelmed by the enemy? If any one gives such counsel through fear, he mistakes the course of safety; for there is less danger in presenting a bold front to the foe, than in turning a dastard back; and fewer men are killed in a brave advance, than in a cowardly retreat.

Some of the cavaliers were touched by these words, and declared that they would stand by the foot-soldiers like true companions-in-arms; the great mass of the party, however, were volunteers, brought together by chance, who received no pay, nor had any common tie to keep them together in time of danger. The pleasure of the expedition being over, each thought but of his own safety, regardless of his companions. As the enemy approached, the tumult of opinions increased, and everything was in confusion. The captains, to put an end to the dispute, ordered the standard-bearer to advance against the Moors well knowing that no true cavalier would hesitate to follow and defend his banner. The standard-bearer hesitated—the troops were on the point of taking to flight.

Upon this a cavalier of the royal guards rode to the front. It was Hernando Perez del Pulgar,

Alcayde of the fortress of Salar; the same dauntless ambassador who once bore to the turbulent people of Malaga the King's summons to surrender. Taking off a handkerchief which he wore round his head, after the Andalusian fashion, he tied it to the end of a lance and elevated it in the air. "Cavaliers," cried he, "why do ye take weapons in your hands, if you depend upon your feet for safety? This day will determine who is the brave man, and who the coward. He who is disposed to fight, shall not want a standard; let him follow this handkerchief." So saying, he waved his banner, and spurred bravely against the Moors. His example shamed some, and filled others with generous emulation; all turned with one accord, and following Pulgar rushed with shouts upon the enemy. The Moors scarcely waited to receive the shock of their encounter. Seized with a panic, they took to flight and were pursued for a considerable distance, with great slaughter. Three hundred of their dead strewed the road, and were stripped and despoiled by the conquerors; many were taken prisoners, and the Christian cavaliers returned in triumph to the camp, with a long *cavalgada* of sheep and cattle, and mules laden with booty, and bearing before them the singular standard which had conducted them to victory.

King Ferdinand was so pleased with the gallant action of Hernando Perez del Pulgar that he immediately conferred on him the honor of knighthood, using in the ceremony the sword of Diego de Aguero, the captain of the royal guards; the Duke of Esculona girded one of his own gilt spurs upon his heel, and the Grand Master of Santiago, the Count de Cabra, and Gonsalvo of Cordova officiated as witnesses. Furthermore, to perpetuate in his family the memory of his achievement, the sovereigns authorized him to emblazon on his escutcheon a golden lion in an azure field, bearing a lance with a handkerchief at the end of it. Round the border of the escutcheon were depicted the eleven *alcaydes* vanquished in the battle.* The foregoing is but one of many hardy and heroic deeds done by this brave cavalier in the wars against the Moors; by which he gained great renown, and the distinguished appellation of "El de las hazañas," or "He of the Exploits." †

* Alcantara, *Hist. de Granada*, tom. iv., c. 18. Pulgar, *Cron.*, pt. iii.

† Hernan or Hernando del Pulgar, the historian, secretary to Queen Isabella, is confounded with this cavalier, by some writers. He was also present at the siege of Baza, and has recounted this transaction in his chronicle of the Catholic sovereigns, Ferdinand and Isabella.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Continuation of the Siege of Baza.

THE Moorish king El Zagal mounted a tower, and looked eagerly to enjoy the sight of the Christian marauders brought captive into the gates of Guadix; but his spirits fell when he beheld his own troops stealing back in the dusk of the evening, in broken and dejected parties.

The fortunes of war bore hard against the old monarch; his mind was harassed by disastrous tidings brought each day from Baza, of the sufferings of the inhabitants, and the numbers of the garrison slain in the frequent skirmishes. He dared not go in person to the relief of the place, for his presence was necessary in Guadix, to keep a check upon his nephew in Granada. He sent reinforcements and supplies; but they were intercepted, and either captured or driven back. Still his situation was in some respects preferable to that

of his nephew Boabdil. He was battling like a warrior, on the last step of his throne; El Chico remained a kind of pensioned vassal, in the luxurious abode of the Alhambra. The chivalrous part of the inhabitants of Granada could not but compare the generous stand made by the warriors of Baza for their country and their faith, with their own time-serving submission to the yoke of an unbeliever. Every account they received of the woes of Baza wrung their hearts with agony; every account of the exploits of its devoted defenders brought blushes to their cheeks. Many stole forth secretly with their weapons, and hastened to join the besieged; and the partisans of El Zagal wrought upon the patriotism and passions of the remainder, until another of those conspiracies was formed that were continually menacing the unsteady throne of Granada. It was concerted by the conspirators to assail the Alhambra on a sudden, slay Boabdil, assemble the troops, and march to Guadix, where, being reinforced by the garrison of that place, and led on by the old warrior monarch, they might fall with overwhelming power upon the Christian army before Baza.

Fortunately for Boabdil, he discovered the conspiracy in time, and the heads of the leaders were struck off, and placed upon the walls of

the Alhambra—an act of severity unusual with this mild and wavering monarch, which struck terror into the disaffected, and produced a kind of mute tranquillity throughout the city.

Ferdinand had full information of all the movements and measures for the relief of Baza, and took precautions to prevent them. Bodies of horsemen held watch in the mountain passes, to prevent supplies, and intercept any generous volunteers from Granada; and watch-towers were erected, or scouts placed on every commanding height, to give the alarm at the least sign of a hostile turban.

The Prince Cid Hiaya and his brave companions-in-arms were thus gradually walled up, as it were, from the rest of the world. A line of towers, the battlements of which bristled with troops, girded their city; and behind the intervening bulwarks and palisadoes passed and repassed continual squadrons of troops. Week after week and month after month passed away, but Ferdinand waited in vain for the garrison to be either terrified or starved into surrender. Every day they sallied forth with the spirit and alacrity of troops high fed, and flushed with confidence. "The Christian monarch," says the veteran Mohammed Ibn Hassan, "builds his hopes upon our growing faint and desponding—we must manifest unusual

cheerfulness and vigor. What would be rashness in other service becomes prudence with us." The Prince Cid Hiaya agreed with him in opinion, and sallied forth with his troops upon all kinds of hare-brained exploits. They laid ambushes, concerted surprises, and made the most desperate assaults. The great extent of the Christian works rendered them weak in many parts: against these the Moors directed their attacks, suddenly breaking into them, making a hasty ravage, and bearing off their booty in triumph to the city. Sometimes they would sally forth by passes and clefts of the mountain in the rear of the city, which it was difficult to guard, and, hurrying down into the plain, sweep off all cattle and sheep that were grazing near the suburbs, and all stragglers from the camp.

These partisan sallies brought on many sharp and bloody encounters, in some of which Don Alonzo de Aguilar and the Alcayde de los Donzeles distinguished themselves greatly. During one of these hot skirmishes, which happened on the skirts of the mountain, about twilight, a cavalier, named Martin Galindo, beheld a powerful Moor dealing deadly blows about him, and making great havoc among the Christians. Galindo pressed forward and challenged him to single combat.

The Moor was not slow in answering the call. Couching their lances, they rushed furiously upon each other. At the first shock the Moor was wounded in the face, and borne out of his saddle. Before Galindo could check his steed, and turn from his career, the Moor sprang upon his feet, recovered his lance, and, rushing upon him, wounded him in the head and the arm. Though Galindo was on horseback and the Moor on foot, yet such was the prowess and address of the latter, that the Christian knight, being disabled in the arm, was in the utmost peril, when his comrades hastened to his assistance. At their approach, the valiant pagan retreated slowly up the rocks, keeping them at bay, until he found himself among his companions.

Several of the young Spanish cavaliers, stung by the triumph of this Moslem knight, would have challenged others of the Moors to single combat; but King Ferdinand prohibited all vaunting encounters of the kind. He forbade his troops, also, to provoke skirmishes, well knowing that the Moors were more dexterous than most people in this irregular mode of fighting, and were better acquainted with the ground.

CHAPTER XXX.

How Two Friars from the Holy Land Arrived in Camp.

WHILE the holy Christian army (says Fray Antonio Agapida) was thus beleaguering this infidel city of Baza, there rode into the camp one day two reverend friars of the order of St. Francis. One was of portly person and authoritative air: he bestrode a goodly steed, well conditioned and well caparisoned; while his companion rode beside him, upon a humble hack, poorly accoutered; and, as he rode, he scarcely raised his eyes from the ground, but maintained a meek and lowly air.

The arrival of two friars in the camp was not a matter of much note, for in these holy wars the church militant continually mingled in the affray, and helmet and cowl were always seen together; but it was soon discovered that

these worthy saints-errant were from a far country and on a mission of great import.

They were, in truth, just arrived from the Holy Land, being two of the saintly men who kept vigil over the sepulchre of our blessed Lord at Jerusalem. He of the tall and portly form and commanding presence was Fray Antonio Millan, prior of the Franciscan convent in the Holy City. He had a full and florid countenance, a sonorous voice, and was round and swelling and copious in his periods, like one accustomed to harangue, and to be listened to with deference. His companion was small and spare in form, pale of visage, and soft and silken, and almost whispering in speech. "He had a humble and lowly way," says Agapida, "evermore bowing the head, as became one of his calling." Yet he was one of the most active, zealous, and effective brothers of the convent; and, when he raised his small black eye from the earth, there was a keen glance out of the corner which showed that, though harmless as a dove, he was nevertheless as wise as a serpent.

Those holy men had come on a momentous embassy from the Grand Soldan of Egypt; or, as Agapida terms him in the language of the day, the Soldan of Babylon. The league which had been made between that potentate and his

A Glimpse of Tetuan, in Morocco, with the Atlas Mountains in the Distance.

"Tetuan was founded in 1492 by the refugees from Granada; many of the families yet exist who retain the title-deeds of their former estates, and the keys of their doors for ready re-occupation. Tetuan and its population may be taken as a type of what the Spanish Moor and his cities were."—Ford.

arch foe, the Grand Turk Bajazet II., to unite in arms for the salvation of Granada, as has been mentioned in a previous chapter of this chronicle, had come to nought. The infidel princes had again taken up arms against each other, and had relapsed into their ancient hostility. Still the Grand Soldan, as head of the whole Moslem religion, considered himself bound to preserve the kingdom of Granada from the grasp of unbelievers. He despatched, therefore, these two holy friars with letters to the Castilian sovereigns, as well as to the Pope and to the King of Naples, remonstrating against the evil done to the Moors of the kingdom of Granada who were of his faith and kindred; whereas it was well known that great numbers of Christians were indulged and protected in the full enjoyment of their property, their liberty, and their faith in his dominions. He insisted, therefore that this war should cease; that the Moors of Granada should be reinstated in the territory of which they had been dispossessed; otherwise he threatened to put to death all the Christians beneath his sway, to demolish their convents and temples, and to destroy the Holy Sepulchre.

This fearful menace had spread consternation among the Christians of Palestine; and

when the intrepid Fray Antonio Millan and his lowly companion departed on their mission, they were accompanied far from the gates of Jerusalem by an anxious throng of brethren and disciples, who remained watching them with tearful eyes as long as they were in sight.

These holy ambassadors were received with great distinction by King Ferdinand, for men of their cloth had ever high honor and consideration in his court. He had long and frequent conversations with them about the Holy Land, the state of the Christian Church in the dominions of the Grand Soldan, and of the policy and conduct of that arch infidel towards it. The portly prior of the Franciscan convent was full and round and oratorical in his replies, and the King expressed himself much pleased with the eloquence of his periods; but the politic monarch was observed to lend a close and attentive ear to the whispering voice of the lowly companion, "whose discourse," adds Agapida, "though modest and low, was clear and fluent, and full of subtle wisdom." These holy friars had visited Rome in their journeying, where they had delivered the letter of the Soldan to the sovereign pontiff. His Holiness had written by them to the Castilian sovereigns, requesting to know what reply

they had to offer to this demand of the Oriental potentate.

The King of Naples also wrote to them on the subject, but in wary terms. He inquired into the cause of this war with the Moors of Granada and expressed great marvel at its events, as if (says Agapida) both were not notorious throughout all the Christian world. "Nay," adds the worthy friar, with becoming indignation, "he uttered opinions savoring of little better than damnable heresy; for he observed that, although the Moors were of a different sect, they ought not to be maltreated without just cause; and hinted that if the Castilian sovereigns did not suffer any crying injury from the Moors, it would be improper to do anything which might draw great damage upon the Christians; as if, when once the sword of the faith was drawn, it ought ever to be sheathed until this scum of heathendom were utterly destroyed or driven from the land. But this monarch," he continues, "was more kindly disposed towards the infidels than was honest and lawful in a Christian prince, and was at that very time in league with the Soldan against their common enemy the Grand Turk."

These pious sentiments of the truly Catholic Agapida are echoed by Padre Mariana, in his

history*; but the worthy chronicler, Pedro Abarca, attributes the interference of the King of Naples, not to lack of orthodoxy in religion, but to an excess of worldly policy, he being apprehensive that, should Ferdinand conquer the Moors of Granada, he might have time and means to assert a claim of the house of Aragon to the crown of Naples."

"King Ferdinand," continues the worthy father Pedro Abarca, "was no less master of dissimulation than his cousin of Naples; so he replied to him with the utmost suavity of manner, going into a minute and patient vindication of the war, and taking great apparent pains to inform him of those things which all the world knew, but of which the other pretended to be ignorant." † at the same time he soothed his solicitude about the fate of the Christians in the empire of the Grand Soldan, assuring him that the great revenue extorted from them in rents and tributes would be a certain protection against the threatened violence.

To the Pope he made the usual vindication of the war; that it was for the recovery of ancient territory, usurped by the Moors; for the punishment of wars and violences inflicted

* Mariana, lib. xxv., c. 15.

† Abarca, *Anales de Aragon*, Rey xxx., c. 3.

upon the Christians; and finally, that it was a holy crusade for the glory and advancement of the Church.

"It was a truly edifying sight," says Agapida, "to behold these friars, after they had had their audience of the King, moving about the camp always surrounded by nobles and cavaliers of high and martial renown. These were insatiable in their questions about the Holy Land, and the state of the sepulchre of our Lord, and the sufferings of the devoted brethren who guarded it, and the pious pilgrims who resorted there to pay their vows. The portly prior of the convent would stand with lofty and shining countenance in the midst of these iron warriors, and declaim with resounding eloquence on the history of the sepulchre; but the humbler brother would ever and anon sigh deeply, and in low tones utter some tale of suffering and outrage, at which his steel-clad hearers would grasp the hilts of their swords and mutter between their clenched teeth prayers for another crusade."

The pious friars having finished their mission to the King, and been treated with all due distinction, took their leave, and wended their way to Jaen, to visit the most Catholic of queens. Isabella, whose heart was the seat of piety, received them as sacred men, invested

with more than human dignity. During their residence at Jaen they were continually in the royal presence; the respectable prior of the convent moved and melted the ladies of the court by his florid rhetoric, but his lowly companion was observed to have continual access to the royal ear. That saintly and soft-spoken messenger (says Agapida) received the reward of his humility; for the Queen, moved by his frequent representations, made in all modesty and lowliness of spirit, granted a yearly sum in perpetuity, of one thousand ducats in gold, for the support of the monks of the convent of the Holy Sepulchre.*

Moreover, on the departure of these holy ambassadors, the excellent and most Catholic Queen delivered to them a veil devoutly embroidered with her own royal hands, to be placed over the Holy Sepulchre—a precious and inestimable present, which called forth a most eloquent tribute of thanks from the portly

* "La Reyna dio a los Frayles mil ducados de renta cado año para el sustento de los religiosos del santo sepulcro, que es la mejor limosna y sustento que hasta nuestros dias ha quedado a estos religiosos de Gerusalem: para donde les dio la Reyna un velo labrado por sus manos, para poner encima de la santa sepultura del Señor."—Garibay, *Compend. Hist.*, lib. xviii., c. 36.

prior, but which brought tears into the eyes of his lowly companion.*

* It is proper to mention the result of this mission of the two friars, and which the worthy Agapida has neglected to record. At a subsequent period, the Catholic sovereigns sent the distinguished historian, Pietro Martyr, of Angleria, as ambassador to the Grand Soldan. That able man made such representations as were perfectly satisfactory to the Oriental potentate. He also obtained from him the remission of many exactions and extortions heretofore practised upon Christian pilgrims visiting the Holy Sepulchre; which, it is presumed, had been gently but cogently detailed to the monarch by the lowly friar. Pietro Martyr wrote an account of his embassy to the Grand Soldan—a work greatly esteemed by the learned, and containing much curious information. It is entitled, *De Legatione Babylonica.*

CHAPTER XXXI.

How Queen Isabella Devised Means to Supply the Army with Provisions.

IT has been the custom to laud the conduct and address of King Ferdinand in this most arduous and protracted war; but the sage Agapida is more disposed to give credit to the counsels and measures of the Queen, who, he observes, though less ostensible in action, was in truth the very soul, the vital principle of this great enterprise. While King Ferdinand was bustling in his camp and making a glittering display with his gallant chivalry, she, surrounded by her saintly counsellors, in the episcopal palace of Jaen, was devising ways and means to keep the King and his army in existence. She had pledged herself to keep up a supply of men, and money, and provisions, until the city should be taken. The hardships of the siege caused a fearful waste of life, but the supply of men was the least difficult part of

her undertaking. So beloved was the Queen by the chivalry of Spain, that on her calling on them for assistance, not a grandee or cavalier that yet lingered at home, but either repaired in person or sent forces to the camp; the ancient and warlike families vied with each other in marshalling forth their vassals,—and thus the besieged Moors beheld each day fresh troops arriving before their city, and new ensigns and pennons displayed, emblazoned with arms well known to the veteran warriors.

But the most arduous task was to keep up a regular supply of provisions. It was not the army alone that had to be supported, but also the captured towns and their garrisons; for the whole country around them had been ravaged, and the conquerors were in danger of starving in the midst of the land they had desolated. To transport the daily supplies for such immense numbers, was a gigantic undertaking, in a country where there was neither water conveyance nor roads for carriages. Everything had to be borne by beasts of burden over rugged and broken paths of the mountains, and through dangerous defiles, exposed to the attacks and plunderings of the Moors.

The wary and calculating merchants, accustomed to supply the army, shrank from en-

gaging, at their own risk, in so hazardous an undertaking. The Queen, therefore, hired fourteen thousand beasts of burden, and ordered all the wheat and barley to be bought up in Andalusia, and in the domains of the knights of Santiago and Calatrava. She intrusted the administration of these supplies to able and confidential persons. Some were employed to collect the grain; others, to take it to the mills; others, to superintend the grinding and delivery; and others, to convey it to the camp. To every two hundred animals a muleteer was allotted, to take charge of them on the route. Thus, great lines of convoys were in constant movement, traversing to and fro, guarded by large bodies of troops, to defend them from hovering parties of the Moors. Not a single day's intermission was allowed, for the army depended upon the constant arrival of these supplies for daily food. The grain, when brought into the camp, was deposited in an immense granary, and sold to the army at a fixed price, which was never either raised or lowered.

Incredible were the expenses incurred in these supplies; but the Queen had ghostly advisers thoroughly versed in the art of getting at the resources of the country. Many worthy prelates opened the deep purses of the Church,

and furnished loans from the revenues of their dioceses and convents; and their pious contributions were eventually rewarded by Providence a hundredfold. Merchants and other wealthy individuals, confident of the punctual faith of the Queen, advanced large sums on the security of her word; many noble families lent their plate, without waiting to be asked. The Queen also sold certain annual rents in inheritance at great sacrifices, assigning the revenues of towns and cities for the payment. Finding all this insufficient to satisfy the enormous expenditure, she sent her gold and plate and all her jewels to the cities of Valentia and Barcelona, where they were pledged for a great amount of money, which was immediately appropriated to keep up the supplies of the army.

Thus, through the wonderful activity, judgment, and enterprise, of this heroic and magnanimous woman, a great host, encamped in the heart of a warlike country, accessible only over mountain roads, was maintained in continual abundance. Nor was it supplied merely with the necessaries and comforts of life. The powerful escorts drew merchants and artificers from all parts, to repair, as if in caravans, to this great military market. In a little while, the camp abounded with tradesmen and artists of all kinds, to minister to the luxury and osten-

tation of the youthful chivalry. Here might be seen cunning artificers in steel, and accomplished armorers, achieving those rare and sumptuous helmets and cuirasses, richly gilt, inlaid, and embossed, in which the Spanish cavaliers delighted. Saddlers and harness-makers and horse-milliners, also, were there, whose tents glittered with gorgeous housings and caparisons. The merchants spread forth their sumptuous silks, cloths, brocades, fine linen, and tapestry. The tents of the nobility were prodigally decorated with all kinds of the richest stuffs, and dazzled the eye with their magnificence; nor could the grave looks and grave speeches of King Ferdinand prevent his youthful cavaliers from vying with each other in the splendor of their dresses and caparisons, on all occasions of parade and ceremony.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Of the Disasters Which Befell the Camp.

WHILE the Christian camp, thus gay and gorgeous, spread itself out like a holiday pageant before the walls of Baza,—while a long line of beasts of burden, laden with provisions and luxuries were seen descending the valley from morning till night, and pouring into the camp a continued stream of abundance,—the unfortunate garrison found their resources rapidly wasting away, and famine already began to pinch the peaceful part of the community.

Cid Hiaya had acted with great spirit and valor, as long as there was any prospect of success; but he began to lose his usual fire and animation, and was observed to pace the walls of Baza with a pensive air, casting many a wistful look toward the Christian camp, and sinking into profound reveries and cogitations. The veteran Alcayde Mohammed Ibn Hassan,

noticed these desponding moods, and endeavored to rally the spirit of the Prince. "The rainy season is at hand," would he cry; "the floods will soon pour down from the mountains; the rivers will overflow their banks, and inundate the valleys. The Christian king already begins to waver; he dare not linger, and encounter such a season, in a plain cut up by canals and rivulets. A single wintry storm from our mountains would wash away his canvas city, and sweep off those gay pavilions like wreaths of snow before the blast."

The Prince Cid Hiaya took heart at these words, and counted the days as they passed until the stormy season should commence. As he watched the Christian camp, he beheld it one morning in universal commotion: there was an unusual sound of hammers in every part, as if some new engines of war were constructing. At length, to his astonishment, the walls and roofs of houses began to appear above the bulwarks. In a little while, there were above a thousand edifices of wood and plaster erected, covered with tiles taken from the demolished towers of the orchards, and bearing the pennons of various commanders and cavaliers; while the common soldiery constructed huts, of clay and branches of trees, thatched with straw. Thus, to the dismay of

the Moors, within four days, the light tents and gay pavilions which had whitened their hills and plains, passed away like summer clouds; and the unsubstantial camp assumed the solid appearance of a city laid out into streets and squares. In the centre rose a large edifice, which overlooked the whole; and the royal standard of Aragon and Castile, proudly floating above, showed it to be the palace of the King.*

Ferdinand had taken the sudden resolution thus to turn his camp into a city, partly to provide against the approaching season, and partly to convince the Moors of his fixed determination to continue the siege. In their haste to erect their dwellings, however, the Spanish cavaliers had not properly considered the nature of the climate. For the greater part of the year, there scarcely falls a drop of rain on the thirsty soil of Andalusia. The *ramblas*, or dry channels of the torrents, remain deep and arid gashes and clefts in the sides of the mountains; the perennial streams shrink up to mere threads of water, which, tinkling down the bottoms of the deep *barrancas* or ravines, scarce feed and keep alive the rivers of the valleys. The rivers, almost lost in their wide and naked beds, seem like thirsty rills, wind-

* *Cura de los Palacios*, Pulgar, etc.

ing in serpentine mazes through deserts of sand and stones; and so shallow and tranquil in their course, as to be forded in safety in almost every part. One autumnal tempest, however, changes the whole face of nature: the clouds break in deluges among the vast congregation of mountains; the *ramblas* are suddenly filled with raging floods, the tinkling rivulets swell to thundering torrents, that come roaring down from the mountains, tumbling great masses of rocks in their career. The late meandering river spreads over its once naked bed, lashes its surges against the banks, and rushes like a wide and foaming inundation through the valley.

Scarcely had the Christians finished their slightly-built edifices, when an autumnal tempest of the kind came scouring from the mountains. The camp was immediately overflowed. Many of the houses, undermined by the floods or beaten by the rain, crumbled away and fell to the earth, burying man and beast beneath their ruins. Several valuable lives were lost, and great numbers of horses and other animals perished. To add to the distress and confusion of the camp, the daily supply of provisions suddenly ceased; for the rain had broken up the roads, and rendered the rivers impassable. A panic seized upon the army, for the cessation

of a single day's supply produced a scarcity of bread and provender. Fortunately the rain was but transient: the torrents rushed by, and ceased; the rivers shrank back again to their narrow channels, and the convoys which had been detained upon their banks arrived safely in the camp.

No sooner did Queen Isabella hear of this interruption of her supplies, than, with her usual vigilance and activity, she provided against its recurrence. She despatched six thousand foot-soldiers, under the command of experienced officers, to repair the roads, and to make causeways and bridges for the distance of seven Spanish leagues. The troops, also who had been stationed in the mountains by the King to guard the defiles, made two paths, one for the convoys going to the camp, and the other for those returning, that they might not meet and impede each other. The edifices which had been demolished by the late floods were rebuilt in a firmer manner, and precautions were taken to prevent the camp from future inundations.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Encounter between the Christians and Moors before Baza; and the Devotion of the Inhabitants to the Defence of their City.

WHEN King Ferdinand beheld the ravage and confusion produced by a single autumnal storm, and bethought him of all the maladies to which a besieging camp is exposed in inclement seasons, he began to feel his compassion kindling for the suffering people of Baza, and an inclination to grant them more favorable terms. He sent, therefore, several messages to the Alcayde Mohammed Ibn Hassan, offering liberty of person and security of property for the inhabitants, and large rewards for himself if he would surrender the city.

The veteran was not to be dazzled by the splendid offers of the monarch; he had received exaggerated accounts of the damage done to the Christian camp by the late storm,

and of the sufferings and discontents of the army in consequence of the transient interruption of supplies: he considered the overtures of Ferdinand as proofs of the desperate state of his affairs. "A little more patience, a little more patience," said the shrewd old warrior, "and we shall see this crowd of Christian locusts driven away before the winter storms. When they once turn their backs, it will be our turn to strike; and, with the help of Allah, the blow shall be decisive." He sent a firm though courteous refusal to the Castilian monarch, and in the meantime animated his companions to sally forth with more spirit than ever, to attack the Spanish outposts and those laboring in the trenches. The consequence was a daily occurrence of daring and bloody skirmishes, that cost the lives of many of the bravest and most adventurous cavaliers of either army.

In one of these sallies, nearly three hundred horse and two thousand foot mounted the heights behind the city, to capture the Christians who were employed upon the works. They came by surprise upon a body of guards, esquires of the Count Ureña, killed some, put the rest to flight, and pursued them down the mountain, until they came in sight of a small force under the Count de Tendilla and Gon-

salvo of Cordova. The Moors came rushing down with such fury that many of the men of the Count de Tendilla took to flight. The Count braced his buckler, grasped his trusty weapon, and stood his ground with his accustomed prowess. Gonsalvo of Cordova ranged himself by his side, and marshalling the troops which remained with them, they made a valiant front to the Moors.

The infidels pressed them hard, and were gaining the advantage, when Alonzo de Aguilar, hearing of the danger of his brother Gonsalvo, flew to his assistance, accompanied by the Count of Ureña and a body of their troops. A fight ensued, from cliff to cliff and glen to glen. The Moors were fewer in number, but excelled in the dexterity and lightness requisite for scrambling skirmishes. They were at length driven from their vantage-ground, and pursued by Alonzo de Aguilar and his brother Gonsalvo to the very suburbs of the city, leaving many of their bravest men upon the field.

Such was one of the innumerable rough encounters daily taking place, in which many brave cavaliers were slain, without apparent benefit to either party. The Moors, notwithstanding repeated defeats and losses, continued to sally forth daily with astonishing spirit and

vigor, and the obstinacy of their defence seemed to increase with their sufferings.

The Prince Cid Hiaya was ever foremost in these sallies, but grew daily more despairing of success. All the money in the military chest was expended, and there was no longer wherewithal to pay the hired troops. Still the veteran Mohammed undertook to provide for this emergency. Summoning the principal inhabitants, he represented the necessity of some exertion and sacrifice on their part to maintain the defence of the city. "The enemy," said he, "dreads the approach of winter, and our perseverance drives him to despair. A little longer, and he will leave you in quiet enjoyment of your homes and families. But our troops must be paid, to keep them in good heart. Our money is exhausted, and all our supplies are cut off. It is impossible to continue our defence, without your aid."

Upon this the citizens consulted together, and collected all their vessels of gold and silver, and brought them to Mohammed: "Take these," said they, "and coin, or sell, or pledge them, for money wherewith to pay the troops." The women of Baza also were seized with generous emulation: "Shall we deck ourselves with gorgeous apparel," said they, "when our country is desolate, and its defenders in want

of bread?" So they took their collars, and bracelets, and anklets, and other ornaments of gold, and all their jewels, and put them in the hands of the veteran Alcayde: "Take these spoils of our vanity," said they, "and let them contribute to the defence of our homes and families. If Baza be delivered, we need no jewels to grace our rejoicing; and if Baza fall, of what avail are ornaments to the captive?"

By these contributions was Mohammed enabled to pay the soldiery, and carry on the defence of the city with unabated spirit.

Tidings were speedily conveyed to King Ferdinand, of this generous devotion on the part of the people of Baza, and the hopes which the Moorish commanders gave them that the Christian army would soon abandon the siege in despair. "They shall have a convincing proof of the fallacy of such hopes," said the politic monarch: so he wrote forthwith to Queen Isabella praying her to come to the camp in state, with all her train and retinue, and publicly to take up her residence there for the winter. By this means the Moors would be convinced of the settled determination of the sovereigns to persist in the siege until the city should surrender, and he trusted they would be brought to speedy capitulation.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

How Queen Isabella Arrived at the Camp, and the Consequences of her Arrival.

MOHAMMED IBN HASSAN still encouraged his companions with hopes that the royal army would soon relinquish the siege, when they heard, one day, shouts of joy from the Christian camp, and thundering salvos of artillery. Word was brought at the same time, from the sentinels on the watch-towers, that a Christian army was approaching down the valley. Mohammed and his fellow-commanders ascended one of the highest towers of the walls, and beheld in truth a numerous force, in shining array, descending the hills, and heard the distant clangor of the trumpet and the faint swell of triumphant music.

As the host drew nearer, they descried a stately dame magnificently attired, whom they soon discovered to be the Queen. She was

riding on a mule, the sumptuous trappings of which were resplendent with gold, and reached to the ground. On her right hand rode her daughter, the Princess Isabella, equally splendid in her array, and on her left the venerable Grand Cardinal of Spain. A noble train of ladies and cavaliers followed, together with pages and esquires, and a numerous guard of *hidalgos* of high rank, arrayed in superb armor. When the veteran Mohammed beheld the Queen thus arriving in state to take up her residence in the camp, he shook his head mournfully, and, turning to his captains, "Cavaliers," said he, "the fate of Baza is decided!"

The Moorish commanders remained gazing with a mingled feeling of grief and admiration at this magnificent pageant, which foreboded the fall of their city. Some of the troops would have sallied forth on one of their desperate skirmishes to attack the royal guard, but the Prince Cid Hiaya forbade them; nor would he allow any artillery to be discharged, or any molestation or insult offered; for the character of Isabella was venerated even by the Moors, and most of the commanders possessed that high and chivalrous courtesy which belongs to heroic spirits—for they were among the noblest and bravest of the Moorish cavaliers.

The inhabitants of Baza eagerly sought every eminence that could command a view of the plain; and every battlement and tower and mosque was covered with turbaned heads gazing at the glorious spectacle. They beheld King Ferdinand issue forth in royal state, attended by the Marques of Cadiz, the Master of Santiago, the Duke of Alva, the Admiral of Castile, and many other nobles of renown: while the whole chivalry of the camp, sumptuously arrayed, followed in his train, and the populace rent the air with acclamations at the sight of the patriot Queen.

When the sovereigns had met and embraced, the two hosts mingled together and entered the camp in martial pomp; and the eyes of the infidel beholders were dazzled by the flash of armor, the splendor of golden caparisons, the gorgeous display of silks, brocades, and velvets, of tossing plumes and fluttering banners. There was at the same time a triumphant sound of drums and trumpets, clarions and sackbuts, mingled with the sweet melody of the dulcimer, which came swelling in bursts of harmony that seemed to rise up to the heavens.*

On the arrival of the Queen (says the historian Hernando del Pulgar, who was present at

* *Cura de los Palacios*, c. 92.

the time), it was marvellous to behold how all at once the rigor and turbulence of war were softened, and the storm of passion sank into a calm. The sword was sheathed; the cross-bow no longer launched its deadly shafts; and the artillery, which had hitherto kept up an incessant uproar, now ceased its thundering. On both sides there was still a vigilant guard kept up; the sentinels bristled the walls of Baza with their lances, and the guards patrolled the Christian camp; but there was no sallying forth to skirmish, nor any wanton violence or carnage.*

Prince Cid Hiaya saw, by the arrival of the Queen, that the Christians were determined to continue the siege, and he knew that the city would have to capitulate. He had been prodigal of the lives of his soldiers, as long as he thought a military good was to be gained by the sacrifice; but he was sparing of their blood in a hopeless cause, and weary of exasperating the enemy by an obstinate yet hopeless defence.

At the request of the Prince a parley was granted, and the Master-Commander of Leon,

* Many particulars of the scenes and occurrences at the siege of Baza are also furnished in the letters of the learned Peter Martyr, who was present, and an admiring eye-witness.

Don Gutierrez de Cardenas, was appointed to confer with the veteran Alcayde Mohammed. They met at an appointed place, within view of both camp and city, attended by cavaliers of either army. Their meeting was highly courteous, for they had learned, from rough encounters in the field, to admire each other's prowess. The Commander of Leon, in an earnest speech, pointed out the hopelessness of any further defence, and warned Mohammed of the ills which Malaga had incurred by its obstinacy. "I promise in the name of my sovereigns," said he, "that if you surrender immediately, the inhabitants shall be treated as subjects, and protected in property, liberty, and religion. If you refuse, you, who are now renowned as an able and judicious commander, will be chargeable with the confiscations, captivities, and deaths which may be suffered by the people of Baza."

The commander ceased, and Mohammed returned to the city to consult with his companions. It was evident that all further resistance was hopeless; but the Moorish commanders felt that a cloud might rest upon their names, should they, of their own discretion, surrender so important a place without its having sustained an assault. Prince Cid Hiaya requested permission, therefore, to send an envoy

to Guadix, with a letter to the old monarch El Zagal, treating of the surrender; the request was granted, a safe conduct assured to the envoy, and Mohammed Ibn Hassan departed upon this momentous mission.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Surrender of Baza.

THE old warrior king was seated in an inner chamber of the castle of Guadix, much cast down in spirit, and ruminating on his gloomy fortunes, when an envoy from Baza was announced, and the veteran Alcayde Mohammed stood before him. El Zagal saw disastrous tidings written in his countenance: "How fares it with Baza?" said he, summoning up his spirits to the question. "Let this inform thee," replied Mohammed; and he delivered into his hands the letter from the Prince Cid Hiaya.

The letter spoke of the desperate situation of Baza; the impossibility of holding out longer, without assistance from El Zagal; and the favorable terms held out by the Castilian sovereigns. Had it been written by any other person, El Zagal might have received it with

distrust and indignation; but he confided in Cid Hiaya as in a second self, and the words of his letter sank deep in his heart. When he had finished reading it, he sighed deeply, and remained for some time lost in thought, with his head drooping upon his bosom. Recovering himself at length, he called together the *alfaquis* and the old men of Guadix, and solicited their advice. It was a sign of sore trouble of mind and dejection of heart when El Zagal sought the advice of others; but his fierce courage was tamed, for he saw the end of his power approaching. The *alfaquis* and the old men did but increase the distraction of his mind by a variety of counsel, none of which appeared of any avail; for unless Baza was succored, it was impossible that it should hold out; and every attempt to succor it had proved ineffectual.

El Zagal dismissed his council in despair, and summoned the veteran Mohammed before him. "God is great," exclaimed he; "there is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet! Return to my cousin, Cid Hiaya; tell him it is out of my power to aid him; he must do as seems to him for the best. The people of Baza have performed deeds worthy of immortal fame; I cannot ask them to encounter further ills and perils, in maintaining a hopeless defence."

Tetuan, in Morocco.

The reply of El Zagal determined the fate of the city. Cid Hiaya and his fellow-commanders capitulated, and were granted the most favorable terms. The cavaliers and soldiers who had come from other parts to the defence of the place were permitted to depart with their arms, horses, and effects. The inhabitants had their choice, either to depart with their property, or dwell in the suburbs, in the enjoyment of their religion and laws, taking an oath of fealty to the sovereigns, and paying the same tribute they had paid to the Moorish kings. The city and citadel were to be delivered up in six days, within which period the inhabitants were to remove all their effects; and in the meantime they were to place, as hostages, fifteen Moorish youths, sons of the principal inhabitants, in the hands of the Commander of Leon. When Cid Hiaya and the Alcayde Mohammed came to deliver up the hostages, among whom were the sons of the latter, they paid homage to the King and Queen, who received them with the utmost courtesy and kindness, and ordered magnificent presents to be given to them, and likewise to the other Moorish cavaliers, consisting of money, robes, horses, and other things of great value.

The Prince Cid Hiaya was so captivated by the grace, the dignity, and generosity of Isa-

bella, and the princely courtesy of Ferdinand, that he vowed never again to draw his sword against such magnanimous sovereigns. The Queen, charmed with his gallant bearing and his animated professions of devotion, assured him that, having him on her side, she already considered the war terminated which had desolated the kingdom of Granada.

Mighty and irresistible are the words of praise from the lips of sovereigns. Cid Hiaya was entirely subdued by this fair speech from the illustrious Isabella. His heart burned with a sudden flame of loyalty towards the sovereigns. He begged to be enrolled among the most devoted of their subjects; and, in the fervor of his sudden zeal, engaged not merely to dedicate his sword to their service, but to exert all his influence, which was great, in persuading his cousin, Muley Abdallah el Zagal, to surrender the cities of Guadix and Almeria, and to give up all further hostilities. Nay, so powerful was the effect produced upon his mind by his conversation with the sovereigns, that it extended even to his religion; for he became immediately enlightened as to the heathenish abominations of the vile sect of Mahomet, and struck with the truths of Christianity, as illustrated by such powerful monarchs. He consented, therefore, to be baptized,

and to be gathered into the fold of the Church. The pious Agapida indulges in a triumphant strain of exultation on the sudden and surprising conversion of this princely infidel; he considers it one of the greatest achievements of the Catholic sovereigns, and, indeed, one of the marvellous occurrences of this holy war. "But it is given to saints and pious monarchs," says he, "to work miracles in the cause of the faith; and such did the most Catholic Ferdinand in the conversion of the Prince Cid Hiaya."

Some of the Arabian writers have sought to lessen the wonder of this miracle, by alluding to great revenues granted to the prince and his heirs by the Castilian monarchs, together with a territory in Marchena, with towns, lands, and vassals; but in this (says Agapida) we only see a wise precaution of King Ferdinand to clinch and secure the conversion of his proselyte. The policy of the Catholic monarch was at all times equal to his piety. Instead, also, of vaunting of this great conversion, and making a public parade of the entry of the Prince into the Church, King Ferdinand ordered that the baptism should be performed in private, and kept a profound secret. He feared that Cid Hiaya might otherwise be denounced as an apostate, and abhorred and abandoned

by the Moors, and thus his influence destroyed in bringing the war to a speedy termination.*

The veteran Mohammed Ibn Hassan was likewise won by the magnanimity and munificence of the Castilian sovereigns, and entreated to be received into their service; and his example was followed by many other Moorish cavaliers, whose services were generously accepted and magnificently rewarded.

Thus, after a siege of six months and twenty days, the city of Baza surrendered on the 4th of December, 1489, the festival of the glorious Santa Barbara, who is said, in the Catholic calendar, to preside over thunder and lightning, fire and gunpowder, and all kinds of combustious explosions. The King and Queen made their solemn and triumphant entry on the following day; and the public joy was heightened by the sight of upwards of five hundred Christian captives,—men, women, and children delivered from the Moorish dungeons.

The loss of the Christians in this siege amounted to twenty thousand men, of whom seventeen thousand died of disease, and not a few of mere cold—a kind of death (says the historian Mariana) peculiarly uncomfortable; but (adds the venerable Jesuit), as these latter

* *Conde*, tom. iii., c. 40.

were chiefly people of ignoble rank, baggage-carriers, and such like, the loss was not of great importance.

The surrender of Baza was followed by that of Almunecar, Tavernas, and most of the fortresses of the Alpuxarra mountains; the inhabitants hoped, by prompt and voluntary submission, to secure equally favorable terms with those granted to the captured city, and the *alcaydes* to receive similar rewards to those lavished on its commanders; nor were either of them disappointed. The inhabitants were permitted to remain as *mudexares*, in the quiet enjoyment of their property and religion; and as to the *alcaydes*, when they came to the camp to render up their charges, they were received by Ferdinand with distinguished favor, and rewarded with presents of money in proportion to the importance of the places they had commanded. Care was taken by the politic monarch, however, not to wound their pride nor shock their delicacy; so these sums were paid under color of arrears due to them for their services to the former government. Ferdinand had conquered by dint of sword, in the earlier part of the war; but he found gold as potent as steel, in this campaign of Baza.

With several of these mercenary chieftains came one named Ali Aben Fahar, a seasoned

warrior, who had held many important commands. He was a Moor of a lofty, stern, and melancholy aspect, and stood silent and apart, while his companions surrendered their several fortresses and retired laden with treasure. When it came to his turn to speak, he addressed the sovereigns with the frankness of a soldier, but with the tone of dejection and despair.

"I am a Moor," said he, "and of Moorish lineage, and am *alcayde* of the fair towns and castles of Purchena and Paterna. These were intrusted to me to defend; but those who should have stood by me have lost all strength and courage, and seek only for security. These fortresses, therefore, most potent sovereigns, are yours, whenever you will send to take possession of them."

Large sums of gold were immediately ordered by Ferdinand to be delivered to the Alcayde, as a recompense for so important a surrender. The Moor, however, put back the gift with a firm and dignified demeanor: "I came not," said he, "to sell what is not mine, but to yield what fortune has made yours; and your majesties may rest assured that, had I been properly seconded, death would have been the price at which I would have sold my fortresses, and not the gold you offer me."

The Castilian monarchs were struck with the

lofty and loyal spirit of the Moor, and desired to engage a man of such fidelity in their service; but the proud Moslem could not be induced to serve the enemies of his nation and his faith.

"Is there nothing, then," said Queen Isabella, "that we can do to gratify thee, and to prove to thee our regard?" "Yes," replied the Moor; "I have left behind me, in the towns and valleys which I have surrendered, many of my unhappy countrymen, with their wives and children, who cannot tear themselves from their native abodes. Give me your royal word that they shall be protected in the peaceable enjoyment of their religion and their homes." "We promise it," said Isabella; "they shall dwell in peace and security. But for thyself—what dost thou ask for thyself?" "Nothing," replied Ali, "but permission to pass unmolested, with my horses and effects, into Africa."

The Castilian monarchs would fain have forced upon him gold and silver, and superb horses richly caparisoned, not as rewards, but as marks of personal esteem; but Ali Aben Fahar declined all presents and distinctions, as if he thought it criminal to flourish individually during a time of public distress: and disdained all prosperity, that seemed to grow out of the ruins of his country.

Having received a royal passport, he gathered together his horses and servants, his armor and weapons, and all his warlike effects, bade adieu to his weeping countrymen with a brow stamped with anguish, but without shedding a tear, and mounting his Barbary steed turned his back upon the delightful valleys of his conquered country, departing on his lonely way, to seek a soldier's fortune amidst the burning sands of Africa.*

* Pulgar, pt. iii., c. 124. Garibay, lib. xl., c. 40. *Cura de los Palacios.*

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Submission of El Zagal to the Castilian Sovereigns.

EVIL tidings never fail by the way, through lack of messengers; they are wafted on the wings of the wind, and it is as if the very birds of the air would bear them to the ear of the unfortunate. The old King El Zagal buried himself in the recesses of his castle, to hide himself from the light of day, which no longer shone prosperously upon him; but every hour brought missives thundering at the gate, with the tale of some new disaster. Fortress after fortress had laid its keys at the feet of the Christian sovereigns: strip by strip, of warrior mountain and green, fruitful valley, was torn from his domains, and added to the territories of the conquerors. Scarcely a remnant remained to him, except a tract of the Alpuxarras, and the noble cities of Guadix and Almeria. No one any longer stood in awe of the fierce old monarch; the terror of his frown had de-

clined with his power. He had arrived at that state of adversity, when a man's friends feel emboldened to tell him hard truths, and to give him unpalatable advice; and when his spirit is bowed down to listen quietly, if not meekly.

El Zagal was seated on his divan, his whole spirit absorbed in rumination on the transitory nature of human glory, when his kinsman and brother-in-law, the Prince Cid Hiaya, was announced. That illustrious convert to the true faith and the interests of the conquerors of his country, had hastened to Guadix with all the fervor of a new proselyte, eager to prove his zeal in the service of Heaven and the Castilian sovereigns, by persuading the old monarch to abjure his faith and surrender his possessions.

Cid Hiaya still bore the guise of a Moslem, for his conversion was as yet a secret. The stern heart of El Zagal softened at beholding the face of a kinsman, in this hour of adversity. He folded his cousin to his bosom, and gave thanks to Allah that amidst all his troubles he had still a friend and counsellor on whom he might rely.

Cid Hiaya soon entered upon the real purpose of his mission. He represented to El Zagal the desperate state of affairs, and the irretrievable decline of Moorish power in the

kingdom of Granada. "Fate," said he, "is against our arms; our ruin is written in the heavens. Remember the prediction of the astrologers, at the birth of your nephew Boabdil. We hoped that their prediction was accomplished by his capture at Lucena; but it is now evident that the stars portended not a temporary and passing reverse of the kingdom, but a final overthrow. The constant succession of disasters which have attended our efforts, show that the sceptre of Granada is doomed to pass into the hands of the Christian monarchs. Such," concluded the Prince emphatically, and with a profound and pious reverence, "such is the almighty will of God!"

El Zagal listened to these words in mute attention, without so much as moving a muscle of his face, or winking an eyelid. When the prince had concluded, he remained for a long time silent and pensive; at length, heaving a profound sigh from the very bottom of his heart, "*Alahuma subahana hu!*" exclaimed he, "the will of God be done! Yes, my cousin, it is but too evident that such is the will of Allah; and what he wills, he fails not to accomplish. Had he not decreed the fall of Granada, this arm and this cimeter would have maintained it." *

* *Conde*, tom. iii., c. 40.

"What then remains," said Cid Hiaya, "but to draw the most advantage from the wreck of empire left to you? To persist in a war is to bring complete desolation upon the land, and ruin and death upon its faithful inhabitants. Are you disposed to yield up your remaining towns to your nephew El Chico, that they may augment his power, and derive protection from his alliance with the Christian sovereigns?"

The eye of El Zagal flashed fire at this suggestion. He grasped the hilt of his cimeter, and gnashed his teeth in fury. "Never," cried he, "will I make terms with that recreant and slave! Sooner would I see the banners of the Christian monarch floating above my walls, than they should add to the possessions of the vassal Boabdil!"

Cid Hiaya immediately seized upon this idea, and urged El Zagal to make a frank and entire surrender: "Trust," said he, "to the magnanimity of the Castilian sovereigns; they will doubtless grant you high and honorable terms. It is better to yield to them as friends, what they must infallibly and before long wrest from you as enemies; for such, my cousin, is the almighty will of God!"

"*Alahuma subahana hu!*" repeated El Zagal, "the will of God be done!" So the old

monarch bowed his haughty neck, and agreed to surrender his territories to the enemies of his faith, rather than suffer them to augment the Moslem power under the sway of his nephew.

Cid Hiaya now returned to Baza, empowered by El Zagal to treat on his behalf with the Christian sovereigns. The Prince felt a species of exultation, as he expatiated on the rich relics of empire which he was authorized to cede. There was a great part of that line of mountains extending from the metropolis to the Mediterranean sea, with their series of beautiful green valleys, like precious emeralds set in a golden chain. Above all, there were Guadix and Almeria, two of the most inestimable jewels in the crown of Granada.

In return for these possessions, and for the claim of El Zagal to the rest of the kingdom, the sovereigns received him into their friendship and alliance, and gave him in perpetual inheritance the territory of Andarax and the valley of Alhaurin in the Alpuxarras, with the fourth part of the *salmas* or salt-pits of Malaha. He was to enjoy the title of King of Andrax, with two thousand *Mudexares*, or conquered Moors, for subjects; and his revenues were to be made up to the sum of four millions of *maravedis*. All these he was to hold as a vassal of the Castilian crown.

These arrangements being made, Cid Hiaya returned with them to Muley Abdallah; and it was concerted that the ceremony of surrender and homage should take place at the city of Almeria.

On the 17th of December King Ferdinand departed for that city. Cid Hiaya and his principal officers, incorporated with a division commanded by the Count de Tendilla, marched in the van-guard. The King was with the centre of the army, and the Queen with the rear-guard. In this martial state Ferdinand passed by several of the newly-acquired towns, exulting in these trophies of his policy rather than his valor. In traversing the mountainous region, which extends towards the Mediterranean, the army suffered exceedingly from raging *vandavales*, or southwest gales, accompanied by snow-storms. Several of the soldiers and many horses and beasts of burden perished with the cold. One of the divisions under the Marques of Cadiz, found it impossible to traverse in one day the frozen summits of Filabres, and had to pass the night in those inclement regions. The Marques caused two immense fires to be kindled in the vicinity of his encampment to guide and enlighten those lost and wandering among the defiles, and to warm those who were benumbed and almost frozen.

The King halted at Tavernas, to collect his scattered troops and give them time to breathe after the hardships of the mountains. The Queen was travelling a day's march in the rear.

On the 21st of December the King arrived and encamped in the vicinity of Almeria. Understanding that El Zagal was sallying forth to pay him homage, according to appointment, he mounted on horseback and rode forth to receive him, attended by Don Alonzo de Cardenas, Master of Santiago, on his right hand, and the Marques of Cadiz on his left, and despatched in the advance Don Gutierrez de Cardenas, Commander of Leon, and other cavaliers to meet and form an honorable escort to the Moorish monarch. With this escort went that curious eye-witness, Peter Martyr, from whom we have many of these particulars.

El Zagal was accompanied by twelve cavaliers on horseback, among whom was his cousin, the Prince Cid Hiaya (who had no doubt joined him from the Spanish camp) and the brave Reduan Vanegas. Peter Martyr declares that the appearance of El Zagal touched him with compassion, for though a "lawless barbarian, he was a king, and had given signal proofs of heroism." The historian Palencia gives us a particular description of his appearance. He was, says he, of elevated stature

and well proportioned, neither robust nor meagre; the natural fairness of his countenance was increased by an extreme paleness which gave it a melancholy expression. His aspect was grave; his movements were quiet, noble, and dignified. He was modestly attired in a garb of mourning, a *sayo*, or loose surcoat, of dark cloth, a simple *albornoz* or Moorish mantle, and a turban of dazzling whiteness.

On being met by the commander, Gutierrez de Cardenas, El Zagal saluted him courteously, as well as the cavaliers who accompanied him, and rode on, conversing with him through the medium of interpreters. Beholding King Ferdinand and his splendid train at a distance, he alighted and advanced towards him on foot. The punctilious Ferdinand supposing this voluntary act of humiliation had been imposed by Don Gutierrez, told that cavalier, with some asperity, that it was an act of great discourtesy to cause a vanquished king to alight before another king who was victorious. At the same time he made him signs to remount his horse and place himself by his side. El Zagal, persisting in his act of homage, offered to kiss the King's hand; but being prevented by that monarch, he kissed his own hand, as the Moorish cavaliers were accustomed to do in the presence of their sovereigns; and accom-

panied the gesture by a few words expressive of obedience and fealty. Ferdinand replied in a gracious and amiable manner; and causing him to remount and place himself on his left hand, they proceeded, followed by the whole train to the royal pavilion, pitched in the most conspicuous part of the camp.

There a banquet was served up to the two kings, according to the rigorous style and etiquette of the Spanish court. They were seated in two chairs of state under the same canopy, El Zagal on the left hand of Ferdinand. The cavaliers and courtiers admitted to the royal pavilion remained standing. The Count de Tendilla served the viands to King Ferdinand in golden dishes, and the Count de Cifuentes gave him to drink out of cups of the same precious metal; Don Alvara Bazan and Garcilasso de la Vega performed the same offices in similar style and with vessels of equal richness, to the Moorish monarch.

The banquet ended, El Zagal took courteous leave of Ferdinand, and sallied from the pavilion attended by the cavaliers who had been present. Each of these now made himself known to the old monarch by his name, title, or dignity, and each received an affable gesture in reply. They would all have escorted the old king back to the gates of Almeria, but he

insisted on their remaining in the camp, and with difficulty could be persuaded upon to accept the honorable attendance of the Marques of Villena, the Commander, Don Gutierrez de Cardenas, the Count de Cifuentes, and Don Luis Puerto Carrero.

On the following morning (22d December), the troops were all drawn out in splendid array in front of the camp, awaiting the signal of the formal surrender of the city. This was given at midday, when the gates were thrown open and a corps marched in, led by Don Gutierrez de Cardenas, who had been appointed governor. In a little while the gleam of Christian warriors was seen on the walls and bulwarks; the blessed cross was planted in place of the standard of Mahomet, and the banner of the sovereigns floated triumphantly above the Alcazar. At the same time a numerous deputation of *alfaquis* and the noblest and wealthiest inhabitants of the place sallied forth to pay homage to King Ferdinand.

On the 23d of December the King himself entered the city with grand military and religious pomp, and repaired to the mosque of the castle, which had been previously purified and sanctified and converted into a Christian temple; here grand mass was performed in solemn celebration of this great triumph of the faith.

These ceremonies were scarcely completed, when joyful notice was given of the approach of the Queen Isabella, with the rear-guard of the army. She came accompanied by the Princess Isabella, and attended by her ghostly counsellor, the Cardinal Mendoza, and her confessor, Talavera. The King sallied forth to meet her, accompanied by El Zagal, and it is said the reception of the latter by the Queen was characterized by that deference and considerate delicacy which belonged to her magnanimous nature.

The surrender of Almeria was followed by that of Almuñecar Salobriña, and other fortified places of the coast and the interior, and detachments of Christian troops took quiet possession of the Alpuxarra mountains and their secluded and fertile valleys. *

* *Cura de los Palacios*, c. 93, 94. Pulgar, *Cron.*, pt. iii., c. 124. Garibay, *Comp. Hist.*, lib. xviii., c. 37, etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Events at Granada Subsequent to the Submission of El Zagal.

WHO can tell when to rejoice, in this fluctuating world? Every wave of prosperity has its reacting surge, and we are often overwhelmed by the very billow on which we thought to be wafted into the haven of our hopes. When Yusef Aben Comixa, the vizier of Boabdil, surnamed El Chico, entered the royal saloon of the Alhambra and announced the capitulation of El Zagal, the heart of the youthful monarch leaped for joy. His great wish was accomplished; his uncle was defeated and dethroned, and he reigned without a rival, sole monarch of Granada. At length, he was about to enjoy the fruits of his humiliation and vassalage. He beheld his throne fortified by the friendship and alliance of the Castilian monarchs; there could be no question therefore of its stability.

"*Allah Achbar*! God is great!" exclaimed he; "Rejoice with me, O Yusef; the stars have ceased their persecution. Henceforth let no man call me El Zogoybi."

In the first moment of his exultation, Boabdil would have ordered public rejoicings; but the shrewd Yusef shook his head. "The tempest has ceased, from one point of the heavens," said he, "but it may begin to rage from another. A troubled sea is beneath us, and we are surrounded by rocks and quicksands: let my lord the king defer rejoicings, until all has settled into a calm." El Chico, however, could not remain tranquil in this day of exultation: he ordered his steed to be sumptuously caparisoned, and issuing out of the gate of the Alhambra, descended, with glittering retinue, along the avenue of trees and fountains, into the city, to receive the acclamations of the populace. As he entered the great square of the *Vivarrambla*, he beheld crowds of people in violent agitation; but as he approached, what was his surprise, to hear groans and murmurs and bursts of execration! The tidings had spread through Granada that Muley Abdallah El Zagal had been driven to capitulate, and that all his territories had fallen into the hands of the Christians. No one had inquired into the particulars, but all Granada

had been thrown into a ferment of grief and indignation. In the heat of the moment, old Muley was extolled to the skies as a patriot prince, who had fought to the last for the salvation of his country—as a mirror of monarchs scorning to compromise the dignity of his crown by any act of vassalage. Boabdil, on the contrary had looked on exultingly at the hopeless yet heroic struggle of his uncle; he had rejoiced in the defeat of the faithful, and the triumph of unbelievers; he had aided in the dismemberment and downfall of the empire. When they beheld him riding forth in gorgeous state, on what they considered a day of humiliation for all true Moslems, they could not contain their rage; and amidst the clamors that met his ears, Boabdil more than once heard his name coupled with the epithets of traitor and renegado.

Shocked and discomfited, the youthful monarch returned in confusion to the Alhambra; shut himself up within its innermost courts, and remained a kind of voluntary prisoner until the first burst of popular feeling should subside. He trusted that it would soon pass away; that the people would be too sensible of the sweets of peace, to repine at the price at which it was obtained; at any rate he trusted to the strong friendship of the Christian

sovereigns, to secure him even against the factions of his subjects.

The first missives from the politic Ferdinand showed Boabdil the value of his friendship. The Christian monarch reminded him of a treaty which he had made when captured in the city of Loxa. By this, he had engaged that, in case the Catholic sovereigns should capture the cities of Guadix, Baza, and Almeria, he would surrender Granada into their hands within a limited time, and accept in exchange certain Moorish towns, to be held by him as their vassal. Guadix, Baza, and Almeria, had now fallen; Ferdinand called upon him, therefore to fulfil his engagement.

If the unfortunate Boabdil had possessed the will, he had not the power to comply with this demand. He was shut up in the Alhambra, while a tempest of popular fury raged without, Granada was thronged by refugees from the captured towns, many of them disbanded soldiers and others broken-down citizens, rendered fierce and desperate by ruin. All railed at him as the real cause of their misfortunes. How was he to venture forth in such a storm?—above all, how was he to talk to such men of surrender? In his reply to Ferdinand, he represented the difficulties of his situation, and that, so far from having control over his sub-

jects, his very life was in danger from their turbulence. He entreated the King, therefore, to rest satisfied for the present with his recent conquests, promising that should he be able to regain full empire over his capital and its inhabitants, it would be but to rule over them as vassal to the Castilian crown.

Ferdinand was not to be satisfied with such a reply. The time was come to bring his game of policy to a close, and to consummate his conquest, by seating himself on the throne of the Alhambra. Professing to consider Boabdil as a faithless ally, who had broken his plighted word, he discarded him from his friendship, and addressed a second letter, not to him, but to the commanders and council of the city. He demanded a complete surrender of the place, with all the arms in the possession either of the citizens or of others who had recently taken refuge within its walls. If the inhabitants should comply with this summons, he promised them the indulgent terms granted to Baza, Guadix, and Almeria; if they should refuse, he threatened them with the fate of Malaga.*

This message produced the greatest commotion in the city. The inhabitants of the *Alcaiceria*, that busy hive of traffic, and all

* *Cura de los Palacios*, c. 96.

had again control of its councils; and the populace, having once more resumed their weapons, were anxious to wipe out the disgrace of their late passive submission, by signal and daring exploits.

Muza Abul Gazan was the soul of action. He commanded the cavalry, which he had disciplined with uncommon skill; he was surrounded by the noblest youth of Granada, who had caught his own generous and martial fire, and panted for the field; while the common soldiers, devoted to his person, were ready to follow him in the most desperate enterprises. He did not allow their courage to cool for want of action. The gates of Granada once more poured forth legions of light scouring cavalry, which skirred the country up to the very gates of the Christian fortresses, sweeping off flocks and herds. The name of Muza became formidable throughout the frontier; he had many encounters with the enemy in the rough passes of the mountains, in which the superior lightness and dexterity of his cavalry gave him the advantage. The sight of his glistening legion, returning across the Vega with long *cavalgadas* of booty, was hailed by the Moors as a revival of their ancient triumphs; but when they beheld Christian banners borne into their gates as trophies, the exultation of

the light-minded populace was beyond all bounds.

The winter passed away, the spring advanced, yet Ferdinand delayed to take the field. He knew the city of Granada was too strong and populous to be taken by assault, and too full of provisions to be speedily reduced by siege. "We must have patience and perseverance," said the politic monarch; "by ravaging the country this year, we shall produce a scarcity the next, and then the city may be invested with effect."

An interval of peace, aided by the quick vegetation of a prolific soil and happy climate, had restored the Vega to all its luxuriance and beauty; the green pastures on the borders of the Xenil were covered with flocks and herds; the blooming orchards gave promise of abundant fruit, and the open plain was waving with ripening corn. The time was at hand to put in the sickle and reap the golden harvest, when suddenly a torrent of war came sweeping down from the mountains; and Ferdinand, with an army of five thousand horse and twenty thousand foot, appeared before the walls of Granada. He had left the Queen and Princess at the fortress of Moclin, and came attended by the Duke of Medina Sidonia, the Marques of Cadiz, the Marques de Villena, the counts of Ureña

others who had tasted the sweets of gainful commerce during the late cessation of hostilities, were for securing their golden advantages by timely submission : others, who had wives and children, looked on them with tenderness and solicitude, and dreaded, by resistance, to bring upon them the horrors of slavery.

On the other hand, Granada was crowded with men from all parts, ruined by the war, exasperated by their sufferings, and eager only for revenge ; with others, who had been reared amidst hostilities, who had lived by the sword, and whom a return of peace would leave without home or hope. Besides these there were others no less fiery and warlike in disposition, but animated by a loftier spirit. These were valiant and haughty cavaliers of the old chivalrous lineages, who had inherited a deadly hatred to the Christians from a long line of warrior ancestors, and to whom the idea was worse than death, that Granada, illustrious Granada ! for ages the seat of Moorish grandeur and delight, should become the abode of unbelievers.

Among these cavaliers, the most eminent was Muza Abul Gazan. He was of royal lineage, of a proud and generous nature, and a form combining manly strength and beauty. None could excel him in the management of the horse, and dexterous use of all kinds of

weapons: his gracefulness and skill in the tourney were the theme of praise among the Moorish dames, and his prowess in the field had made him the terror of the enemy. He had long repined at the timid policy of Boabdil, and endeavored to counteract its enervating effects, and keep alive the martial spirit of Granada. For this reason, he had promoted jousts and tiltings with the reed, and all those other public games which bear the semblance of war. He endeavored also to inculcate into his companions-in-arms those high chivalrous sentiments which lead to valiant and magnanimous deeds, but which are apt to decline with the independence of a nation. The generous efforts of Muza had been in a great measure successful: he was the idol of the youthful cavaliers; they regarded him as a mirror of chivalry, and endeavored to imitate his lofty and heroic virtues.

When Muza heard the demand of Ferdinand that they should deliver up their arms, his eye flashed fire: "Does the Christian king think that we are old men," said he, "and that staffs will suffice us?—or that we are women, and can be contented with distaffs? Let him know that a Moor is born to the spear and cimeter; to career the steed, bend the bow, and launch the javelin: deprive him of these and you de-

prive him of his nature. If the Christian king desires our arms, let him come and win them; but let him win them dearly. For my part, sweeter were a grave beneath the walls of Granada, on the spot I had died to defend, than the richest couch within her palaces, earned by submission to the unbeliever."

The words of Muza were received with enthusiastic shouts by the warlike part of the populace. Granada once more awoke, as a warrior shaking off a disgraceful lethargy. The commanders and council partook of the public excitement, and despatched a reply to the Christian sovereigns, declaring that they would suffer death rather than surrender their city.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

How King Ferdinand Turned his Hostilities against the City of Granada.

WHEN King Ferdinand received the defiance of the Moors, he made preparations for bitter hostilities. The winter season did not admit of an immediate campaign; he contented himself, therefore, with throwing strong garrisons into all his towns and fortresses in the neighborhood of Granada, and gave the command of all the frontier of Jaen to Inigo Lopez de Mendoza, Count de Tendilla, who had shown such consummate vigilance and address in maintaining the dangerous post of Alhama. This renowned veteran established his headquarters in the mountain city of Alcala la Real, within eight leagues of the city of Granada, and commanding the most important passes of that rugged frontier.

In the meantime, Granada resounded with the stir of war. The chivalry of the nation

The Main Street, in Tetuan.

and Cabra, Don Alonzo de Aguilar, and other renowned cavaliers. On this occasion, he for the first time led his son Prince Juan into the field, and bestowed upon him the dignity of knighthood. As if to stimulate him to grand achievements, the ceremony took place on the banks of the grand canal, almost beneath the embattled walls of that warlike city, the object of such daring enterprises, and in the midst of that famous Vega, the field of so many chivalrous exploits. Above them shone resplendent the red towers of the Alhambra, rising from amidst delicious groves, with the standard of Mahomet waving defiance to the Christian arms.

The Duke of Medina Sidonia, and Roderigo Ponce de Leon, Marques of Cadiz, were sponsors; and all the chivalry of the camp was assembled on the occasion. The Prince, after he was knighted, bestowed the same honor on several youthful cavaliers of high rank, just entering, like himself, on the career of arms.

Ferdinand did not loiter in carrying his desolating plans into execution. He detached parties in every direction, to lay waste the country; villages were sacked, burnt, and destroyed, and the lovely Vega was once more laid waste with fire and sword. The ravage was carried so close to Granada, that the city

was wrapped in the smoke of its gardens and hamlets. The dismal cloud rolled up the hill and hung about the towers of the Alhambra, where the unfortunate Boabdil still remained shut up from the indignation of his subjects. The hapless monarch smote his breast, as he looked down from his mountain palace on the desolation affected by his late ally. He dared not even show himself in arms among the populace, for they cursed him as the cause of the miseries once more brought to their doors.

The Moors, however, did not suffer the Christians to carry on their ravages unmolested as in former years. Muza incited them to incessant sallies. He divided his cavalry into small squadrons, each led by a daring commander. They were taught to hover around the Christian camp; to harass it from various and opposite quarters, cutting off convoys and straggling detachments; to waylay the army in its ravaging expeditions, lurking among rocks and passes of the mountains, or in hollows and thickets of the plain, and practising a thousand stratagems and surprises.

The Christian army had one day spread itself out rather unguardedly, in its foraging about the Vega. As the troops commanded by the Marques of Villena approached the skirts

of the mountains, they beheld a number of Moorish peasants hastily driving a herd of cattle into a narrow glen. The soldiers, eager for booty, pressed in pursuit of them. Scarcely had they entered the glen, when shouts arose from every side, and they were furiously attacked by an ambuscade of horse and foot. Some of the Christians took to flight; others stood their ground, and fought valiantly. The Moors had the vantage-ground; some showered darts and arrows from the cliffs of the rocks, others fought hand to hand on the plain; while their cavalry carried havoc and confusion into the midst of the Christian forces.

The Marques de Villena, with his brother Don Alonzo de Pacheco, at the first onset of the Moors, spurred into the hottest of the fight. They had scarce entered, when Don Alonzo was struck lifeless from his horse, before the eyes of his brother. Estevan Luzon, a gallant captain, fell fighting bravely by the side of the Marques, who remained, with his chamberlain Soler and a handful of knights, surrounded by the enemy. Several cavaliers from other parts of the army hastened to their assistance, when King Ferdinand, seeing that the Moors had the vantage-ground, and that the Christians were suffering severely, gave a

signal for retreat. The Marques obeyed slowly and reluctantly, for his heart was full of grief and rage at the death of his brother. As he was retiring, he beheld his faithful chamberlain, Soler, defending himself valiantly against six Moors. The Marques turned, and rushed to his rescue; he killed two of the enemy with his own hand, and put the rest to flight. One of the Moors, however, in retreating, rose in his stirrups, and hurling his lance at the Marques, wounded him in the right arm and crippled him for life.*

Such was one of the many ambuscadoes concerted by Muza; nor did he hesitate at times to present a bold front to the Christian forces, and defy them in the open field. Ferdinand soon perceived, however, that the Moors seldom provoked a battle without having the advantage of the ground; and that though the

* In consequence of this wound, the Marques was ever after obliged to write his signature with his left hand, though capable of managing his lance with his right. The Queen one day demanded of him, why he had adventured his life for that of a domestic? "Does not your majesty think," replied he, "that I ought to risk one life for him who would have adventured three for me had he possessed them?" The Queen was charmed with the magnanimity of the reply, and often quoted the Marques as setting an heroic example to the chivalry of the age. Mariana, lib. xxv., c. 15.

Christians generally appeared to have the victory, they suffered the greatest loss; for retreating was a part of the Moorish system, by which they would draw their pursuers into confusion, and then turn upon them with a more violent and fatal attack. He commanded his captains, therefore, to decline all challenges to skirmish, and pursue a secure system of destruction, ravaging the country, and doing all possible injury to the enemy, with slight risk to themselves.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

The Fate of the Castle of Roma.

ABOUT two leagues from Granada, on an eminence commanding an extensive view of the Vega, stood the strong Moorish castle of Roma. Hither the neighboring peasantry drove their flocks and herds, and hurried with their most precious effects, on the irruption of a Christian force; and any foraging or skirmishing party from Granada, on being intercepted in their return, threw themselves into Roma, manned its embattled towers, and set the enemy at defiance. The garrison were accustomed to have parties of Moors clattering up to their gates, so hotly pursued that there was barely time to throw open the portal, receive them within, and shut out their pursuers; while the Christian cavaliers had many a time reined up their panting steeds, at the very entrance of the barbacan,

and retired, cursing the strong walls of Roma, that robbed them of their prey.

The late ravages of Ferdinand, and the continual skirmishings in the Vega, had roused the vigilance of the castle. One morning early, as the sentinels kept watch upon the battlements, they beheld a cloud of dust advancing rapidly from a distance. Turbans and Moorish weapons soon caught their eyes; and as the whole approached, they descried a drove of cattle, urged on in great haste, and convoyed by one hundred and fifty Moors, who led with them two Christian captives in chains.

When the *cavalgada* arrived near the castle, a Moorish cavalier, of noble and commanding mien and splendid attire, rode up to the foot of the tower, and entreated admittance. He stated that they were returning with rich booty from a foray into the lands of the Christians, but that the enemy was on their traces, and they feared to be overtaken before they could reach Granada. The sentinels descended in all haste, and flung open the gates. The long *cavalgada* defiled into the courts of the castle, which were soon filled with bleating and lowing flocks and herds, with neighing and stamping steeds, and with fierce-looking Moors from the mountains. The cavalier who had asked admission was the chief of the party; he was

somewhat advanced in life, of a lofty and gallant bearing, and had with him a son, a young man of great spirit and fire. Close by them followed the two Christian captives, with looks cast down and disconsolate.

The soldiers of the garrison had roused themselves from their sleep, and were busily occupied attending to the cattle which crowded the courts; while the foraging party distributed themselves about the castle, to seek refreshment or repose. Suddenly a shout arose, that was echoed from courtyard and hall and battlement. The garrison, astonished and bewildered, would have rushed to their arms, but found themselves, almost before they could make resistance, completely in the power of an enemy.

The pretended foraging party consisted of *Mudexares*, or Moors tributary to the Christians; and the commanders were the Prince Cid Hiaya, and his son Alnayer. They had hastened from the mountains with this small force, to aid the Catholic sovereigns during the summer's campaign; and had concerted to surprise this important castle, and present it to King Ferdinand, as a gage of their faith, and the first fruits of their devotion.

The politic monarch overwhelmed his new converts and allies with favors and distinctions

in return for this important acquisition; but he took care to despatch a strong force of veteran and genuine Christian troops, to man the fortress.

As to the Moors who had composed the garrison, Cid Hiaya remembered that they were his countrymen, and could not prevail upon himself to deliver them into Christian bondage. He set them at liberty, and permitted them to repair to Granada; "a proof" says the pious Agapida, "that his conversion was not entirely consummated, but that there were still some lingerings of the infidel in his heart." His lenity was far from procuring him indulgence in the opinions of his countrymen; on the contrary, the inhabitants of Granada, when they learnt from the liberated garrison the stratagem by which Roma had been captured, cursed Cid Hiaya for a traitor; and the garrison joined in the malediction.*

But the indignation of the people of Granada was destined to be aroused to tenfold violence. The old warrior Muley Abdallah el Zagal had retired to his little mountain territory, and for a short time endeavored to console himself with his petty title of king of Andarax. He soon grew impatient, however, of the quiet and in-

* Pulgar, *Cron.*, pt. iii., c. 130. *Cura de los Palacios*, c. 90.

action of his mimic kingdom. His fierce spirit was exasperated by being shut up within such narrow limits, and his hatred rose to downright fury against Boabdil, whom he considered as the cause of his downfall. When tidings were brought him that Ferdinand was laying waste the Vega, he took a sudden resolution. Assembling the whole disposable force of his kingdom, which amounted but to two hundred men, he descended from the Alpuxarras and sought the Christian camp, content to serve as a vassal the enemy of his faith and his nation, so that he might see Granada wrested from the sway of his nephew.

In his blind passion, the old wrathful monarch injured his cause, and strengthened the cause of his adversary. The Moors of Granada had been clamorous in his praise, extolling him as a victim to his patriotism, and had refused to believe all reports of his treaty with the Christians; but when they beheld, from the walls of the city, his banner mingling with the banners of the unbelievers, and arrayed against his late people and the capital he had commanded, they broke forth into revilings, and heaped curses upon his name.

Their next emotion, of course, was in favor of Boabdil. They gathered under the walls of the Alhambra, and hailed him as their only

hope, as the sole dependence of the country. Boabdil could scarcely believe his senses, when he heard his name mingled with praises and greeted with acclamations. Encouraged by this unexpected gleam of popularity, he ventured forth from his retreat, and was received with rapture. All his past errors were attributed to the hardships of his fortune, and the usurpation of his tyrant uncle; and whatever breath the populace could spare from uttering curses on El Zagal, was expended in shouts in honor of El Chico.

CHAPTER XL.

How Boabdil el Chico Took the Field; and His Expedition against Alhendin.

FOR thirty days had the Vega been overrun by the Christian forces; and that vast plain, late so luxuriant and beautiful was one wide scene of desolation. The destroying army, having accomplished its task, passed over the bridge of Pinos and wound up into the mountains, on the way to Cordova, bearing away the spoils of towns and villages, and driving off flocks and herds in long dusty columns. The sound of the last Christian trumpet died away along the side of the mountain of Elvira, and not a hostile squadron was seen glistening on the mournful fields of the Vega.

The eyes of Boabdil el Chico were at length opened to the real policy of King Ferdinand, and he saw that he had no longer anything to depend upon but the valor of his arm. No

time was to be lost in hastening to counteract the effect of the late Christian ravage, and in opening the channel for distant supplies to Granada.

Scarcely had the retiring squadrons of Ferdinand disappeared among the mountains, when Boabdil buckled on his armor, sallied forth from the Alhambra, and prepared to take the field. When the populace beheld him actually in arms against his late ally, both parties thronged with zeal to his standard. The hardy inhabitants also of the Sierra Nevada, or chain of snow-capped mountains which rise above Granada, descended from their heights, and hastened into the city gates, to proffer their devotion to their youthful king. The great square of the Vivarrambla shone with legions of cavalry, decked with the colors and devices of the most ancient Moorish families, and marshalled forth by the patriot Muza to follow the King to battle.

It was on the 15th of June, that Boabdil once more issued forth from the gates of Granada on martial enterprise. A few leagues from the city, within full view of it, and at the entrance of the Alpuxarra mountains, stood the powerful castle of Alhendin. It was built on an eminence, rising from the midst of a small town, and commanding a great part of

the Vega, and the main road to the rich valleys of the Alpuxarras. The castle was commanded by a valiant Christian cavalier named Mendo de Quexada, and garrisoned by two hundred and fifty men, all seasoned and experienced warriors. It was a continual thorn in the side of Granada. The laborers of the Vegawere swept off from the fields by its hardy soldiers; convoys were cut off in the passes of the mountains; and as the garrison commanded a full view of the gates of the city, no band of merchants could venture forth on their needful journeys, without being swooped up by the war-hawks of Alhendin.

It was against this important fortress that Boabdil first led his troops, and for six days and nights it was closely besieged. The *alcayde* and his veteran garrison defended themselves valiantly, but were exhausted by fatigue and constant watchfulness; for the Moors, being continually relieved by fresh troops from Granada, kept up an unremitted and vigorous attack. Twice the barbacan was forced, and twice the assailants were driven forth headlong with excessive loss. The garrison, however, was diminished in number by the killed and wounded; there were no longer soldiers sufficient to man the walls and gateway; and the brave *alcayde* was compelled to retire, with his

surviving force, to the keep of the castle, in which he continued to make a desperate resistance.

The Moors now approached the foot of the tower, under shelter of wooden screens covered with wet hides, to ward off missiles and combustibles. They went to work vigorously to undermine the tower, placing props of wood under the foundations, to be afterwards set on fire, so as to give the besiegers time to escape before the edifice should fall. Some of the Moors plied their cross-bows and arquebuses to defend the workmen, and drive the Christians from the walls; while the latter showered down stones, and darts, and melted pitch, and flaming combustibles, on the miners.

The brave Mendo de Quexada had cast many an anxious eye across the Vega, in hopes of seeing some Christian force hastening to his assistance. Not a gleam of spear or helm was to be descried, for no one had dreamt of this sudden irruption of the Moors. The *alcayde* beheld his bravest men dead or wounded around him, while the remainder were sinking with watchfulness and fatigue. In defiance of all opposition, the Moors had accomplished their mine; the fire was brought before the walls, that was to be applied to the stanchions, in case the garrison persisted in defence. In a little while,

the tower would crumble beneath him, and be rent and hurled a ruin to the plain. At the very last moment, the brave *alcayde* made the signal of surrender. He marched forth with the remnant of his veteran garrison, who were all made prisoners. Boabdil immediately ordered the walls of the fortress to be razed, and fire to be applied to the stanchions, that the place might never again become a stronghold to the Christians, and a scourge to Granada. The *alcayde* and his fellow-captives were led in dejected convoy across the Vega, when they heard a tremendous crash behind them. They turned to look upon their late fortress, but beheld nothing but a heap of tumbling ruins, and a vast column of smoke and dust, where once had stood the lofty tower of Alhendin.

CHAPTER XLI.

Exploit of the Count de Tendilla.

BOABDIL EL CHICO followed up his success, by capturing the two fortresses of Marchena and Albolodny belonging to Cid Hiaya; he also sent his *alfaquis* in every direction to proclaim a holy war, and to summon all true Moslems of town or castle, mountain or valley, to saddle steed and buckle on armor and hasten to the standard of the faith. The tidings spread far and wide, that Boabdil el Chico was once more in the field, and was victorious. The Moors of various places, dazzled by this gleam of success, hastened to throw off their sworn allegiance to the Castilian crown, and to elevate the standard of Boabdil; and the youthful monarch flattered himself that the whole kingdom was on the point of returning to its allegiance.

The fiery cavaliers of Granada, eager to renew those forays into the Christian lands, in

which they had formerly delighted, concerted an irruption to the north, into the territory of Jaen, to harass the country about Quezada. They had heard of a rich convoy of merchants and wealthy travellers, on the way to the city of Baza; and anticipated a glorious conclusion to their foray in capturing this convoy.

Assembling a number of horsemen, lightly armed and fleetly mounted, and one hundred foot-soldiers, they issued forth by night from Granada, made their way in silence through the defiles of the mountains, crossed the frontier without opposition, and suddenly appeared, as if fallen from the clouds, in the very heart of the Christian country.

The mountainous frontier which separates Granada from Jaen, was at this time under the command of the Count de Tendilla, the same veteran who had distinguished himself by his vigilance and sagacity when commanding the fortress of Alhama. He held his headquarters at the city of Alcala la Real, in its impregnable fortress, perched high among the mountains, about six leagues from Granada, and dominating all the frontier. From this cloud-capt hold he kept an eagle eye upon Granada, and had his scouts and spies in all directions, so that a crow could not fly over the border without his knowledge. His fortress was a place of refuge

for the Christian captives who escaped by night from the Moorish dungeons of Granada. Often, however, they missed their way in the defiles of the mountains, and wandering about bewildered, either repaired by mistake to some Moorish town, or were discovered and retaken at daylight by the enemy. To prevent these accidents the Count had a tower built at his own expense on the top of one of the heights near Alcala, which commanded a view of the Vega and surrounding country. Here he kept a light blazing throughout the night, as a beacon for all Christian fugitives, to guide them to a place of safety.

The Count was aroused one night from his repose, by shouts and cries which came up from the town and approached the castle walls. "To arms! to arms! the Moor is over the border!" was the cry. A Christian soldier, pale and emaciated, who still bore traces of Moorish chains, was brought before the Count. He had been taken as a guide by the Moorish cavaliers who had sallied from Granada, but had escaped from them among the mountains, and after much wandering had found his way to Alcala by the signal fire.

Notwithstanding the bustle and agitation of the moment, the Count de Tendilla listened calmly and attentively to the account of the

fugitive, and questioned him minutely as to time of departure of the Moors, and the rapidity and direction of their march. He saw that it was too late to prevent their incursion and ravage; but he determined to await them, and give them a warm reception on their return. His soldiers were always on the alert, and ready to take the field at a moment's warning. Choosing one hundred and fifty lances, hardy and valiant men, well disciplined and well seasoned, as indeed were all his troops, he issued forth quietly before break of day, and descending the defiles of the mountains, stationed his little force in ambush, in a deep *barranca*, or dried channel of a torrent, near Barzina, but three leagues from Granada, on the road by which the marauders would have to return. In the meantime, he sent out scouts, to post themselves upon different heights, and look out for the approach of the enemy.

All day they remained concealed in the ravine, and for a great part of the following night; not a Moor, however, was to be seen, excepting now and then a peasant returning from his labor, or a solitary muleteer hastening towards Granada. The cavaliers of the Count began to grow restless and impatient; fearing that the enemy might have taken some other

route, or might have received intelligence of their ambuscade. They urged the Count to abandon the enterprise and return to Alcala. "We are here," said they, "almost at the gates of the Moorish capital, our movements may have been descried, and, before we are aware, Granada may pour forth its legions of swift cavalry, and crush us with an overwhelming force." The Count, however, persisted in remaining until all the scouts should come in. About two hours before daybreak, there were signal-fires on certain Moorish watch-towers of the mountains. While they were regarding these with anxiety, the scouts came hurrying into the ravine: "The Moors are approaching," said they; "we have reconnoitred them near at hand. They are between one and two hundred strong, but encumbered with many prisoners and much booty." The Christian cavaliers laid their ears to the ground, and heard the distant tramp of horses and the tread of foot-soldiers. They mounted their horses, braced their shields, couched their lances, and drew near to the entrance of the ravine where it opened upon the road.

The Moors had succeeded in waylaying and surprising the Christian convoy on its way to Baza. They had captured a great number of

prisoners, male and female, with great store of gold and jewels, and sumpter mules laden with rich merchandise. With these they had made a forced march over the dangerous parts of the mountains; but now, finding themselves so near to Granada, fancied themselves in perfect security. They loitered along the road, therefore, irregularly and slowly, some singing, others laughing and exulting at having eluded the boasted vigilance of the Count de Tendilla; while ever and anon was heard the plaint of some female captive bewailing the jeopardy of her honor, or the heavy sighing of the merchant at beholding his property in the grasp of ruthless spoilers.

The Count waited until some of the escort had passed the ravine, then, giving the signal for assault, his cavaliers set up great shouts and cries, and charged into the centre of the foe. The obscurity of the place and the hour added to the terrors of the surprise. The Moors were thrown into confusion; some rallied, fought desperately, and fell covered with wounds. Thirty-six were killed, and fifty-five were made prisoners; the rest, under cover of the darkness, made their escape to the rocks and defiles of the mountains.

The good Count unbound the prisoners, glad-

ened the hearts of the merchants by restoring to them their merchandise. To the female captives also he restored the jewels of which they had been despoiled, excepting such as had been lost beyond recovery. Forty-five saddle-horses, of the choice Barbary breed, remained as captured spoils of the Moors, together with costly armor, and booty of various kinds. Having collected everything in haste, and arranged his *cavalgada*, the Count urged his way with all speed for Alcala la Real, lest he should be pursued and overtaken by the Moors of Granada. As he wound up the steep ascent to his mountain city the inhabitants poured forth to meet him with shouts of joy. His triumph was doubly enhanced by his being received at the gates of the city by his wife, the daughter of the Marques of Villena, a lady of distinguished merit whom he had not seen for two years, during which he had been separated from his home by the arduous duties of these iron wars.

We have yet another act to relate of this good Count de Tendilla, who was in truth a mirror of knightly virtue. One day a Christian soldier just escaped from captivity in Granada brought word to the Count that an illustrious damsel named Fatima, neice of

the Alcayde Aben Comixa, was to leave the city on a certain day, escorted by a numerous party of relatives and friends of distinguished rank, on a journey to Almuñecar, there to embark for the African coast to celebrate her nuptials with the Alcayde of Tetuan. This was too brilliant a prize to be neglected. The Count accordingly sallied forth with a light company of cavalry, and descending the defiles of the mountains, stationed himself behind the rocky sierra of Elvira, not far from the eventful bridge of Pinos, within a few short miles of Granada. Hence he detached Alonzo de Cardenas Ulloa, with fifty light horsemen, to post himself in ambush, by the road the bridal party had to travel. After a time the latter came in sight, proving less numerous than had been expected; for the damsel was escorted merely by four armed domestics, and accompanied by a few relatives and two female attendants. The whole party was surrounded and captured almost without resistance, and carried off to the Count at the bridge of Pinos. The good Count conveyed his beautiful captive to his stronghold at Alcala, where he treated her and her companions with all the delicacy and respect due to their rank and to his own character as a courteous cavalier.

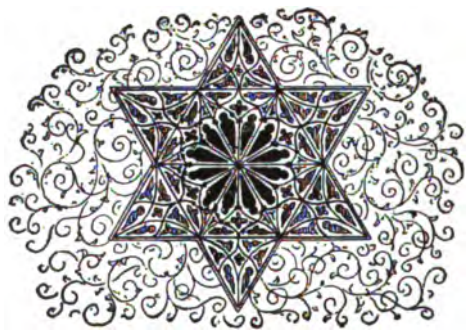
The tidings of the capture of his niece gave poignant affliction to the Vizier Aben Comixa. His royal master Boabdil, of whom he was the prime favorite and confidential adviser, sympathized in his distress. With his own hand he wrote a letter to the Count, offering in exchange for the fair Fatima one hundred Christian captives, to be chosen from those detained in Granada. This royal letter was sent by Don Francisco de Zuniga, an Aragonese cavalier whom Aben Comixa held in captivity, and who was set at liberty for the purpose.

On receiving the letter of Boabdil, the Count de Tendilla at once gave freedom to the Moorish maid, making her a magnificent present of jewels and sending her and her companions under honorable escort to the very gates of Granada.

Boabdil, exceeding his promises, immediately set free twenty captive priests, one hundred and thirty Castilian and Aragonian cavaliers, and a number of peasant women. His favorite vizier, Aben Comixa, was so rejoiced at the liberation of his niece, and so struck with the chivalrous conduct of her captor, that he maintained from that day a constant and amicable correspondence with the Count de Tendilla; and became, in the hands of the latter, one of the most efficacious agents in

bringing the war of Granada to a triumphant close.*

* This interesting anecdote of the Count de Tendilla, which is a key to the subsequent conduct of the Vizier Aben Comixa, and had a singular influence on the fortunes of Boabdil and his kingdom, is originally given in a manuscript history of the Counts of Tendilla, written about the middle of the sixteenth century, by Gabriel Rodriguez de Ardila, a Granadine clergyman. It has been brought to light recently by the researches of Alcantara for his *History of Granada* (vol. iv., c. 13).



CHAPTER XLII.

Expedition of Boabdil el Chico against Salobreña—Exploit of Hernando Perez del Pulgar.

KING BOABDIL found that his diminished territory was too closely dominated by Christian fortresses like Alcala la Real, and too strictly watched by vigilant *alcaydes* like the Count de Tendilla, to be able to maintain itself by internal resources. His foraging expeditions were liable to be intercepted and defeated, while the ravage of the Vega had swept off everything on which the city depended for future sustenance. He felt the want of a seaport, through which, as formerly, he might keep open a communication with Africa and obtain reinforcements and supplies from beyond the sea. All the ports and harbors were in the hands of the Christians, and Granada and its remnant of dependent territory were completely landlocked.

In this emergency the attention of Boabdil

was called by circumstances to the seaport of Salobreña. This redoubtable town has already been mentioned in this chronicle, as a place deemed impregnable by the Moors; insomuch that their kings were accustomed in time of peril to keep their treasures in its citadel. It was situated on a high rocky hill, dividing one of those rich little *vegas* or plains which lie open to the Mediterranean, but run like deep green bays into the stern bosoms of the mountains. The *vega* was covered with beautiful vegetation, with rice and cotton, with groves of oranges, citrons, figs, and mulberries, and with gardens inclosed by hedges of reeds, of aloes and the Indian fig. Running streams of cool water from the springs and snows of the Sierra Nevada kept this delightful valley continually fresh and verdant, while it was almost locked up by mountain barriers and lofty promontories stretching far into the sea.

Through the centre of this rich *vega* the rock of Salobreña reared its rugged back, nearly dividing the plain and advancing to the margin of the sea, with just a strip of sandy beach at its foot, laved by the blue waves of the Mediterranean.

The town covered the ridge and sides of the rocky hill, and was fortified by strong walls and towers; while on the highest and most

precipitate part stood the citadel, a huge castle that seemed to form a part of the living rock; the massive ruins of which at the present day attract the gaze of the traveller as he winds his way far below, along the road through the *vega*.

This important fortress had been intrusted to the command of Don Francisco Ramirez de Madrid, Captain-general of the artillery, and the most scientific of all the Spanish leaders. That experienced veteran, however, was with the King at Cordova, having left a valiant cavalier as *alcayde* of the place.

Boabdil had full information of the state of the garrison and the absence of its commander. Putting himself at the head of a powerful force, therefore, he departed from Granada, and made a rapid march through the mountains, hoping to seize upon Salobreña before King Ferdinand could come to its assistance.

The inhabitants of Salobreña were *Mudexares*, or Moors who had sworn allegiance to the Christians. Still, when they heard the sound of the Moorish drums and trumpets, and beheld the squadrons of their countrymen advancing across the *vega*, their hearts yearned towards the standard of their nation and their faith. A tumult arose in the place; the populace shouted the name of Boabdil el Chico, and

throwing open the gates, admitted him within the walls.

The Christian garrison was too few in number to contend for the possession of the town. They retreated to the citadel, and shut themselves within its massive walls, which were considered impregnable. Here they maintained a desperate defence, hoping to hold out until succor should arrive from the neighboring fortresses.

The tidings that Salobreña was invested by the Moorish king spread along the sea-coast and filled the Christians with alarm. Don Francisco Enriquez, uncle of the King, commanded the city of Velez Malaga, about twelve leagues distant, but separated by ranges of those vast rocky mountains which are piled along the Mediterranean and tower in steep promontories and precipices above its waves.

Don Francisco summoned the *alcaydes* of his district to hasten with him to the relief of this important fortress. A number of cavaliers and their retainers answered to his call, among whom were Hernando Perez del Pulgar, surnamed "El de las Hazanas" (he of the exploits)—the same who had signalized himself in a foray by elevating a handkerchief on a lance for a banner and leading on his disheartened comrades to victory. As soon as

Don Francisco beheld a little band collected around him, he set out with all speed for Salobreña. The march was rugged and severe, climbing and descending immense mountains, and sometimes winding along the edge of giddy precipices, with the surges of the sea raging far below. When Don Francisco arrived with his followers at the lofty promontory that stretches along one side of the little *vega* of Salobreña, he looked down with sorrow and anxiety upon a Moorish army of great force encamped at the foot of the fortress, while Moorish banners on various parts of the walls proved that the town was already in possession of the infidels. A solitary Christian standard alone floated on the top of the castle-keep, showing that the brave garrison were hemmed up in their rock-built citadel. They were in fact reduced to great extremity through want of water and provisions.

Don Francisco found it impossible, with his small force, to make any impression on the camp of the Moors, or to get to the relief of the castle. He stationed his little band upon a rocky height near the sea, where they were safe from the assaults of the enemy. The sight of his friendly banner waving in their neighborhood cheered the heart of the garrison, and gave them assurance of speedy succor from the

King; while the hostile menaces of Don Francisco served to check the attacks of the Moors upon the citadel.

In the meantime Hernando Perez del Pulgar, who always burned to distinguish himself by bold and striking exploits, had discovered in the course of his prowlings a postern-gate of the castle opening upon the steep part of the rocky hill looking towards the mountains. The thought occurred to him, that by a bold dash at a favorable moment, this postern might be attained, and succor thrown into the castle. He pointed the place out to his comrades. "Who will follow my banner," said he, "and make a dash for yonder postern?" A bold proposition in time of warfare never wants for bold spirits to accept it. Seventy resolute men stepped forward to second him. Pulgar chose the early daybreak for his enterprise, when the Moors, just aroused from sleep, were changing guard and making the various arrangements of the morning. Favored by these movements and the drowsiness of the hour, Pulgar approached the Moorish line silently and steadily, most of his followers armed with cross-bows and *espingardas*, or muskets. Then suddenly making an onset, they broke through a weak part of the camp, before the alarm had spread through the army, and succeeded in fighting

their way up to the gate, which was eagerly thrown open to receive them.

The garrison, roused to new spirit by this unlooked-for reinforcement, was enabled to make a more vigorous resistance. The Moors, however, who knew there was a great scarcity of water in the castle, exulted in the idea that this additional number of warriors would soon exhaust the cisterns, and compel a surrender. Pulgar hearing of this hope, caused a bucket of water to be lowered from the battlements, and threw a silver cup in bravado to the Moors.

The garrison, in truth, suffered intensely from thirst, while, to tantalize them in their sufferings, they beheld limpid streams winding in abundance through the green plain below them. They began to fear that all succor would arrive too late, when one day they beheld a little squadron of vessels far at sea, but standing towards the shore. There was some doubt at first whether it might not be a hostile armament from Africa, but as it approached they descried, to their great joy, the banner of Castile.

It was a reinforcement brought in all haste by the governor of the fortress, Don Francisco Ramirez. The squadron anchored at a steep rocky island, which rises from the very margin of the smooth sandy beach, directly in front of the rock of Salobreña, and stretches out into

the sea. On this island Ramirez landed his men, and was as strongly posted as if in a fortress. His force was too scanty to attempt a battle, but he assisted to harass and distract the besiegers. Whenever King Boabdil made an attack upon the fortress his camp was assailed on one side by the troops of Ramirez, who landed from their island, and on another by those of Francisco Enriquez, who swept down from their rock; while Hernando del Pulgar kept up a brave defence from every tower and battlement of the castle.

The attention of the Moorish king was diverted, also, for a time, by an ineffectual attempt to relieve the little port of Adra, which had recently declared in his favor but which had been recaptured for the Christians by Cid Hiaya and his son Alnayar. Thus the unlucky Boabdil, bewildered on every hand, lost all the advantage that he had gained by his rapid march from Granada. While he was yet besieging the obstinate citadel, tidings were brought him that King Ferdinand was in full march, with a powerful host, to its assistance. There was no time for further delay; he made a furious attack with all his forces upon the castle, but was again repulsed by Pulgar and his coadjutors; when, abandoning the siege in despair, he retreated with his

army, lest King Ferdinand should get between him and his capital. On his way back to Granada, however, he in some sort consoled himself for his late disappointment, by overrunning a part of the territories and possessions lately assigned to his uncle El Zagal, and to Cid Hiaya. He defeated their *alcaydes*, destroyed several of their fortresses, burnt their villages, and leaving the country behind him reeking and smoking with his vengeance, returned with considerable booty, to repose himself within the walls of the Alhambra.*

* Pulgar, *Cron.*, pt. iii., c. 231. *Cura de los Palacios*, c. 97.

CHAPTER XLIII.

How King Ferdinand Treated the People of Guadix, and How El Zagal Finished his Regal Career.

SCARCELY had Boabdil ensconced himself in his capital when King Ferdinand, at the head of seven thousand horse and twenty thousand foot, again appeared in the Vega. He had set out in all haste from Cordova to the relief of Salobreña ; but, hearing on his march that the siege was raised, he turned to make a second ravage round the walls of devoted Granada. His present forage lasted fifteen days, in the course of which almost everything that had escaped his former desolating visit was destroyed, and scarce a green thing or a living animal was left on the face of the land. The Moors sallied frequently, and fought desperately in defence of their fields ; but the work of destruction was accomplished — and Granada, once the queen of gardens, was left surrounded by a desert.

Tombs of Ferdinand and Isabella and of Philip and Joanna, in the Royal Chapel of the Cathedral at Granada.

"Ferdinand's body was laid by the side of Isabella's in the monastery of the Alhambra; and the year following, when the Royal Chapel of the Metropolitan church was completed, they were both transported thither. A magnificent mausoleum of white marble was erected over them by their grandson, Charles the Fifth. It was executed in a style worthy of the age. The sides were adorned with figures of angels and saints, richly sculptured in bas-relief. On the top reposed the effigies of the illustrious pair whose titles and merits were commemorated in the following brief and not very felicitous inscription: 'Mahometicæ sectæ prostratores, et hæreticæ pervicaiæ extinctores, Fernandus Aragonum, et Helisabeta Castellæ, vir et uxor unanimes Catholici appellati, marmoreo clauduntur hoc tumulo.'"

Ferdinand next hastened to crush a conspiracy in the cities of Guadix, Baza, and Almeria. These recently-conquered places had entered into secret correspondence with Boabdil, inviting him to march to their gates, promising to rise upon the Christian garrisons, seize upon the citadels, and surrender them into his power. The Marques of Villena had received notice of the conspiracy, and suddenly thrown himself, with a large force, into Guadix. Under pretence of a review of the inhabitants, he made them sally forth into the fields before the city. When the whole Moorish population capable of bearing arms was thus without the walls, he ordered the gates to be closed. He then permitted them to enter, two by two and three by three, and take forth their wives, children, and effects. The houseless Moors were fain to make themselves temporary hovels in the gardens and orchards about the city ; they were clamorous in their complaints at being thus excluded from their homes, but were told they must wait with patience until the charges against them could be investigated, and the pleasure of the King be known.*

When Ferdinand arrived at Guadix he found the unhappy Moors in their cabins among the

* Zurita, c. 85. *Cura de los Palacios*, c. 97.

orchards. They complained bitterly of the deception practised upon them, and implored permission to return into the city, and live peaceably in their dwellings, as had been promised them in their articles of capitulation.

King Ferdinand listened graciously to their complaints. "My friends," said he in reply, "I have been informed that there has been a conspiracy among you to kill my *alcayde* and garrison, and to take part with my enemy, the King of Granada. I shall make a thorough investigation of this conspiracy. Those among you who shall be proved innocent shall be restored to their dwellings, but the guilty shall incur the penalty of their offences. As I wish, however, to proceed with mercy as well as justice, I now give you your choice, either to depart at once without further question, going wherever you please and taking with you your families and effects, under an assurance of safety, or to deliver up those who are guilty, not one of whom, I give you my royal word, shall escape punishment."

When the people of Guadix heard these words they communed among themselves, and as most of them (says the worthy Agapida) were either culpable or feared to be considered so, they accepted the alternative, and departed

sorrowfully—they and their wives and their little ones. "Thus," in the words of that excellent and contemporary historian, Andres Bernaldez, commonly called the curate of Los Palacios,—"thus did the King deliver Guadix from the hands of the enemies of our holy faith; after seven hundred and seventy years that it had been in their possession, ever since the time of Roderick the Goth; and this was one of the mysteries of our Lord, who would not consent that the city should remain longer in the power of the Moors,"—a pious and sage remark, which is quoted with peculiar approbation by the worthy Agapida.

King Ferdinand offered similar alternatives to the Moors of Baza, Almeria, and other cities accused of participation in this conspiracy; who generally preferred to abandon their homes, rather than incur the risk of an investigation. Most of them relinquished Spain, as a country where they could no longer live in security and independence, and departed with their families for Africa; such as remained were suffered to live in villages and hamlets, and other unwalled places.*

While Ferdinand was thus occupied at Guadix, dispensing mercy and justice, and receiving cities in exchange, the old monarch Muley

* Garibay, lib. xiii., c. 39. Pulgar, pt. iii., c. 133.

Abdallah, surnamed El Zagal, appeared before him. He was haggard with care, and almost crazed with passion. He had found his little territory of Andarax, and his two thousand subjects, as difficult to govern as had been the distracted kingdom of Granada. The charm which had bound the Moors to him was broken when he appeared in arms under the banner of Ferdinand. He had returned from his inglorious campaign with his petty army of two hundred men, followed by the execrations of the people of Granada and the secret repining of those he had led into the field. No sooner had his subjects heard of the success of Boabdil el Chico, than they had seized their arms, assembled tumultuously, declared for the young monarch, and threatened the life of El Zagal.* The unfortunate old king had with difficulty evaded their fury; and this last lesson seemed entirely to have cured him of his passion for sovereignty. He now entreated Ferdinand to purchase the towns and castles, and other possessions which had been granted to him; offering them at a low rate, and begging safe passage for himself and his followers to Africa. King Ferdinand graciously complied with his wishes. He purchased of him three-and-twenty towns and villages in the valleys of

* *Cura de los Palacios*, c. 97.

Andarax and Alhaurin, for which he gave him five millions of *maravedis*. El Zagal relinquished his right to one half of the *salinas* or salt-pits of Maleha, in favor of his brother-in-law, Cid Hiaya. Having thus disposed of his petty empire and possessions, he packed up all his treasure, of which he had a great amount, and followed by many Moorish families, passed over to Africa.*

And here let us cast an eye beyond the present period of our chronicle and trace the remaining career of El Zagal. His short and turbulent reign, and disastrous end, would afford a wholesome lesson to unprincipled ambition, were not all ambition of the kind fated to be blind to precept and example. When he arrived in Africa, instead of meeting with kindness and sympathy he was seized and thrown into prison by the Caliph of Fez, Benimerin, as though he had been his vassal. He was accused of being the cause of the dissensions and downfall of the kingdom of Granada; and the accusation being proved to the satisfaction of the King of Fez, he condemned the unhappy El Zagal to perpetual darkness. A basin of glowing copper was passed before his eyes, which effectually destroyed his sight. His wealth, which had probably been the secret

* Conde, pt. iv., c. 41.

cause of these cruel measures, was confiscated and seized upon by his oppressor; and El Zagal was thrust forth, blind, helpless, and destitute, upon the world. In this wretched condition, the late Moorish monarch groped his way through the regions of Tingitania, until he reached the city of Velez de la Gomera. The Emir of Velez had formerly been his ally, and felt some movement of compassion at his present altered and abject state. He gave him food and raiment, and suffered him to remain unmolested in his dominions. Death, which so often hurries off the prosperous and happy from the midst of untasted pleasures, spares, on the other hand, the miserable, to drain the last drop of his cup of bitterness. El Zagal dragged out a wretched existence of many years in the city of Velez. He wandered about blind and disconsolate, an object of mingled scorn and pity, and bearing above his raiment a parchment on which was written in Arabic, "This is the unfortunate King of Andalusia." *

* Marmol, *De Rebelione Maur.*, lib. i., c. 16. Padraza, *Hist. Granad.*, pt. iii., c. 4. Suarez, *Hist. Coisp. de Guadix y Baza*, c. 10.

CHAPTER XLIV.

Preparations of Granada for a Desperate Defence.

HOW is thy strength departed, O Granada! how is thy beauty withered and despoiled, O city of groves and fountains! The commerce that once thronged thy streets is at an end; the merchant no longer hastens to thy gates, with the luxury of foreign lands. The cities which once paid thee tribute are wrested from thy sway; the chivalry which filled thy Vivarrambla with sumptuous pageantry, have fallen in many battles. The Alhambra still rears its ruddy towers from the midst of groves, but melancholy reigns in its marble halls; and the monarch looks down from his lofty balconies upon a naked waste, where once extended the blooming glories of the Vega!

Such is the lament of the Moorish writers over the lamentable state of Granada, now a

mere phantom of former greatness. The two ravages of the Vega, following so closely upon each other, had swept off all the produce of the year; and the husbandman had no longer the heart to till the field, seeing the ripening harvest only brought the spoiler to his door.

During the winter season, Ferdinand made diligent preparations for the campaign that was to decide the fate of Granada. As this war was waged purely for the promotion of the Christian faith, he thought it meet that its enemies should bear the expenses. He levied, therefore, a general contribution upon the Jews throughout his kingdom by synagogues and districts; and obliged them to render in the proceeds at the city of Seville.*

On the 11th of April Ferdinand and Isabella departed for the Moorish frontier, with the solemn determination to lay close siege to Granada, and never quit its walls until they had planted the standard of the faith on the towers of the Alhambra. Many of the nobles of the kingdom, particularly those from parts remote from the scene of action, wearied by the toils of war, and foreseeing that this would be a tedious siege, requiring patience and vigilance rather than hardy deeds of arms, contented themselves with sending their

* Garibay, lib. xviii., c. 39.

vassals, while they stayed at home to attend to their domains. Many cities furnished soldiers at their cost, and the King took the field with an army of forty thousand infantry and ten thousand horse. The principal captains who followed him in this campaign were: Roderigo Ponce de Leon, the Marques of Cadiz, the Master of Santiago, the Marques of Villena, the Counts of Tendilla, Cifuentes, Cabra, and Ureña, and Don Alonzo de Aguilar.

Queen Isabella, accompanied by her son the Prince Juan and the Princesses Juan, Maria, and Cathalina, her daughters, proceeded to Alcala la Real, the mountain fortress and stronghold of the Count de Tendilla. Here she remained, to forward supplies to the army and be ready to repair to the camp whenever her presence might be required.

The army of Ferdinand poured into the Vega by various defiles of the mountains; and on the 23d of April the royal tent was pitched at a village called Los Ojos de Huescar, about a league and a half from Granada. At the approach of this formidable force the harassed inhabitants turned pale, and even many of the warriors trembled; for they felt that the last desperate struggle was at hand.

Boabdil el Chico assembled his council in the Alhambra, from the windows of which

they could behold the Christian squadrons glistening through clouds of dust as they poured along the Vega. The utmost confusion and consternation reigned in the council. Many of the members, terrified with the horrors impending over their families, advised Boabdil to throw himself upon the generosity of the Christian monarch; even several of the bravest suggested the possibility of obtaining honorable terms.

The *wazir* of the city, Abul Casim Abdel Melic, was called upon to report the state of the public means for sustenance and defence. There were sufficient provisions, he said, for a few months' supply, independent of what might exist in the possession of merchants and other rich inhabitants. "But of what avail," said he, "is a supply for a few months against the sieges of the Castilian monarch, which are interminable?"

He produced, also, the lists of men capable of bearing arms. "The number," "said he "is great, but what can be expected from mere citizen-soldiers? They vaunt and menace in time of safety; none are so arrogant when the enemy is at a distance—but when the din of war thunders at the gates they hide themselves in terror."

When Muza heard these words he rose with

generous warmth: "What reason have we," said he, "to despair? The blood of those illustrious Moors, the conquerors of Spain, still flows in our veins. Let us be true to ourselves, and fortune will again be with us. We have a veteran force, both horse and foot, the flower of our chivalry, seasoned in war and scarred in a thousand battles. As to the multitude of our citizens, spoken of so slightly, why should we doubt their valor? There are twenty thousand young men, in the fire of youth, whom I will engage, that in the defence of their homes they will rival the most valiant veterans. Do we want provisions? Our horses are fleet, and our horsemen daring in the foray. Let them scour and scourge the country of those apostate Moslems who have surrendered to the Christians. Let them make inroads into the lands of our enemies. We shall soon see them returning with *cavalgadas* to our gates; and, to a soldier, there is no morsel so sweet as that wrested with hard fighting from the foe."

Boabdil, though he wanted firm and durable courage, was readily excited to sudden emotions of bravery. He caught a glow of resolution from the noble ardor of Muza. "Do what is needful," said he to his commanders: "into your hands I confide the common

safety. You are the protectors of the kingdom, and with the aid of Allah will avenge the insults of our religion, the deaths of our friends and relations, and the sorrows and sufferings heaped upon our land." *

To every one was now assigned his separate duty. The Wazir had charge of the arms and provisions, and the enrolling of the people. Muza was to command the cavalry, to defend the gates, and to take the lead in all sallies and skirmishings. Naim Reduan, and Muhamed Aben Zayde were his adjutants. Abdel Kerim Zegri, and the other captains, were to guard the walls; and the Alcaydes of the Alcazaba and of the Red Towers had command of the fortresses.

Nothing now was heard but the din of arms and the bustle of preparation. The Moorish spirit, quick to catch fire, was immediately in a flame; and the populace, in the excitement of the moment, set at naught the power of the Christians. Muza was in all parts of the city, infusing his own generous zeal into the bosoms of the soldiery. The young cavaliers rallied round him as their model; the veteran warriors regarded him with a soldier's admiration; the vulgar throng followed him with shouts, and the helpless part of the inhabitants, the old

* Conde.

men and the women, hailed him with blessings as their protector.

On the first appearance of the Christian army the principal gates of the city had been closed, and secured with bars and bolts and heavy chains. Muza now ordered them to be thrown open; "To me and my cavaliers," said he, "is intrusted the defence of the gates; our bodies shall be their barrier. He stationed at each gate a strong guard, chosen from his bravest men. His horsemen were always completely armed, and ready to mount at a moment's warning; their steeds stood saddled and caparisoned in the stables, with lance and buckler beside them. On the least approach of the enemy, a squadron of horse gathered within the gate, ready to launch forth like the bolt from the thunder-cloud. Muza made no empty bravado nor haughty threat; he was more terrible in deeds than in words, and executed daring exploits, beyond even the vaunt of the vainglorious. Such was the present champion of the Moors. Had they possessed many such warriors, or had Muza risen to power at an earlier period of the war, the fate of Granada might have been deferred, and the Moor for a long time have maintained his throne within the walls of the Alhambra.

CHAPTER XLV.

How King Ferdinand Conducted the Siege Cautiously and How Queen Isabella Arrived at the Camp.

THOUGH Granada was shorn of its glories, and nearly cut off from all external aid, still its mighty castles and massive bulwarks seemed to set all attack at defiance. Being the last retreat of Moorish power, it had assembled within its walls the remnants of the armies which had contended, step by step, with the invaders, in their gradual conquest of the land. All that remained of high-born and high-bred chivalry was here; all that was loyal and patriotic was roused to activity by the common danger; and Granada, so long lulled into inaction by vain hopes of security, now assumed a formidable aspect in the hour of its despair.

Ferdinand saw that any attempt to subdue the city by main force would be perilous and bloody. Cautious in his policy, and fond of

conquests gained by art rather than valor, he resorted to the plan so successful with Baza, and determined to reduce the place by famine. For this purpose, his armies penetrated into the very heart of the Alpuxarras, and ravaged the valleys, and sacked and burnt the towns, upon which the city depended for its supplies. Scouting parties, also ranged the mountains behind Granada, and captured every casual convoy of provisions. The Moors became more daring, as their situation became more hopeless. Never had Ferdinand experienced such vigorous sallies and assaults. Muza, at the head of his cavalry, harassed the borders of the camp, and even penetrated into the interior, making sudden spoil and ravage, and leaving his course to be traced by the slain and wounded. To protect his camp from these assaults, Ferdinand fortified it with deep trenches and strong bulwarks. It was of a quadrangular form, divided into streets like a city, the troops being quartered in tents, and in booths constructed of bushes and branches of trees. When it was completed Queen Isabella came in state, with all her court, and the prince and princesses, to be present at the siege. This was intended, as on former occasions, to reduce the besieged to despair, by showing the determination of the sovereigns to

reside in the camp until the city should surrender. Immediately after her arrival, the Queen rode forth, to survey the camp and its environs: wherever she went, she was attended by a splendid retinue; and all the commanders vied with each other, in the pomp and ceremony with which they received her. Nothing was heard, from morning until night, but shouts and acclamations, and bursts of martial music; so that it appeared to the Moors as if a continual festival and triumph reigned in the Christian camp.

The arrival of the Queen, however, and the menaced obstinacy of the siege had no effect in damping the fire of the Moorish chivalry. Muza inspired the youthful warriors with the most devoted heroism: "We have nothing left to fight for," said he, "but the ground we stand on; when this is lost, we cease to have a country and a name."

Finding the Christian king forbore to make an attack, Muza incited his cavaliers to challenge the youthful chivalry of the Christian army to single combat, or partial skirmishes. Scarce a day passed without gallant conflicts of the kind, in sight of the city and the camp. The combatants rivalled each other in the splendor of their armor and array, as well as in the prowess of their deeds. Their contests

were more like the stately ceremonials of tilts and tournaments, than the rude conflicts of the field. Ferdinand soon perceived that they animated the fiery Moors with fresh zeal and courage, while they cost the lives of many of his bravest cavaliers: he again, therefore, forbade the acceptance of any individual challenges, and ordered that all partial encounters should be avoided. The cool and stern policy of the Catholic sovereign bore hard upon the generous spirits of either army, but roused the indignation of the Moors, when they found that they were to be subdued in this inglorious manner. "Of what avail," said they, "are chivalry and heroic valor? the crafty monarch of the Christians has no magnanimity in warfare; he seeks to subdue us through the weakness of our bodies, but shuns to encounter the courage of our souls."

CHAPTER XLVI.

Of the Insolent Defiance of Tarfe the Moor, and the Daring Exploit of Hernando Perez del Pulgar.

WHEN the Moorish knights beheld that all courteous challenges were unavailing, they sought various means to provoke the Christian warriors to the field. Sometimes a body of them, fleetly mounted, would gallop up to the skirts of the camp, and try who should hurl his lance farthest within the barriers, having his name inscribed upon it, or a label affixed, containing some taunting defiance. These bravadoes caused great irritation; still the Spanish warriors were restrained by the prohibition of the King.

Among the Moorish cavaliers was one named Tarfe, renowned for strength and daring spirit; but whose courage partook of fierce audacity, rather than chivalric heroism. In one of these sallies, when skirting the Christian camp, this

arrogant Moor outstripped his companions, overleaped the barriers, and, galloping close to the royal quarters, launched his lance so far within, that it remained quivering in the earth close by the pavilions of the sovereigns. The royal guards rushed forth in pursuit, but the Moorish horsemen were already beyond the camp, and scouring in a cloud of dust for the city. Upon wresting the lance from the earth, a label was found upon it, importing that it was intended for the Queen.

Nothing could equal the indignation of the Christian warriors at the insolence of the bravado, and the discourteous insult offered to the Queen. Hernando Perez del Pulgar, surnamed "He of the Exploits," was present, and resolved not to be outbraved by this daring infidel. "Who will stand by me," said he, "in an enterprise of desperate peril?" The Christian cavaliers well knew the hare-brained valor of Hernando, yet not one hesitated to step forward. He chose fifteen companions, all of powerful arm and dauntless heart.

His project* was to penetrate Granada in the dead of the night, by a secret pass, made

* The account here given of the exploit of Hernando del Pulgar, differs from that given in the first edition, and is conformable to the record of the fact in a manuscript called *The House of Salar*, existing in the

known to him by a Moorish renegade of the city, whom he had christened Pedro Pulgar, and who was to act as guide. They were to set fire to the Alcaiceria and other principal edifices, and then effect their retreat as best they might. At the hour appointed, the adventurous troop set forth provided with combustibles. The renegade led them silently to a drain or channel of the river Darro, up which they proceeded cautiously, single file, until they halted under a bridge near the royal gate. Here dismounting, Pulgar stationed six of his companions to remain silent and motionless

library of Salazar, and cited by Alcantara in his *History of Granada.*

In commemoration of this daring feat of Pulgar, the Emperor Charles V., in after years, conferred on that cavalier, and on his descendants, the marquesies of Salar, the privilege of sitting in the choir during high mass, and assigned as the place of sepulture of Pulgar himself, the identical spot where he kneeled to affix the sacred scroll; and his tomb is still held in great veneration. This Hernando Perez del Pulgar was a man of letters, as well as arms, and inscribed to Charles V. a summary of the achievements of Gonsalvo of Cordova, surnamed the Great Captain, who had been one of his comrades in arms. He is often confounded with Hernando del Pulgar, historian and secretary to Queen Isabella.—See note to Pulgar's *Chron. of the Catholic Sovereigns*, part iii., c. 3, edit. Valencia, 1780.

and keep guard, while, followed by the rest, and still guided by the renegade, he continued up the drain or channel of the Darro, which passes under a part of the city, and was thus enabled to make his way undiscovered into the streets. All was dark and silent. At the command of Pulgar, the renegade led him to the principal mosque. Here the cavalier, pious as brave, threw himself on his knees, and drawing forth a parchment scroll on which was inscribed in large letters AVE MARIA, nailed it to the door of the mosque, thus converting the heathen edifice into a Christian chapel and dedicating it to the blessed Virgin. This done, he hastened to the Alcaiceria to set it in a blaze. The combustibles were all placed, but Tristan de Montemayor, who had charge of the firebrand, had carelessly left it at the door of the mosque. It was too late to return there. Pulgar was endeavoring to strike fire with flint and steel into the ravelled end of a cord, when he was startled by the approach of the Moorish guard going the rounds. His hand was on his sword in an instant. Seconded by his brave companions, he assailed the astonished Moors and put them to flight. In a little while the whole city resounded with alarms, soldiers were hurrying through the streets in every direction; but Pulgar, guided

by the renegade, made good his retreat by the channel of the Darro, to his companions at the bridge, and all mounting their horses, spurred back to the camp. The Moors were at a loss to imagine the meaning of this wild and apparently fruitless assault; but great was their exasperation, on the following day, when the trophy of hardihood and prowess, the "AVE MARIA," was discovered thus elevated in bravado in the very centre of the city. The mosque thus boldly sanctified by Hernando del Pulgar was actually consecrated into a cathedral after the capture of Granada.

CHAPTER XLVII.

How Queen Isabella Took a View of the City of Granada—and How her Curiosity Cost the Lives of Many Christians and Moors.

THE royal encampment lay so distant from Granada, that the general aspect of the city only could be seen, as it rose gracefully from the Vega, covering the sides of the hills with palaces and towers. Queen Isabella had expressed an earnest desire to behold, nearer at hand, a city whose beauty was so renowned throughout the world; and the Marques of Cadiz, with his accustomed courtesy, prepared a great military escort and guard, to protect her and the ladies of the Court, while they enjoyed this perilous gratification.

On the morning of June the 18th, a magnificent and powerful train issued from the Christian camp. The advance guard was composed of legions of cavalry, heavily armed, looking like moving masses of polished steel. Then came the King and Queen, with the Prince and

Princesses, and the ladies of the Court, surrounded by the royal body-guard, sumptuously arrayed, composed of the sons of the most illustrious houses of Spain; after these was the rear-guard, a powerful force of horse and foot, for the flower of the army sallied forth that day. The Moors gazed with fearful admiration at this glorious pageant, wherein the pomp of the Court was mingled with the terrors of the camp. It moved along in radiant line, across the Vega, to the melodious thunders of martial music; while banner and plume, and silken scarf, and rich brocade, gave a gay and gorgeous relief to the grim visages of iron war that lurked beneath.

The army moved towards the hamlet of Zubia, built on the skirts of the mountain to the left of Granada, and commanding a view of the Alhambra, and the most beautiful quarter of the city. As they approached the hamlet, the Marques of Villena, the Count Ureña, and Don Alonzo de Aguilar filed off with their battalions, and were soon seen glittering along the side of the mountain above the village. In the meantime the Marques of Cadiz, the Count de Tendilla, the Count de Cabra, and Don Alonzo Fernandez, Senior of Alcaudrete and Montemayor, drew up their forces in battle array on the plain below the hamlet, pre-

senting a living barrier of loyal chivalry between the sovereigns and the city.

Thus securely guarded, the royal party alighted, and, entering one of the houses of the hamlet, which had been prepared for their reception, enjoyed a full view of the city from its terraced roof. The ladies of the Court gazed with delight at the red towers of the Alhambra, rising from amid shady groves, anticipating the time when the Catholic sovereigns should be enthroned within its walls, and its courts shine with the splendor of Spanish chivalry. "The reverend prelates and holy friars, who always surrounded the Queen, looked with serene satisfaction," says Fray Antonio Agapida, "at this modern Babylon, enjoying the triumph that awaited them, when those mosques and minarets should be converted into churches, and goodly priests and bishops should succeed to the infidel *alfaquis*."

When the Moors beheld the Christians thus drawn forth in full array in the plain, they supposed it was to offer battle, and hesitated not to accept it. In a little while the Queen beheld a body of Moorish cavalry pouring into the Vega, the riders managing their fleet and fiery steeds with admirable address. They were richly armed, and clothed in the most

brilliant colors, and the caparisons of their steeds flamed with gold and embroidery. This was the favorite squadron of Muza, composed of the flower of the youthful cavaliers of Granada. Others succeeded, some heavily armed, others *à la gineta*, with lance and buckler; and lastly came the legions of foot-soldiers, with arquebuse and cross-bow, and spear and cimeter.

When the Queen saw this army issuing from the city, she sent to the Marques of Cadiz, and forbade any attack upon the enemy, or the acceptance of any challenge to a skirmish; for she was loath that her curiosity should cost the life of a single human being.

The Marques promised to obey, though sorely against his will; and it grieved the spirit of the Spanish cavaliers to be obliged to remain with sheathed swords while bearded by the foe. The Moors could not comprehend the meaning of this inaction of the Christians after having apparently invited a battle. They sallied several times from their ranks, and approached near enough to discharge their arrows; but the Christians were immovable. Many of the Moorish horsemen galloped close to the Christian ranks, brandishing their lances and cimeters, and defying various cavaliers to single combat; but Ferdinand had rigorously

prohibited all duels of this kind, and they dared not transgress his orders under his very eye.

Here, however, the worthy Fray Antonio Agapida, in his enthusiasm for the triumphs of the faith, records the following incident, which we fear is not sustained by any grave chronicler of the times, but rests merely on tradition, or the authority of certain poets and dramatic writers, who have perpetuated the tradition in their works. While this grim and reluctant tranquillity prevailed along the Christian lines, says Agapida, there rose a mingled shout and sound of laughter near the gate of the city. A Moorish horseman, armed at all points, issued forth, followed by a rabble, who drew back as he approached the scene of danger. The Moor was more robust and brawny than was common with his countrymen. His visor was closed; he bore a huge buckler and a ponderous lance; his cimeter was of a Damascus blade, and his richly ornamented dagger was wrought by an artificer of Fez. He was known by his device to be Tarfe, the most insolent, yet valiant, of the Moslem warriors—the same who had hurled into the royal camp his lance, inscribed to the Queen. As he rode slowly along in front of the army, his very steed, prancing with fiery

eye and distended nostrils, seemed to breathe defiance to the Christians.

But what were the feelings of the Spanish cavaliers, when they beheld, tied to the tail of his steed, and dragged in the dust, the very inscription, "AVE MARIA," which Hernando Perez de Pulgar had affixed to the door of the mosque! A burst of horror and indignation burst forth from the army. Hernando was not at hand, to maintain his previous achievement; but one of his young companions-in-arms, Garcilasso de la Vega by name, putting spurs to his horse, galloped to the hamlet of Zubia, threw himself on his knees before the King, and besought permission to accept the defiance of this insolent infidel, and to revenge the insult offered to our blessed Lady. The request was too pious to be refused: Garcilasso remounted his steed, closed his helmet graced by four sable plumes, grasped his buckler of Flemish workmanship and his lance of matchless temper, and defied the haughty Moor in the midst of his career. A combat took place, in view of the two armies and of the Castilian Court. The Moor was powerful in wielding his weapons, and dexterous in managing his steed. He was of larger frame than Garcilasso, and more completely armed; and the Christians trembled for their champion. The shock of their

encounter was dreadful; their lances were shivered, and sent up splinters in the air. Garcilasso was thrown back in his saddle—his horse made a wide career before he could recover, gather up the reins, and return to the conflict. They now encountered each other with swords. The Moor circled round his opponent, as a hawk circles whereabout to make a swoop; his steed obeyed his rider with matchless quickness; at every attack of the infidel, it seemed as if the Christian knight must sink beneath his flashing cimeter. But if Garcilasso was inferior to him in power, he was superior in agility; many of his blows he parried; others he received upon his Flemish shield, which was proof against the Damascus blade. The blood streamed from numerous wounds received by either warrior. The Moor, seeing his antagonist exhausted, availed himself of his superior force, and, grappling, endeavored to wrest him from his saddle. They both fell to earth; the Moor placed his knee upon the breast of his victim, and, brandishing his dagger, aimed a blow at his throat. A cry of despair was uttered by the Christian warriors, when suddenly they beheld the Moor rolling lifeless in the dust. Garcilasso had shortened his sword, and, as his adversary raised his arm to strike, had pierced him to

the heart. "It was a singular and miraculous victory," says Fray Antonio Agapida; "but the Christian knight was armed by the sacred nature of his cause, and the Holy Virgin gave him strength, like another David, to slay this gigantic champion of the Gentiles."

The laws of chivalry were observed throughout the combat—no one interfered on either side. Garcilasso now despoiled his adversary; then, rescuing the holy inscription of "AVE MARIA" from its degrading situation, he elevated it on the point of his sword, and bore it off as a signal of triumph, amidst the rapturous shouts of the Christian army.*

The sun had now reached the meridian; and the hot blood of the Moors was inflamed by its rays, and by the sight of the defeat of their champion. Muza ordered two pieces of ordnance to open fire upon the Christians. A confusion was produced in one part of their ranks: Muza called to the chiefs of the army: "Let us waste no more time in empty challenges—let us charge upon the enemy: he who assaults has always an advantage in the combat." So saying, he rushed forward, followed

* The above incident has been commemorated in old Spanish ballads, and made the subject of a scene in an old Spanish drama, ascribed by some to Lope de Vega.

by a large body of horse and foot, and charged so furiously upon the advance guard of the Christians, that he drove it in upon the battalion of the Marques of Cadiz.

The gallant Marques now considered himself absolved from all further obedience to the Queen's commands. He gave the signal to attack. "Santiago!" was shouted along the line; and he pressed forward to the encounter, with his battalion of twelve hundred lances. The other cavaliers followed his example, and the battle instantly became general.

When the King and Queen beheld the armies thus rushing to the combat, they threw themselves on their knees, and implored the Holy Virgin to protect her faithful warriors. The Prince and Princess, the ladies of the Court, and the prelates and friars who were present, did the same; and the effect of the prayers of these illustrious and saintly persons was immediately apparent. The fierceness with which the Moors had rushed to the attack was suddenly cooled; they were bold and adroit for a skirmish, but unequal to the veteran Spaniards in the open field. A panic seized upon the foot-soldiers — they turned, and took to flight. Muza and his cavaliers in vain endeavored to rally them. Some took refuge in

the mountains; but the greater part fled to the city, in such confusion that they overturned and trampled upon each other. The Christians pursued them to the very gates. Upwards of two thousand were either killed, wounded, or taken prisoners; and the two pieces of ordnance were brought off as trophies of the victory. Not a Christian lance but was bathed that day in the blood of an infidel. *

Such was the brief but bloody action, which was known among the Christian warriors by the name of "the Queen's skirmish"; for when the Marques of Cadiz waited upon her Majesty to apologize for breaking her commands, he attributed the victory entirely to her presence. The Queen, however, insisted that it was all owing to her troops being led on by so valiant a commander. Her Majesty had not yet recovered from her agitation at beholding so terrible a scene of bloodshed, though certain veterans present pronounced it as gay and gentle a skirmish as they had ever witnessed.

The gayety of this gentle pass at arms, however, was somewhat marred by a rough reverse

* *Cura de los Palacios*, c. 101. Zurita, lib. xx., c. 88.

in the evening. Certain of the Christian cavaliers, among whom were the Count de Ureña, Don Alonzo Aguilar, his brother Gonsalvo of Cordova, Diego Castrillo, Commander of Calatrava, and others to the number of fifty, remained in ambush near Armilla, expecting the Moors would sally forth at night to visit the scene of battle and to bury their dead. They were discovered by a Moor, who had climbed an elm-tree to reconnoitre, and hastened into the city to give notice of their ambush. Scarce had night fallen when the cavaliers found themselves surrounded by a host which in the darkness seemed innumerable. The Moors attacked them with sanguinary fury, to revenge the disgrace of the morning. The cavaliers fought to every disadvantage, overwhelmed by numbers, ignorant of the ground, perplexed by thickets and by the water-courses of the gardens, the sluices of which were all thrown open. Even retreat was difficult. The Count de Ureña was surrounded and in imminent peril, from which he was saved by two of his faithful followers at the sacrifice of their lives. Several cavaliers lost their horses, and were themselves put to death in the water-courses. Gonsalvo of Cordova came near having his own illustrious career cut short in this obscure skirmish. He had fallen into a water-course,

whence he extricated himself, covered with mud, and so encumbered with his armor, that he could not retreat. Inigo de Mendoza, a relative of his brother Alonzo, seeing his peril, offered him his horse: "Take, it Señor," said he, "for you cannot save yourself on foot, and I can: but should I fall, take care of my wife and daughters."

Gonsalvo accepted the devoted offer, mounted the horse, and had made but few paces, when a lamentable cry caused him to turn his head, and he beheld the faithful Mendoza transfixed by Moorish lances. The four principal cavaliers already named, with several of their followers, effected their retreat and reached the camp in safety; but this nocturnal reverse obscured the morning's triumph. Gonsalvo remembered the last words of the devoted Mendoza, and bestowed a pension on his widow and marriage portions on his daughters.*

To commemorate the victory of which she had been an eye-witness, Queen Isabella afterwards erected a monastery in the village of

* The account of this nocturnal affair is from Peter Martyr, lib. iv., *epist.* 90, and Pulgar, *Hazanas del Gran. Capitan*, p. 188, as cited by Alcantara, *Hist. Granada*, tom. iv., c. 18.

Zubia, dedicated to St. Francisco, which still exists, and in its garden is a laurel planted by her hands.*

* The house whence the King and Queen contemplated the battle is likewise to be seen at the present day. It is the first street to the right on entering the village from the Vega; and the royal arms are painted on the ceilings. It is inhabited by a worthy farmer, Francisco Garcia, who, in showing the house to the writer, refused all compensation, with true Spanish pride; offering, on the contrary, the hospitalities of his mansion. His children are versed in the old Spanish ballads, about the exploits of Hernando Perez del Pulgar and Garcilasso de la Vega.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

The Last Ravage before Granada.

THE ravages of war had as yet spared a little portion of the Vega of Granada. A green belt of gardens and orchards still flourished round the city, extending along the banks of the Xenil and the Darro. They had been the solace and delight of the inhabitants in their happier days, and contributed to their sustenance in this time of scarcity. Ferdinand determined to make a final and exterminating ravage to the very walls of the city, so that there should not remain a single green thing for the sustenance of man or beast. The 8th of July was the day appointed for this act of desolation. Boabdil was informed by his spies of the intention of the Christian King, and prepared to make a desperate defence. Hernando de Baeza, a Christian, who resided with the royal family in the Alhambra

Santiago Appearing in a Battle between the Moors and Christians.

as interpreter, gives in a manuscript memoir an account of the parting of Boabdil from his family as he went forth to battle. At an early hour of the appointed day, the 8th of July, he bathed and perfumed himself as the Moors of high rank were accustomed to do when they went forth to peril their lives. Arrayed in complete armor he took leave of his mother, his wife, and his sister, in the ante-chamber of the tower of Comares. Ayxa la Horra, with her usual dignity, bestowed on him her benediction, and gave him her hand to kiss. It was a harder parting with his son and his daughter, who hung round him with sobs and tears; the *dueñas* and *doncellas* too, of the royal household, made the halls of the Alhambra resound with their lamentations. He then mounted his horse and put himself in front of his squadrons.*

The Christian army approached close to the city, and were laying waste the gardens and orchards, when Boabdil sallied forth, surrounded by all that was left of the flower and chivalry of Granada. There is one place where even the coward becomes brave—that sacred spot called home. What then must have been the valor of the Moors, a people

* Hernando de Baeza, as cited by Alcantara, *Hist. Granada*, tom. iv., c. 18.

always of chivalrous spirit, when the war was thus brought to their thresholds! They fought among the scenes of their loves and pleasures, the scenes of their infancy, and the haunts of their domestic life. They fought under the eyes of their wives and children, their old men and their maidens, of all that was helpless and all that was dear to them; for all Granada, crowded on tower and battlement, watched with trembling heart the fate of this eventful day.

There was not so much one battle, as a variety of battles; every garden and orchard became a scene of deadly contest; every inch of ground was disputed, with an agony of grief and valor, by the Moors; every inch of ground that the Christians advanced, they valiantly maintained; but never did they advance with severer fighting, or greater loss of blood.

The cavalry of Muza was in every part of the field; wherever it came, it gave fresh ardor to the fight. The Moorish soldier, fainting with heat, fatigue, and wounds, was roused to new life at the approach of Muza; and even he who lay gasping in the agonies of death, turned his face towards him, and faintly uttered cheers and blessings as he passed.

The Christians had by this time gained pos-

session of various towers near the city, whence they had been annoyed by cross-bows and arquebuses. The Moors, scattered in various actions, were severely pressed. Boabdil, at the head of the cavaliers of his guard, mingling in the fight in various parts of the field, endeavored to inspirit the foot-soldiers to the combat. But the Moorish infantry was never to be depended upon. In the heat of the action, a panic seized upon them; they fled, leaving their sovereign exposed with his handful of cavaliers to an overwhelming force. Boabdil was on the point of falling into the hands of the Christians, when, wheeling round, he and his followers threw the reins on the necks of their steeds, and took refuge by dint of hoof within the walls of the city.*

Muza endeavored to retrieve the fortune of the field. He threw himself before the retreating infantry, calling upon them to turn and fight for their homes, their families, for everything sacred and dear to them. All in vain; totally broken and dismayed, they fled tumultuously for the gates. Muza would fain have kept the field with his cavalry; but this devoted band, having stood the brunt of war throughout this desperate campaign, was fearfully reduced in numbers, and many of the survivors

* Zurita, lib. xx., c. 88.

were crippled and enfeebled by their wounds. Slowly and reluctantly, therefore, he retreated to the city, his bosom swelling with indignation and despair. Entering the gates, he ordered them to be closed, and secured with bolts and bars; for he refused to place any further confidence in the archers and arquebusiers stationed to defend them, and vowed never more to sally with foot-soldiers to the field.

In the meantime the artillery thundered from the walls, and checked all further advance of the Christians. King Ferdinand, therefore, called off his troops, and returned in triumph to the ruins of his camp, leaving the beautiful city of Granada wrapped in the smoke of her fields and gardens, and surrounded by the bodies of her slaughtered children.

Such was the last sally of the Moors, in defence of their favorite city. The French ambassador, who witnessed it, was filled with wonder at the prowess, the dexterity, and daring of the Moslems.

In truth, this whole war was an instance, memorable in history, of the most persevering resolution. For nearly ten years had the war endured—an almost uninterrupted series of disasters to the Moorish arms. Their towns had been taken, one after another, and their

brethren slain or led into captivity. Yet they disputed every city and town, and fortress and castle, nay every rock itself, as if they had been inspirited by victories. Wherever they could plant foot to fight, or find wall or cliff whence to launch an arrow, they disputed their beloved country; and now, when their capital was cut off from all relief, and a whole nation thundered at its gates, they still maintained defence, as if they hoped some miracle to interpose in their behalf. Their obstinate resistance (says an ancient chronicler) shows the grief with which they yielded up the Vega, which was to them a paradise and heaven. Exerting all the strength of their arms, they embraced, as it were, that most beloved soil, from which neither wounds, nor defeats, nor death itself, could part them. They stood firm, battling for it with the united force of love and grief, never drawing back the foot while they had hands to fight, or fortune to befriend them.*

* Abarca, *Reyes de Aragon*, rey xxx., c. 3.

CHAPTER XLIX.

Conflagration of the Christian Camp—Building of Santa Fé.

THE Moors now shut themselves up gloomily within their walls; there were no longer any daring sallies from their gates; and even the martial clangor of the drum and trumpet, which had continually resounded within that warrior city, was now seldom heard from its battlements. In the midst of this deep despondency, a signal disaster in the Christian camp for a moment lit up a ray of hope in the bosom of the Moors.

The setting sun of a hot summer's day, on the 10th of July, shone splendidly upon the Christian camp, which was in a bustle of preparation for the next day's service, when an attack was meditated on the city. The camp made a glorious appearance. The various tents of the royal family and the attendant

nobles were adorned with rich hangings, and sumptuous devices, and costly furniture; forming, as it were, a little city of silk and brocade, where the pinnacles of pavilions of various gay colors, surmounted with waving standards and fluttering pennons, might vie with the domes and minarets of the capital they were besieging.

In the midst of this little gaudy metropolis, the lofty tent of the Queen domineered over the rest like a stately palace. The Marques of Cadiz had courteously surrendered his own tent to the Queen. It was the most complete and sumptuous in Christendom, and had been carried about with him throughout the war. In the centre rose a stately *alfaneque* or pavilion, in Oriental taste, the rich hangings being supported by columns of lances, and ornamented with martial devices. This central pavilion, or silken tower, was surrounded by other compartments, some of painted linen lined with silk, and all separated from each other by curtains. It was one of those camp palaces which are raised and demolished in an instant, like the city of canvas which surrounds them.

As the evening advanced, the bustle in the camp subsided. Every one sought repose, preparatory to the next day's trial. The King

retired early, that he might be up with the crowing of the cock, to head the destroying army in person. All stir of military preparation was hushed in the royal quarters; the very sound of minstrelsy was mute, and not the tinkling of a guitar was to be heard from the tents of the fair ladies of the Court.

The Queen had retired to the innermost part of her pavilion, where she was performing her orisons before a private altar; perhaps the peril to which the King might be exposed in the next day's foray inspired her with more than usual devotion. While thus at her prayers, she was suddenly aroused by a glare of light, and wreaths of suffocating smoke. In an instant, the whole tent was in a blaze; there was a high gusty wind, which whirled the light flames from tent to tent, and wrapped the whole in one conflagration.

Isabella had barely time to save herself by instant flight. Her first thought, on being extricated from her tent, was for the safety of the King. She rushed to his tent, but the vigilant Ferdinand was already at the entrance of it. Starting from bed on the first alarm, and fancying it an assault of the enemy, he had seized his sword and buckler, and sallied forth undressed, with his cuirass upon his arm.

The late gorgeous camp was now a scene of wild confusion. The flames kept spreading from one pavilion to another, glaring upon the rich armor, and golden and silver vessels, which seemed melting in the fervent heat. Many of the soldiers had erected booths and bowers of branches, which, being dry, crackled and blazed, and added to the rapid conflagration. The ladies of the Court fled, shrieking and half-dressed, from their tents. There was an alarm of drum and trumpet, and a distracted hurry about the camp of men half-armed. The Prince Juan had been snatched out of bed by an attendant and conveyed to the quarters of the Count de Cabra, which were at the entrance of the camp. The loyal Count immediately summoned his people, and those of his cousin Don Alonzo de Montemayor, and formed a guard round the tent in which the Prince was sheltered.

The idea that this was a stratagem of the Moors soon subsided; but it was feared they might take advantage of it to assault the camp. The Marques of Cadiz, therefore, sallied forth with three thousand horse, to check any advance from the city. As they passed along, the whole camp was a scene of hurry and consternation—some hastening to their posts, at the call of drum and trumpet;

some attempting to save rich effects and glittering armor from their tents, others dragging along terrified and restive horses.

When they emerged from the camp, they found the whole firmament illuminated. The flames whirled up in long light spires, and the air was filled with sparks and cinders. A bright glare was thrown upon the city, revealing every battlement and tower. Turbaned heads were seen gazing from every roof, and armor gleamed along the walls; yet not a single warrior sallied from the gates: the Moors suspected some stratagem on the part of the Christians, and kept quietly within their walls. By degrees, the flames expired; the city faded from sight; all again became dark and quiet, and the Marques of Cadiz returned with his cavalry to the camp.

When the day dawned on the Christian camp, nothing remained of that beautiful assemblage of stately pavilions, but heaps of smouldering rubbish, with helms and corselets and other furniture of war, and masses of melted gold and silver glittering among the ashes. The wardrobe of the Queen was entirely destroyed, and there was an immense loss in plate, jewels, costly stuffs, and sumptuous armor of the luxurious nobles. The fire at first had been attributed to treachery, but

on investigation it proved to be entirely accidental. The Queen, on retiring to her prayers, had ordered her lady in attendance to remove a light burning near her couch, lest it should prevent her sleeping. Through heedlessness, the taper was placed in another part of the tent, near the hangings, which, being blown against it by a gust of wind, immediately took fire.

The wary Ferdinand knew the sanguine temperament of the Moors, and hastened to prevent their deriving confidence from the night's disaster. At break of day, the drums and trumpets sounded to arms, and the Christian army issued forth from among the smoking ruins of their camp, in shining squadrons, with flaunting banners and bursts of martial melody, as though the preceding night had been a time of high festivity, instead of terror.

The Moors had beheld the conflagration with wonder and perplexity. When the day broke, and they looked towards the Christian camp, they saw nothing but a dark, smoking mass. Their scouts came in with the joyful intelligence that the whole camp was a scene of ruin. In the exultation of the moment, they flattered themselves with the hopes that the catastrophe would discourage the besiegers; that as in former years, their invasion would

end with the summer and they would withdraw before the autumnal rains.

The measures of Ferdinand and Isabella, soon crushed their hopes. They gave orders to build a regular city upon the site of their camp, to convince the Moors that the siege was to endure until the surrender of Granada. Nine of the principal cities of Spain were charged with this stupendous undertaking; and they emulated each other with a zeal worthy of the cause. "It verily seems," says Fray Antonio Agapida, "as though some miracle operated to aid this pious work, so rapidly did arise a formidable city, with solid edifices, and powerful walls, and mighty towers, where lately had been seen nothing but tents and light pavilions. The city was traversed by two principal streets in the form of a cross, terminating in four gates facing the four winds; and in the centre was a vast square, where the whole army might be assembled." To this city it was proposed to give the name of Isabella, so dear to the army and the nation; "but that pious princess," adds Fray Antonio Agapida, "calling to mind the holy cause in which it was erected, gave it the name of Santa Fé (or the City of the Holy Faith); and it remains to this day, a monument of the piety and glory of the Catholic sovereigns."

Hither the merchants soon resorted, from all points. Long trains of mules were seen every day entering and departing from its gates; the streets were crowded with magazines, filled with all kinds of costly and luxurious merchandise; a scene of bustling commerce and prosperity took place, while unhappy Granada remained shut up and desolate.

CHAPTER L.

Famine and Discord in the City.

THE besieged city now began to suffer the distress of famine. Its supplies were all cut off; a *cavalgada* of flocks and herds, and mules laden with money, coming to the relief of the city from the mountains of the Alpuxarras, was taken by the Marques of Cadiz, and led in triumph to the camp, in sight of the suffering Moors. Autumn arrived; but the harvests had been swept from the face of the country; a rigorous winter was approaching, and the city was almost destitute of provisions. The people sank into deep despondency. They called to mind all that had been predicted by astrologers at the birth of their ill-starred sovereign, and all that had been foretold of the fate of Granada at the time of the capture of Zahara.

Boabdil was alarmed by the gathering dangers from without, and by the clamors of his starving people. He summoned a council,

composed of the principal officers of the army, the *alcaydes* of the fortresses, the *xequis* or sages of the city, and the *alfaquis* or doctors of the faith. They assembled in the great hall of audience of the Alhambra, and despair was painted in their countenances. Boabdil demanded of them what was to be done in the present extremity; and their answer was, "Surrender." The venerable Abul Cazim, governor of the city, represented its unhappy state: "Our granaries are nearly exhausted, and no further supplies are to be expected. The provender for the war-horses is required as sustenance for the soldiery; the very horses themselves are killed for food; of seven thousand steeds which once could be sent into the field, three hundred only remain. Our city contains two hundred thousand inhabitants, old and young, with each a mouth that calls piteously for bread."

The *xequis* and principal citizens declared that the people could no longer sustain the labors and sufferings of a defence: "And of what avail is our defence," said they, "when the enemy is determined to persist in the siege? — what alternative remains, but to surrender or to die?'

The heart of Boabdil was touched by this appeal, and he maintained a gloomy silence.

He had cherished some faint hope of relief from the Soldan of Egypt or the Barbary powers, but it was now at an end; even if such assistance were to be sent, he had no longer a seaport where it might debark. The counsellors saw that the resolution of the King was shaken, and they united their voices in urging him to capitulate.

Muza alone rose in opposition: "It is yet too early," said he, "to talk of a surrender. Our means are not exhausted; we have yet one source of strength remaining, terrible in its effects, and which often has achieved the most signal victories — it is our despair. Let us rouse the mass of the people; let us put weapons in their hands; let us fight the enemy to the very utmost, until we rush upon the points of their lances. I am ready to lead the way into the thickest of their squadrons; and much rather would I be numbered among those who fell in the defence of Granada, than of those who survived to capitulate for her surrender!"

The words of Muza were without effect, for they were addressed to broken-spirited and heartless men, or, perhaps, to whom sad experience had taught discretion. They were arrived at that state of public depression, when heroes and heroism are no longer regarded, and

when old men and their counsels rise into importance. Boabdil el Chico yielded to the general voice; it was determined to capitulate to the Christian sovereigns; and the venerable Abul Cazim was sent forth to the camp, empowered to treat for terms.

CHAPTER LI.

Capitulation of Granada.

THE old governor Abul Cazim was received with great courtesy by Ferdinand and Isabella, who, being informed of the purport of his embassy, granted the besieged a truce of sixty days from the 5th of October, and appointed Gonsalvo of Cordova, and Fernando de Zafra, the secretary of the King, to treat about the terms of surrender with such commissioners as might be named by Boabdil. The latter on his part named Abul Cazim, Aben Comixa the vizier, and the Grand Cadi. As a pledge of good faith, Boabdil gave his son in hostage, who was taken to Moclin, where he was treated with the greatest respect and attention by the good Count de Tendilla, as general of the frontier.

The commissioners on both parts held repeated conferences in secret in the dead of the

night, at the village of Churriana—those who first arrived at the place of meeting giving notice to the others by signal-fires, or by means of spies. After many debates and much difficulty, the capitulation was signed on the 25th of November. According to this, the city was to be delivered up, with all its gates, towers, and fortresses, within sixty days.

All Christian captives should be liberated, without ransom.

Boabdil and his principal cavaliers should perform the act of homage, and take an oath of fealty to the Castilian crown.

The Moors of Granada should become subjects of the Spanish sovereigns, retaining their possessions, their arms and horses, and yielding up nothing but their artillery. They should be protected in the exercise of their religion, and governed by their own laws, administered by *cadis* of their own faith, under governors appointed by the sovereigns. They should be exempted from tribute for three years, after which term they should pay the same they had been accustomed to render to their native monarchs.

Those who chose to depart for Africa within three years should be provided with a passage for themselves and their effects, free of charge, from whatever port they should prefer.

For the fulfilment of these articles, five hundred hostages from the principal families were required, previous to the surrender, who should be treated with great respect and distinction by the Christians, and subsequently restored. The son of the King of Granada, and all other hostages in possession of the Castilian sovereigns, were to be restored at the same time.

Such are the main articles affecting the public weal, which were agreed upon after much discussion by the mixed commission. There were other articles, however, secretly arranged, which concerned the royal family. These secured to Boabdil, to his wife Morayma, his mother Ayxa, his brothers, and to Zoraya, the widow of Muley Abul Hassan, all the landed possessions, houses, mills, baths, and other hereditaments which formed the royal patrimony, with the power of selling them personally or by agent, at any and all times. To Boabdil was secured, moreover, his wealthy estates, both in and out of Granada, and to him and his descendants in perpetuity, the lordship of various towns and lands and fertile valleys in the Alpuxarras, forming a petty sovereignty. In addition to all which it was stipulated, that, on the day of surrender, he should receive thirty thousand *castellanos* of gold.*

* Alcantara, tom. iv., cap. 18.

The conditions of the surrender being finally agreed upon by the commissioners, Abul Cazim proceeded to the royal camp at Santa Fé where they were signed by Ferdinand and Isabella; he then returned to Granada, accompanied by Fernando de Zafra, the royal secretary, to have the same ratified also by the Moorish king. Boabdil assembled his council, and with a dejected countenance laid before it the articles of capitulation as the best that could be obtained from the besieging foe.

When the members of the council found the awful moment arrived when they were to sign and seal the perdition of their empire, and blot themselves out as a nation, all firmness deserted them, and many gave way to tears. Muza alone retained an unaltered mien: "Leave, Señors," cried he, "this idle lamentation to helpless women and children: we are men—we have hearts, not to shed tender tears, but drops of blood. I see the spirit of the people so cast down, that it is impossible to save the kingdom. Yet there still remains an alternative for noble minds—a glorious death! Let us die defending our liberty, and avenging the woes of Granada. Our mother earth will receive her children into her bosom, safe from the chains and oppressions of the conqueror; or, should any fail a sepulchre to hide his remains,

he will not want a sky to cover him. Allah forbid it should be said the nobles of Granada feared to die in her defence!"

Muza ceased to speak, and a dead silence reigned in the assembly. Boabdil looked anxiously round, and scanned every face; but he read in all the anxiety of care-worn men, in whose hearts enthusiasm was dead, and who had grown callous to every chivalrous appeal. "Allah Achbar!" exclaimed he; "there is no God but God, and Mahomet is his prophet! We have no longer forces in the city and the kingdom to resist our powerful enemies. It is in vain to struggle against the will of Heaven. Too surely was it written in the book of fate, that I should be unfortunate, and the kingdom expire under my rule."

"Allah Achbar!" echoed the viziers and *alfaquis;* "the will of God be done!" So they all agreed with the King, that these evils were pre-ordained; that it was hopeless to contend with them; and that the terms offered by the Castilian monarchs were as favorable as could be expected.

When Muza heard them assent to the treaty of surrender, he rose in violent indignation: "Do not deceive yourselves," cried he, "nor think the Christians will be faithful to their promises, or their King as magnanimous in

conquest as he has been victorious in war. Death is the least we have to fear. It is the plundering and sacking of our city, the profanation of our mosques, the ruin of our homes, the violation of our wives and daughters, cruel oppression, bigoted intolerance, whips and chains, the dungeon, the fagot, and the stake—such are the miseries and indignities we shall see and suffer; at least, those grovelling souls will see and suffer them, who now shrink from an honorable death. For my part, by Allah, I will never witness them!"

With these words he left the council-chamber, and passed gloomily through the Court of Lions, and the outer halls of the Alhambra, without deigning to speak to the obsequious courtiers who attended in them. He repaired to his dwelling, armed himself at all points, mounted his favorite war-horse, and, issuing from the city by the gate of Elvira, was never seen or heard of more.*

* Conde, pt. iv.

CHAPTER LII.

Commotions in Granada.

THE capitulation for the surrender of Granada was signed on the 25th of November, 1491, and produced a sudden cessation of those hostilities which had raged for so many years. Christian and Moor might now be seen mingling courteously on the banks of the Xenil and the Darro, where to have met a few days previous would have produced a scene of sanguinary contest. Still, as the Moors might be suddenly roused to defence, if, within the allotted term of sixty days, succors should arrive from abroad; and as they were at all times a rash, inflammable people, the wary Ferdinand maintained a vigilant watch upon the city, and permitted no supplies of any kind to enter. His garrisons in the seaports, and his cruisers in the Straits of Gibraltar, were ordered likewise to guard against any relief from the Grand

Soldan of Egypt or the princes of Barbary. There was no need of such precautions. Those powers were either too much engrossed by their own wars, or too much daunted by the success of the Spanish arms, to interfere in a desperate cause; and the unfortunate Moors of Granada were abandoned to their fate.

The month of December had nearly passed away; the famine became extreme, and there was no hope of any favorable event within the term specified in the capitulation. Boabdil saw that to hold out to the end of the allotted time would but be to protract the miseries of his people. With the consent of his council, he determined to surrender the city on the sixth of January. He accordingly sent his Grand Vizier, Yusef Aben Comixa, to King Ferdinand, to make known his intention; bearing him, at the same time, a present of a magnificent cimeter, and two Arabian steeds superbly caparisoned.

The unfortunate Boabdil was doomed to meet with trouble, to the end of his career. The very next day, the *santon* or dervise, Hamet Aben Zarrax, the same who had uttered prophecies and excited commotion on former occasions, suddenly made his appearance. Whence he came no one knew; it was rumored that he had been in the mountains of the Alpuxarras,

and on the coast of Barbary, endeavoring to rouse the Moslems to the relief of Granada. He was reduced to a skeleton; his eyes glowed like coals in their sockets, and his speech was little better than frantic raving. He harangued the populace, in the streets and squares; inveighed against the capitulation, denounced the King and nobles as Moslems only in name, and called upon the people to sally forth against the unbelievers for that Allah had decreed them a signal victory.

Upwards of twenty thousand of the populace seized their arms, and paraded the streets with shouts and outcries. The shops and houses were shut up; the King himself did not dare to venture forth, but remained a kind of prisoner in the Alhambra.

The turbulent multitude continued roaming and shouting and howling about the city, during the day and a part of the night. Hunger, and a wintry tempest, tamed their frenzy; and when morning came, the enthusiast who had led them on had disappeared. Whether he had been disposed of by the emissaries of the King, or by the leading men of the city, is not known: his disappearance remains a mystery.*

Boabdil now issued forth from the Alhambra, attended by his principal nobles, and

* Mariana.

harangued the populace. He set forth the necessity of complying with the capitulation, from the famine that reigned in the city, the futility of defence, and from the hostages having already been delivered into the hands of the besiegers.

In the dejection of his spirits, the unfortunate Boabdil attributed to himself the miseries of the country. "It was my crime in ascending the throne in rebellion against my father," said he, mournfully, "which has brought these woes upon the kingdom; but Allah has grievously visited my sins upon my head. For your sake, my people, I have now made this treaty, to protect you from the sword, your little ones from famine, your wives and daughters from outrage; and to secure you in the enjoyment of your properties, your liberties, your laws, and your religion, under a sovereign of happier destinies than the ill-starred Boabdil."

The versatile population were touched by the humility of their sovereign—they agreed to adhere to the capitulation, and there was even a faint shout of "Long live Boabdil the Unfortunate!" and they all returned to their homes in perfect tranquillity.

Boabdil immediately sent missives to King Ferdinand, apprising him of these events, and

of his fears lest further delay should produce new tumults. The vizier, Yusef Aben Comixa, was again the agent between the monarchs. He was received with unusual courtesy and attention by Ferdinand and Isabella, and it was arranged between them that the surrender should take place on the second day of January instead of the sixth. A new difficulty now arose in regard to the ceremonial of surrender. The haughty Ayxa la Horra, whose pride rose with the decline of her fortunes, declared that, as Sultana Mother, she would never consent that her son should stoop to the humiliation of kissing the hand of his conquerors, and, unless this part of the ceremonial were modified, she would find means to resist a surrender accompanied by such indignities.

Aben Comixa was sorely troubled by this opposition. He knew the high spirit of the indomitable Ayxa, and her influence over her less heroic son, and wrote an urgent letter on the subject to his friend, the Count de Tendilla. The latter imparted the circumstance to the Christian sovereigns; a council was called on the matter. Spanish pride and etiquette were obliged to bend in some degree to the haughty spirit of a woman. It was agreed that Boabdil should sally forth on horseback, that on approaching the Spanish sovereigns he should

make a slight movement as if about to draw his foot from the stirrup and dismount, but would be prevented from doing so by Ferdinand, who should treat him with the respect due to his dignity and elevated birth. The Count de Tendilla despatched a messenger with this arrangement; and the haughty scruples of Ayxa la Horra were satisfied.*

* Salazar de Mendoza. *Chron. del Gran. Cardinal*, lib. i., c. 69, p. 1, Mondajar, *His.*, MS. as cited by Alcantara, tom. iv., c. 18.

CHAPTER LIII.

Surrender of Granada.

THE night preceding the surrender was a night of doleful lamentings within the walls of the Alhambra; for the household of Boabdil were preparing to take a last farewell of that delightful abode. All the royal treasures and most precious effects were hastily packed upon mules; the beautiful apartments were despoiled, with tears and wailings, by their own inhabitants. Before the dawn of day, a mournful cavalcade moved obscurely out of a postern-gate of the Alhambra, and departed through one of the most retired quarters of the city. It was composed of the family of the unfortunate Boabdil, which he sent off thus privately, that they might not be exposed to the eyes of scoffers, or the exultation of the enemy. The mother of Boabdil, the Sultana Ayxa la Horra, rode on in silence,

Death of "El Gran Capitan." From a Painting by M. Crespo, National Exhibition of Fine Arts, Madrid, 1884.

with dejected yet dignified demeanor; but his wife Morayma, and all the females of his household, gave way to loud lamentations, as they looked back upon their favorite abode, now a mass of gloomy towers behind them. They were attended by the ancient domestics of the household, and by a small guard of veteran Moors, loyally attached to the fallen monarch, and who would have sold their lives dearly in defence of his family. The city was yet buried in sleep, as they passed through its silent streets. The guards at the gate shed tears, as they opened it for their departure. They paused not, but proceeded along the banks of the Xenil on the road that leads to the Alpuxarras, until they arrived at a hamlet at some distance from the city, where they halted, and waited until they should be joined by King Boabdil.

The night which had passed so gloomily in the sumptuous halls of the Alhambra had been one of joyful anticipation in the Christian camp. In the evening proclamation had been made that Granada was to be surrendered on the following day, and the troops were all ordered to assemble at an early hour under their several banners. The cavaliers, pages, and esquires were all charged to array themselves in their richest and most splendid style for the occasion;

and even the royal family determined to lay by the mourning they had recently assumed for the sudden death of the Prince of Portugal, the husband of the Princess Isabella. In a clause of the capitulation it had been stipulated that the troops destined to take possession should not traverse the city, but should ascend to the Alhambra by a road opened for the purpose outside of the walls. This was to spare the feelings of the afflicted inhabitants, and to prevent any angry collision between them and their conquerors. So rigorous was Ferdinand in enforcing this precaution, that the soldiers were prohibited under pain of death from leaving the ranks to enter into the city.

The rising sun had scarce shed his rosy beams upon the snowy summits of the Sierra Nevada, when three signal guns boomed heavily from the lofty fortress of the Alhambra. It was the concerted sign that all was ready for the surrender. The Christian army forthwith poured out of the city, or rather camp, of Santa Fé, and advanced across the Vega. The King and Queen, with the Prince and Princess, the dignitaries and ladies of the Court, took the lead, accompanied by the different orders of monks and friars, and surrounded by the royal guards splendidly arrayed. The procession moved slowly forward, and paused at the vil-

lage of Armilla, at the distance of half a league from the city.

In the meantime the Grand Cardinal of Spain, Don Pedro Gonzalez de Mendoza, escorted by three thousand foot and a troop of cavalry, and accompanied by the commander Don Gutierrez de Cardenas and a number of prelates and *hidalgos*, crossed the Xenil and proceeded in the advance, to ascend to the Alhambra and take possession of that royal palace and fortress. The road which had been opened for the purpose led by the Puerta de los Molinos, or Gate of Mills, up a defile to the esplanade on the summit of the Hill of Martyrs. At the approach of this detachment, the Moorish king sallied forth from a postern gate of the Alhambra, having left his vizier, Yusef Aben Comixa, to deliver up the palace. The gate by which he sallied passed through a lofty tower of the outer wall, called the Tower of the Seven Floors (*de los siete suelos*). He was accompanied by fifty cavaliers, and approached the Grand Cardinal on foot. The latter immediately alighted, and advanced to meet him with the utmost respect. They stepped aside a few paces, and held a brief conversation in an undertone, when Boabdil, raising his voice, exclaimed: "Go, Señor, and take possession of those fortresses in the name of the powerful

sovereigns, to whom God has been pleased to deliver them in reward of their great merits and in punishment of the sins of the Moors." The Grand Cardinal sought to console him in his reverses, and offered him the use of his own tent during any time he might sojourn in the camp. Boabdil thanked him for the courteous offer, adding some words of melancholy import, and then, taking leave of him gracefully, passed mournfully on to meet the Catholic sovereigns, descending to the Vega by the same road by which the Cardinal had come. The latter, with the prelates and cavaliers who attended him, entered the Alhambra, the gates of which were thrown wide open by the Alcayde Aben Comixa. At the same time the Moorish guards yielded up their arms, and the towers and battlements were taken possession of by the Christian troops.

. While these transactions were passing in the Alhambra and its vicinity, the sovereigns remained with their retinue and guards near the village of Armilla, their eyes fixed on the towers of the royal fortress, watching for the appointed signal of possession. The time that had elapsed since the departure of the detachment seemed to them more than necessary for the purpose, and the anxious mind of Ferdinand began to entertain doubts of some com-

motion in the city. At length they saw the silver cross, the great standard of this crusade, elevated on the Torre de la Vela, or great Watch-Tower, and sparkling in the sunbeams. This was done by Hernando de Talavera, Bishop of Avila. Beside it was planted the pennon of the glorious apostle St. James, and a great shout of "Santiago! Santiago!" rose throughout the army. Lastly was reared the royal standard by the king-of-arms, with the shout of "Castile! Castile! For King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella!" The words were echoed by the whole army, with acclamations that resounded across the Vega. At sight of these signals of possession, the sovereigns sank upon their knees, giving thanks to God for this great triumph; the whole assembled host followed their example, and the choristers of the royal chapel broke forth into the solemn anthem of *Te Deum laudamus.*

The King now advanced with a splendid escort of cavalry and the sound of trumpets, until he came to a small mosque near the banks of the Xenil, and not far from the foot of the Hill of Martyrs, which edifice remains to the present day consecrated as the hermitage of St. Sebastian. Here he beheld the unfortunate King of Granada approaching on horseback, at the head of his slender retinue. Boabdil, as he

drew near made a movement to dismount, but, as had previously been concerted, Ferdinand prevented him. He then offered to kiss the King's hand, which, according to arrangement, was likewise declined, whereupon he leaned forward and kissed the King's right arm; at the same time he delivered the keys of the city with an air of mingled melancholy and resignation: "These keys," said he "are the last relics of the Arabian empire in Spain: thine, O King, are our trophies, our kingdom, and our person. Such is the will of God! Receive them with the clemency thou hast promised, and which we look for at thy hands." *

King Ferdinand restrained his exultation into an air of serene magnanimity. "Doubt not our promises," replied he, "nor that thou shalt regain from our friendship the prosperity of which the fortune of war has deprived thee."

Being informed that Don Inigo Lopez de Mendoza, the good Count of Tendilla, was to be governor of the city, Boabdil drew from his finger a gold ring set with a precious stone, and presented it to the Count. "With this ring," said he, "Granada has been governed;

* Abarca, *Anales de Aragon*, rey xxx., c. 3.

take it and govern with it, and God make you more fortunate than I." *

He then proceeded to the village of Armilla, where the Queen Isabella remained with her escort and attendants. The Queen, like her husband, declined all acts of homage, and received him with her accustomed grace and benignity. She at the same time delivered to him his son, who had been held as a hostage for the fulfilment of the capitulation. Boabdil pressed his child to his bosom with tender emotion, and they seemed mutually endeared to each other by their misfortunes. †

Having rejoined his family, the unfortunate Boabdil continued on towards the Alpuxarras, that he might not behold the entrance of the Christians into his capital. His devoted band of cavaliers followed him in gloomy silence; but heavy sighs burst from their bosoms, as shouts of joy and strains of triumphant music were borne on the breeze from the victorious army.

* This ring remained in the possession of the descendants of the Count until the death of the Marques Don Inigo, the last male heir, who died in Malaga without children, in 1656. The ring was then lost through inadvertence and ignorance of its value, Doña Maria, the sister of the Marques, being absent in Madrid. Alcantara, lib. iv., c. 18.

† Zurita, *Anales de Aragon*, lib. xx., c. 92.

Having rejoined his family, Boabdil set forward with a heavy heart for his allotted residence in the valley of Purchena. At two leagues' distance, the cavalcade, winding into the skirts of the Alpuxarras, ascended an eminence commanding the last view of Granada. As they arrived at this spot, the Moors paused involuntarily, to take a farewell gaze at their beloved city, which a few steps more would shut from their sight forever. Never had it appeared so lovely in their eyes. The sunshine, so bright in that transparent climate, lit up each tower and minaret, and rested gloriously upon the crowning battlements of the Alhambra; while the Vega spread its enamelled bosom of verdure below, glistening with the silver windings of the Xenil. The Moorish cavaliers gazed with a silent agony of tenderness and grief upon that delicious abode, the scene of their loves and pleasures. While they yet looked, a light cloud of smoke burst forth from the citadel, and presently a peal of artillery, faintly heard, told that the city was taken possession of, and the throne of the Moslem kings was lost forever. The heart of Boabdil, softened by misfortunes and overcharged with grief, could no longer contain itself: "Allah Achbar! God is Great!" said he; but the words of

resignation died upon his lips, and he burst into tears.

His mother, the intrepid Ayxa, was indignant at his weakness: "You do well," said she, "to weep like a woman for what you failed to defend like a man!"

The Vizier Aben Comixa endeavored to console his royal master. "Consider, Señor," said he, "that the most signal misfortunes often render men as renowned as the most prosperous achievements, provided they sustain them with magnanimity."

The unhappy monarch, however, was not to be consoled; his tears continued to flow. "Allah Achbar!" exclaimed he, "when did misfortunes ever equal mine?"

From this circumstance, the hill, which is not far from Padul, took the name of Feg Allah Achbar; but the point of view commanding the last prospect of Granada is known among Spaniards by the name of *El ultimo suspiro del Moro;* or, "The last sigh of the Moor."

CHAPTER LIV.

How the Castilian Sovereigns Took Possession of Granada.

QUEEN ISABELLA having joined the King, the royal pair, followed by a triumphant host, passed up the road by the Hill of Martyrs, and thence to the main entrance of the Alhambra. The Grand Cardinal awaited them under the lofty arch of the great gate of Justice, accompanied by Don Gutierrez de Cardenas and Aben Comixa. Here King Ferdinand gave the keys which had been delivered up to him into the hands of the Queen; they were passed successively into the hands of the Prince Juan, the Grand Cardinal, and finally into those of the Count de Tendilla, in whose custody they remained, that brave cavalier having been named Alcayde of the Alhambra, and Captain-General of Granada.

The sovereigns did not remain long in the Alhambra on this first visit, but leaving a

strong garrison there under the Count de Tendilla, to maintain tranquillity in the palace and the subjacent city, returned to the camp at Santa Fé.

We must not omit to mention a circumstance attending the surrender of the city, which spoke eloquently to the hearts of the victors. As the royal army had advanced in all the pomp of courtly and chivalrous array, a procession of a different kind came forth to meet it. This was composed of more than five hundred Christian captives, many of whom had languished for years in Moorish dungeons. Pale and emaciated, they came clanking their chains in triumph, and shedding tears of joy. They were received with tenderness by the sovereigns. The King hailed them as good Spaniards, as men loyal and brave, as martyrs to the holy cause; the Queen distributed liberal relief among them with her own hands, and they passed on before the squadrons of the army, singing hymns of jubilee.*

The sovereigns forbore to enter the city until it should be fully occupied by their troops, and public tranquillity insured. All this was done under the vigilant superintendence of the Count de Tendilla, assisted by the Marques of Villena; and the glistening of Christian helms

* Abarca, Zurita, etc., *supra*.

and lances along the walls and bulwarks, and the standards of the faith and of the realm flaunting from the towers, told that the subjugation of the city was complete. The proselyte Prince, Cid Hiaya, now known by the Christian appellation of Don Pedro de Granada Vanegas,* was appointed Chief Alguazil of the city, and had charge of the Moorish inhabitants; and his son, lately the Prince Alnayer, now Alonzo de Granada Vanegas, was appointed Admiral of the fleets.

It was on the 6th of January, the day of kings and festival of the Epiphany, that the sovereigns made their triumphal entry with grand military parade. First advanced, we are told, a splendid escort of cavaliers in burnished armor, and superbly mounted. Then followed the Prince Juan, glittering with jewels and diamonds; on each side of him, mounted on mules, rode the Grand Cardinal, clothed in purple, Fray Hernando de Talavera, Bishop of Arla, and the Archbishop-elect of Granada. To these succeeded the Queen and her ladies,

* Cid Hiaya was made cavalier of the order of Santiago. He and his son intermarried with the Spanish nobility, and the Marqueses of Compotejar are among their descendants. Their portraits, and the portraits of their grandsons, are to be seen in one of the rooms of the Generalife at Granada.

and the King, managing in galliard style, say the Spanish chronicles, a proud and mettlesome steed (*un caballo arrogante*). Then followed the army in shining columns, with flaunting banners and the inspiring clamor of military music. The King and Queen (says the worthy Fray Antonio Agapida) looked on this occasion, as more than mortal; the venerable ecclesiastics, to whose advice and zeal this glorious conquest ought in a great measure to be attributed, moved along with hearts swelling with holy exultation, but with chastened and downcast looks of edifying humility; while the hardy warriors, in tossing plumes and shining steel, seemed elevated with a stern joy at finding themselves in possession of this object of so many toils and perils. As the streets resounded with the tramp of steeds and swelling peals of music, the Moors buried themselves in the deepest recesses of their dwellings. There they bewailed in secret the fallen glory of their race, but suppressed their groans, lest they should be heard by their enemies and increase their triumph.

The royal procession advanced to the principal mosque, which had been consecrated as a cathedral. Here the sovereigns offered up prayers and thanksgivings, and the choir of the royal chapel chanted a triumphant anthem,

in which they were joined by all the courtiers and cavaliers. Nothing (says Fray Antonio Agapida) could exceed the thankfulness to God of the pious King Ferdinand, for having enabled him to eradicate from Spain the empire and name of that accursed heathen race, and for the elevation of the cross in that city wherein the impious doctrines of Mahomet had so long been cherished. In the fervor of his spirit, he supplicated from Heaven a continuance of its grace, and that this glorious triumph might be perpetuated.* The prayer of the pious monarch, was responded by the people, and even his enemies were for once convinced of his sincerity.

When the religious ceremonies were concluded, the Court ascended to the stately palace of the Alhambra, and entered by the great Gate of Justice. The halls lately occupied by turbaned infidels now rustled with stately dames and Christian courtiers, who wandered with eager curiosity over this far-famed palace, admiring its verdant courts and gushing fountains, its halls decorated with elegant arabesques and storied with inscriptions, and the splendor of its gilded and brilliantly painted ceilings.

* The words of Fray Antonio Agapida are little more than an echo of those of the worthy Jesuit father Mariana (lib. xxv., c. 18).

It had been a last request of the unfortunate Boabdil, and one which showed how deeply he felt the transition of his fate, that no person might be permitted to enter or depart by the gate of the Alhambra, through which he had sallied forth to surrender his capital. His request was granted; the portal was closed up, and remains so to the present day—a mute memorial of that event.*

The Spanish sovereigns fixed their throne in the presence chamber of the palace, so long

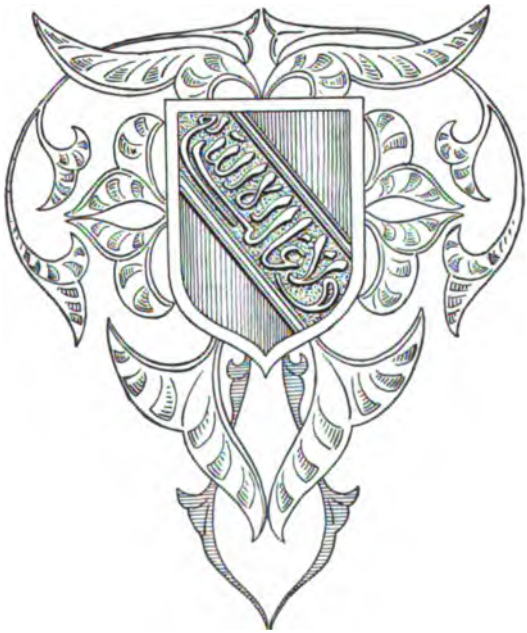
* Garibay, *Compend. Hist.*, lib. lx., c. 42. The existence of this gateway, and the story connected with it, are perhaps known to few; but were identified, in the researches made to verify this history. The gateway is at the bottom of a tower, at some distance from the main body of the Alhambra. The tower has been rent and ruined by gunpowder, at the time when the fortress was evacuated by the French. Great masses lie around half covered by vines and fig-trees. A poor man, by the name of Matteo Ximenes, who lives in one of the halls among the ruins of the Alhambra, where his family has resided for many generations, pointed out to the author the gateway, still closed up with stones. He remembered to have heard his father and grandfather say, that it had always been stopped up, and that out of it King Boabdil had gone when he surrendered Granada. The route of the unfortunate King may be traced thence across the garden of the Convent of Los Martyros, and down a ravine beyond, through a street

the seat of Moorish royalty. Hither the principal inhabitants of Granada repaired, to pay them homage and kiss their hands in token of vassalage; and their example was followed by deputies from all the towns and fortresses of the Alpuxarras, which had not hitherto submitted.

Thus terminated the war of Granada, after ten years of incessant fighting; equalling (says Fray Antonio Agapida) the far-famed siege of Troy in duration, and ending, like that, in the capture of the city. Thus ended also the dominion of the Moors in Spain, having endured seven hundred and seventy-eight years, from the memorable defeat of Roderick, the last of the Goths, on the banks of the Guadalete. The authentic Agapida is uncommonly particular in fixing the epoch of this event. This great triumph of our holy Catholic faith, according to his computation, took place in the beginning of January, in the year of our Lord 1492, being 3,655 years from the population of Spain by the Patriarch Tubal; 3,797 from the general deluge; 5,453 from the creation of the

of gypsy caves and hovels, by the gate of Los Molinos, and so on to the Hermitage of St. Sebastian. None but an antiquarian, however, will be able to trace it, unless aided by the humble historian of the place, Matteo Ximenes.

world, according to Hebrew calculation; and in the month Rabic, in the eight hundred and ninety-seventh year of the Hegira, or flight of Mahomet; whom may God confound! saith the pious Agapida!



APPENDIX.

THE Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada is finished, but the reader may be desirous of knowing the subsequent fortunes of some of the principal personages.

The unfortunate Boabdil retired with his mother, his wife, his son, his sister, his vizier, and bosom counsellor Aben Comixa, and many other relatives and friends, to the valley of Purchena, where a small but fertile territory had been allotted him, comprising several towns of the Alpuxarras, with all there rights and revenues. Here, surrounded by obedient vassals, devoted friends, and a loving family, and possessed of wealth sufficient to enable him to indulge in his habitual luxury and magnificence, he for a time led a tranquil life, and may have looked back upon his regal career as a troubled dream, from which he had happily awaked. Still he appears to have pleased himself with a shadow of royalty, making, occasionally, progresses about his little domains,

visiting the different towns, receiving the homage of the inhabitants, and bestowing largesses with a princely hand. His great delight however, was in sylvan sports and exercises, with horses, hawks, and hounds, being passionately fond of hunting and falconry, so as to pass weeks together in sporting campaigns among the mountains. The jealous suspicions of Ferdinand followed him into his retreat. No exertions were spared by the politically-pious monarch to induce him to embrace the Christian religion, as a means of severing him in feelings and sympathies from his late subjects; but he remained true to the faith of his fathers; and it must have added to his humiliation to live a vassal under Christian sovereigns.

His obstinacy, in this respect, aggravated the distrust of Ferdinand, who, looking back upon the past inconstancy of the Moors, could not feel perfectly secure in his newly-conquered territories, while there was one within their bounds who might revive pretensions to the throne, and rear the standard of an opposite faith in their behalf. He caused, therefore, a vigilant watch to be kept upon the dethroned monarch in his retirement, and beset him with spies, who were to report all his words and actions. The reader will probably be surprised to learn, that the foremost of these spies was

Aben Comixa! Ever since the capture and release of the niece of the Vizier by the Count de Tendilla, Aben Comixa had kept up a friendly correspondence with that nobleman, and through this channel had gradually been brought over to the views of Ferdinand. Documents which have gradually come to light, leave little doubt that the Vizier had been corrupted by the bribes and promises of the Spanish King, and had greatly promoted his views in the capitulation of Granada. It is certain that he subsequently received great estates from the Christian sovereigns. While residing in confidential friendship with Boabdil in his retirement, Aben Comixa communicated secretly with Hernando de Zafra, the secretary of Ferdinand, who resided at Granada, giving him information of all Boabdil's movements; which the secretary reported by letter to the King. Some of the letters of the secretary still exist in the archives of Samancas, and have been recently published in the collection of unedited documents.*

* "El rey Muley Babdali (Boabdil) y sus criados andan continuamente á caza con glagos y azores, y allá esta agora en al campo de Dalias y en Verja, aunque su casa tiene en Andarax, y dican que estará allá por todo este mes." *Carta Secreta de Hernando de Zafra.* Decembre, 1492.

The jealous doubts of Ferdinand were quickened by the letters of his spies. He saw in the hunting campaigns and royal progresses of the ex-king a mode of keeping up a military spirit and a concerted intelligence among the Moors of the Alpuxarras, that might prepare them for future rebellion. By degrees, the very residence of Boabdil within the kingdom became incompatible with Ferdinand's ideas of security. He gave his agents, therefore, secret instructions to work upon the mind of the deposed monarch, and induce him, like El Zagal, to relinquish his Spanish estates for valuable considerations, and retire to Africa.

Boabdil, however, was not to be persuaded; to the urgent suggestions of these perfidious counsellors, he replied, that he had given up a kingdom to live in peace; and had no idea of going to a foreign land to encounter new troubles, and to be under the control of *al-arabes*.*

Ferdinand persisted in his endeavors, and found means more effectual of operating on the mind of Boabdil and gradually disposing him to enter into negotiations. It would appear that Aben Comixa was secretly active in this matter, in the interests of the Spanish

* Letter of Hernando de Zafra to the sovereigns, December 9, 1493.

monarch, and was with him at Barcelona, as the *vizier* and agent of Boabdil. The latter, however, finding that his residence in the Alpuxarras was a cause of suspicion and uneasiness to Ferdinand, determined to go himself to Barcelona, have a conference with the sovereigns, and conduct all his negotiations with them in person. Zafra, the secretary of Ferdinand, who was ever on the alert, wrote a letter from Granada, apprising the King of Boabdil's intention, and that he was making preparations for the journey. He received a letter in reply, charging him by subtle management to prevent, or at least delay, the coming of Boabdil to court.* The crafty monarch trusted to effect through Aben Comixa as *vizier* and agent of Boabdil, an arrangement which it might be impossible to obtain from Boabdil himself. The politic plan was carried into effect. Boabdil was detained at Andarax by the management of Zafra. In the meantime, a scandalous bargain was made on the 17th of March 1493, between Ferdinand and Aben Comixa, in which the latter, as *vizier* and agent of Boabdil, though without any licence or authority from him, made a sale of his territory and the patrimonial property of the

*Letter of the sovereigns to Hernando de Zafra, from Barcelona, February, 1493.

princesses, for eighty thousand ducats of gold, and engaged that he should depart for Africa, taking care, at the same time, to make conditions highly advantageous for himself.*

This bargain being hastily concluded, Yusef Aben Comixa loaded the treasure upon mules, and departed for the Alpuxarras. Here, spreading the money before Boabdil: "Senior," said he, "I have observed that as long as you live here, you are exposed to constant peril. The Moors are rash and irritable; they may make some sudden insurrection, elevate your standard as a pretext, and thus overwhelm you and your friends with utter ruin. I have observed also that you pine away with grief, being continually reminded in this country that you were once its sovereign, but never more must hope to reign. I have put an end to these evils. Your territory is sold—behold the price of it. With this gold you may buy far greater possessions in Africa, where you may live in honor and security."

When Boabdil heard these words he burst into a sudden transport of rage, and drawing his cimeter, would have sacrificed the officious Yusef on the spot had not the attendants interfered and hurried the *vizier* from his presence.†

* Alcantara, *Hist. Granad.* iv., c. 18.

† Marmol., *Rebel.*, lib. i., c. 22.

The rage of Boabdil gradually subsided; he saw that he had been duped and betrayed; but he knew the spirit of Ferdinand too well to hope that he would retract the bargain, however illegitimately effected. He contented himself, therefore, with obtaining certain advantageous modifications, and then prepared to bid a final adieu to his late kingdom and his native land.

It took some months to make the necessary arrangements; or rather his departure was delayed by a severe domestic affliction. Morayma, his gentle and affectionate wife, worn out by agitations and alarms, was gradually sinking into the grave, a prey to devouring melancholy. Her death took place toward the end of August. Hernando de Zafra apprised King Ferdinand of the event, as one propitious to his purposes: removing an obstacle to the embarkation, which was now fixed for the month of September. Zafra was instructed to accompany the exiles until he saw them landed on the African coast.

The embarkation, however, did not take place until some time in the month of October. A *caracca* had been prepared at the port of Adra for Boabdil and his immediate family and friends. Another *caracca* and two galiots received a number of faithful adherents,

amounting, it is said, to 1,130, who followed their prince into exile.

A crowd of his former subjects witnessed his embarkation. As the sails were unfurled and swelled to the breeze, and the vessel bearing Boabdil parted from the land, the spectators would fain have given him a farewell cheering; but the humbled state of their once proud sovereign forced itself upon their minds, and the ominous surname of his youth rose involuntarily to their tongues: "Farewell, Boabdil! Allah preserve thee, *El Zogoybi!*" burst spontaneously from their lips. The unlucky appellation sank into the heart of the expatriated monarch, and tears dimmed his eyes as the snowy summits of the mountains of Granada gradually faded from his view.

He was received with welcome at the court of his relative, Muley Ahmed, Caliph of Fez, the same who had treated El Zagal with such cruelty in his exile. For thirty-four years he resided in his court, treated with great consideration, and built a palace, or *alcazar*, at Fez, in which, it is said, he endeavored to emulate the beauties and delights of the Alhambra.

The last we find recorded of him is in the year 1536, when he followed the Caliph to the field to repel the invasion of two brothers of the famous line of the Xerifes, who at the head of

Berber troops had taken the city of Morocco and threatened Fez. The armies came in sight of each other on the banks of the Gaudal Hawit, or River of Slaves, at the ford of Balcuba. The river was deep, the banks were high and broken, and the ford could only be passed in single file; for three days the armies remained firing at each other across the stream, neither venturing to attempt the dangerous ford. At length the Caliph divided his army into three battalions, the command of the first he gave to his brother-in-law, and to Ali Atar, son of the old Alcayde of Loxa; another division he commanded himself, and the third, composed of his best marksmen, he put under the command of his son, the Prince of Fez, and Boabdil, now a gray-haired veteran. The last mentioned column took the lead, dashed boldly across the ford, scrambled up the opposite bank, and attempted to keep the enemy employed until the other battalions should have time to cross. The rebel army, however, attacked them with such fury, that the son of the King of Fez and several of the bravest *alcaydes* were slain upon the spot; multitudes were driven back into the river, which was already crowded with passing troops. A dreadful confusion took place; the horse trampled upon the foot; the enemy pressed on them with fearful

slaughter; those who escaped the sword perished by the stream; the river was choked by the dead bodies of men and horses, and by the scattered baggage of the army. In this scene of horrible carnage fell Boabdil, truly called *El Zogoybi*, or The Unlucky—an instance, says the ancient chronicler, of the scornful caprice of fortune, dying in defence of the kingdom of another, after wanting spirit to die in defence of his own.*

The aspersion of the chronicler is more caustic than correct. Boabdil never showed a want of courage in the defence of Granada; but he wanted firmness and decision; he was beset from the first by perplexities, and ultimately by the artifices of Ferdinand and the treachery of those in whom he most confided.†

ZORAYA, THE STAR OF THE MORNING.

Notwithstanding the deadly rivalship of this youthful sultana, with Ayxa la Horra, the virtuous mother of Boabdil, and the disasters

* Marmol., *Descrip. de Africa*, pt. 1, lib. ii., c. 40. *Idem*, *Hist. Reb. de los Moros.*, lib. i., c. 21.

† In revising this account of the ultimate fortunes of Boabdil, the author has availed himself of facts recently brought out in Alcantara's history of Granada, which throw strong lights on certain parts of the subject hitherto covered with obscurity.

to which her ambitious intrigues gave rise, the placable spirit of Boabdil bore her no lasting enmity. After the death of his father, he treated her with respect and kindness, and evinced a brotherly feeling towards her sons Cad and Nazar. In the capitulations for the surrender of Granada he took care of her interests, and the possessions which he obtained for her were in his neighborhood, in the valleys of the Alpuxarras. Zoraya, however, under the influence of Queen Isabella, returned to the Christian faith, the religion of her infancy, and resumed her Spanish name of Isabella. Her two sons Cad and Nazar were baptized under the names Don Fernando and Don Juan de Granada, and were permitted to take the titles of Infantas or princes. They intermarried with noble Spanish families, and the Dukes of Granada, resident in Valladolid, are descendant of Don Juan (once Nazar), and preserve to the present day the blazon of their royal ancestor Muley Abul Hassan, and his motto, *Le Galib ile Alá*, God alone is conqueror.

FATE OF ABEN COMIXA.

An ancient chronicle which has long remained in manuscript, but has been published of late years in the collection of Spanish his-

torical documents,* informs us of the subsequent fortunes of the perfidious Aben Comixa. Discarded and despised by Boabdil for his treachery, he repaired to the Spanish court, and obtained favor in the eyes of the devout Queen Isabella by embracing the Christian religion, being baptized under her auspices, with the name of Don Juan de Granada. He even carried his zeal for his newly-adopted creed so far as to become a Franciscan friar. By degrees his affected piety grew cool, and the friar's garb became irksome. Taking occasion of the sailing of some Venetian galleys from Almeria, he threw off his religious habit, embarked on board of one of them and crossed to Africa, where he landed in the dress of a Spanish cavalier.

In a private interview with Abderraman, the Moorish King of Bujia, he related his whole history, and declared that he had always been and still was at heart a true Mahometan. Such skill had he in inspiring confidence that the Moorish King took him into favor and appointed him governor of Algiers. While enjoying his new dignity, a Spanish squadron of four galleys under the celebrated Count Pedro de Navarro, anchored in the harbor, in 1509.

* Padilla, *Cronica de Felipe el Hermosa*, c. 18, y 19, as cited by Alcantara.

Aben Comixa paid the squadron a visit of ceremony in his capacity of governor; gave the Count repeated *fêtes*, and in secret conversations with him laid open all the affairs of the King of Bujia, and offered if the Count should return with sufficient force, to deliver the city into his hands and aid him in conquering the whole territory. The Count hastened back to Spain and made known the proposed treachery to the Cardinal Ximenes, then prime minister of Spain. In the following month of January he was sent with thirty vessels and four thousand soldiers to achieve the enterprise. The expedition of Navarro was successful. He made himself Master of Bujia, and seized in triumph on the royal palace, but he found there the base Aben Comixa weltering in his blood and expiring under numerous wounds. His treachery had been discovered, and the vengeance of the King of Bujia had closed his perfidious career.

DEATH OF THE MARQUES OF CADIZ.

The renowned Roderigo Ponce de Leon, Marques, Duke of Cadiz, was unquestionably the most distinguished among the cavaliers of Spain, for his zeal, enterprise, and heroism, in the great crusade of Granada. He began the war by the capture of Alhama: he was en-

gaged in almost every inroad and siege of importance, during its continuance; and was present at the surrender of the capital, the closing scene of the conquest. The renown thus acquired was sealed by his death, which happened in the forty-eighth year of his age, almost immediately at the close of his triumphs, and before a leaf of his laurels had time to wither. He died at his palace in the city of Seville, on the 27th day of August, 1492, but a few months after the surrender of Granada, and of an illness caused by exposures and fatigues undergone in this memorable war. That honest chronicler, Andres Bernaldes, the Curate of Los Palacios, who was a contemporary of the Marques, draws his portrait from actual knowledge and observation. He was universally cited (says he) as the most perfect model of chivalrous virtue of the age. He was temperate, chaste, and rigidly devout; a benignant commander, a valiant defender of his vassals, a great lover of justice, and an enemy to all flatterers, liars, robbers, traitors, and poltroons.

His ambition was of a lofty kind—he sought to distinguish himself and his family, by heroic and resounding deeds; and to increase the patrimony of his ancestors, by the acquisition of castles, domains, vassals, and other princely

possessions. His recreations were all of a warlike nature; he delighted in geometry as applied to fortifications, and spent much time and treasure in erecting and repairing fortresses. He relished music, but of a military kind—the sound of clarions and sackbuts, of drums and trumpets. Like a true cavalier, he was a protector of the sex on all occasions, and an injured woman never applied to him in vain for redress. His prowess was so well known, and his courtesy to the fair, that the ladies of the Court, when they accompanied the Queen to the wars, rejoiced to find themselves under his protection; for wherever his banner was displayed, the Moors dreaded to adventure. He was a faithful and devoted friend, but a formidable enemy; for he was slow to forgive, and his vengeance was persevering and terrible.

The death of this good and well-beloved cavalier spread grief and lamentation throughout all ranks. His relations, dependents, and companions-in-arms, put on mourning for his loss; and so numerous were they, that half of Seville was clad in black. None, however, deplored his death more deeply and sincerely than his friend and chosen companion, Don Alonzo de Aguilar.

The funeral ceremonies were of the most

solemn and sumptuous kind. The body of the Marques was arrayed in a costly shirt, a doublet of brocade, a *sayo* or long robe of black velvet, a *marlota* or Moorish tunic of brocade reaching to the feet, and scarlet stockings. His sword, superbly gilt, was girded to his side, as he used to wear it when in the field. Thus magnificently attired, the body was inclosed in a coffin, which was covered with black velvet, and decorated with a cross of white damask. It was then placed on a sumptuous bier, in the centre of the great hall of the palace. Here the Duchess made great lamentation over the body of her lord, in which she was joined by her train of damsels and attendants, as well as by the pages and esquires, and innumerable vassals.

In the close of the evening, just before the Ave Maria, the funeral train issued from the palace. Ten banners were borne around the bier, the particular trophies of the Marques, won from the Moors by his valor in individual enterprises, before King Ferdinand had commenced the war of Granada. The procession was swelled by an immense train of bishops, priests, and friars of different orders, together with the civil and military authorities, and all the chivalry of Seville, headed by the Count of Cifuentes, at that time *intendente* or comman-

der of the city. It moved slowly and solemnly through the streets, stopping occasionally, and chanting litanies and responses. Two hundred and forty waxen tapers shed a light like the day about the bier. The balconies and windows were crowded with ladies, who shed tears as the funeral train passed by; while the women of the lower classes were loud in their lamentations, as if bewailing the loss of a father or a brother. On approaching the convent of St. Augustine, the monks came forth with the cross and tapers, and eight censers and conducted the body into the church, where it lay in state until all the vigils were performed, by the different orders; after which it was deposited in the family tomb of the Ponces in the same church, and the ten banners were supended over the sepulchre.*

The tomb of the valiant Roderigo Ponce de Leon with his banners mouldering above it, remained for ages an object of veneration with all who had read or heard of his virtues and achievements. In the year 1810, however, the chapel was sacked by the French, its altars were overturned, and the sepulchres of the family of the Ponces shattered to pieces. The present duchess of Benevente, the worthy descendant of this illustrious and heroic line, has since piously

*Cura de los Palacios, c. 104.

collected the ashes of her ancestors, restored the altar, and repaired the chapel. The sepulchres, however, were utterly destroyed; an inscription in gold letters, on the wall of the chapel, to the right of the altar, is all that denotes the place of sepulture of the brave Ponce de Leon.

THE LEGEND OF THE DEATH OF DON ALONZO DE AGUILAR.

To such as feel an interest in the fortune of the valiant Don Alonzo de Aguilar, the chosen friend and companion-in-arms of Ponce de Leon, Marques of Cadiz, and one of the most distinguished heroes of the war of Granada, a few particulars of his remarkable fate will not be unacceptable.

For several years after the conquest of Granada, the country remained feverish and unquiet. The zealous efforts of the Catholic clergy to effect the conversion of the infidels, and the coercion used for that purpose of government, exasperated the stubborn Moors of the mountains. Several missionaries were maltreated; and in the town of Dayrin, two of them were seized, and exhorted, with many menaces, to embrace the Moslem faith; on their resolutely refusing they were killed with staves and stones

by the Moorish women and children, and their bodies burnt to ashes.*

Upon this event a body of Christian cavaliers assembled in Andalusia to the number of eight hundred, and, without waiting for orders from the King, revenged the death of these martyrs, by plundering and laying waste the Moorish towns and villages. The Moors fled to the mountains, and their cause was espoused by many of their nation, who inhabited those rugged regions. The storm of rebellion began to gather, and mutter its thunders in the Alpuxarras. They were echoed from the Serrania of Ronda, ever ready for rebellion; but the strongest hold of the insurgents was in the Sierra Vermeja, or chain of Red Mountains, which lie near the sea, the savage rocks and precipices of which may be seen from Gibraltar.

When King Ferdinand heard of these tumults, he issued a proclamation ordering all the Moors of the insurgent regions to leave them within ten days, and repair to Castile; giving secret instructions, however, that those who should voluntarily embrace the Christian faith might be permitted to remain. At the same time, he ordered Don Aguilar, and the Counts of Ureña and Cifuentes, to march against the rebels.

Don Alonzo de Aguilar was at Cordova, when

* *Cura de los Palacios*, c. 165.

he received the commands of the King. "What force is allotted us for this expedition?" said he. On being told he perceived that the number of troops was far from adequate. "When a man is dead," said he, "we send four men into his house to bring forth the body. We are now sent to chastise these Moors, who are alive, vigorous, in open rebellion, and ensconced in their castles; yet they do not give us man to man. These words of the brave Alonzo de Aguilar were afterwards frequently repeated; but though he saw the desperate nature of the enterprise, he did not hesitate to undertake it.

Don Alonzo was at that time in the fifty-first year of his age; a warrior, in whom the fire of youth was yet unquenched, though tempered by experience. The greater part of his life had been passed in camp and field, until danger was as his habitual element. His muscular frame had acquired the firmness of iron, without the rigidity of age. His armor and weapons seemed to have become a part of his nature, and he sat like a man of steel on his powerful war-horse.

He took with him, on this expedition, his son Don Pedro de Cordova, a youth of bold and generous spirit, in the freshness of his days, and armed and arrayed with the bravery of a

young Spanish cavalier. When the populace of Cordova beheld the veteran father, the warrior of a thousand battles, leading forth his son to the field, they bethought themselves of the family appellation: "Behold," cried they, "the eagle teaching his young to fly! Long live the valiant line of Aguilar!"*

The prowess of Don Alonzo, and of his companions-in-arms, was renowned throughout the Moorish towns. At their approach, therefore, numbers of the Moors submitted, and hastened to Ronda to embrace Christianity. Among the mountaineers, however, were many of the Gandules, a tribe from Africa, too proud of spirit to bend their necks to the yoke. At their head was a Moor named El Feri of Ben Estepar, renowned for strength and courage. At his instigation, his followers gathered together their families and most precious effects, placed them on mules, and driving before them their flocks and herds, abandoned their valleys, and retired up the craggy passes of the Sierra Vermeja. On the summit was a fertile plain, surrounded by rocks and precipices, which formed a natural fortress. Here El Feri placed all the women and children, and all the property. By his orders, his followers piled great stones on the rocks and cliffs which command-

**Aguilar*—the Spanish for eagle.

ed the defiles and the steep sides of the mountain, and prepared to defend every pass that led to his place of refuge.

The Christian commanders arrived, and pitched their camp before the town of Monarda, a strong place, curiously fortified, and situated at the foot of the highest part of the Sierra Vermeja. Here they remained for several days, unable to compel a surrender. They were separated from the skirt of the mountain by a deep *barranca* or ravine, at the bottom of which flowed a small stream. The Moors, commanded by El Feri, drew down from their mountain height, and remained on the opposite side of the brook, to defend a pass which led up to their stronghold.

One afternoon, a number of Christian soldiers, in mere bravado, seized a banner, crossed the brook, and, scrambling up the opposite bank, attacked the Moors. They were followed by numbers of their companions, some in aid, some in emulation, but most in hope of booty, A sharp action ensued on the mountain side. The Moors were greatly superior in number, and had the vantage-ground. When the Counts of Ureña and Cifuentes beheld this skirmish, they asked Don Alonzo de Aguilar his opinion: "My opinion," said he, "was given at Cordova, and remains the same; this is a desperate

enterprise: however, the Moors are at hand, and if they suspect weakness in us, it will increase their courage and our peril. Forward then to the attack, and I trust in God we shall gain a victory." So saying, he led his troops into the battle.*

On the skirts of the mountain were several level places, like terraces; here the Christians pressed valiantly upon the Moors, and had the advantage but the latter retreated to the steep and craggy heights, whence they hurled darts and rocks upon their assailants. They defended their passes and defiles with valor, but were driven from height to height, until they reached the plain on the summit of the mountain, where their wives and children were sheltered. Here they would have made a stand: but Alonzo de Aguilar, with his son Don Pedro, charged upon them at the head of three hundred men, and put them to flight with great carnage. While they were pursuing the flying enemy, the rest of the army, thinking the victory achieved, dispersed themselves over the little plain in search of plunder. They pursued the shrieking females, tearing off their necklaces, bracelets, and anklets of gold; and they found so much treasure of various kinds collected in this spot, that they threw by

* Bleda, lib. v., c. 26.

their armor and weapons, to load themselves with booty.

Evening was closing. The Christians, intent upon spoil, had ceased to pursue the Moors, and the latter were arrested in their flight by the cries of their wives and children. Their leader, El Feri, threw himself before them: "Friends, soldiers," cried he, "whither do you fly? Whither can you seek refuge, where the enemy cannot follow you? Your wives, your children, are behind you—turn and defend them; you have no chance for safety, but from the weapons in your hands."

The Moors turned at his words. They beheld the Christians scattered about the plain, many of them without armor, and all encumbered with spoil. "Now is the time!" shouted El Feri; "charge upon them while laden with your plunder. I will open a path for you!" He rushed to the attack, followed by his Moors, with shouts and cries that echoed through the mountains. The scattered Christians were seized with panic, and throwing down their booty, began to fly in all directions. Don Alonzo de Aguilar advanced his banner, and endeavored to rally them. Finding his horse of no avail in these rocky heights, he dismounted, and caused his men to do the same; he had a small band of tried followers, with

which he opposed a bold front to the Moors, calling on the scattered troops to rally in the rear.

Night had completely closed. It prevented the Moors from seeing the smallness of the force with which they were contending; and Don Alonzo and his cavaliers dealt their blows so vigorously, that, aided by the darkness, they seemed multiplied to ten times their number. Unfortunately, a small cask of gunpowder blew up near to the scene of action. It shed a momentary but brilliant light over all the plain, and on every rock and cliff. The Moors beheld, with surprise, that they were opposed by a mere handful of men, and that the greater part of the Christians were flying from the field. They put up loud shouts of triumph. While some continued the conflict with redoubled ardor, others pursued the fugitives, hurling after them stones and darts, and discharging showers of arrows. Many of the Christians, in their terror and their ignorance of the mountains, rushed headlong from the brinks of precipices, and were dashed in pieces.

Don Alonzo still maintained his ground, but, while some of the Moors assailed him in front, others galled him with all kinds of missiles from the impending cliffs. Some of the cavaliers, seeing the hopeless nature of the conflict,

proposed to abandon the height and retreat down the mountain: "No." said Don Alonzo, proudly, "never did the banner of the house of Aguilar retreat one foot in the field of battle." He had scarcely uttered these words, when his son Pedro was stretched at his feet. A stone hurled from a cliff had struck out two of his teeth, and a lance passed quivering through his thigh. The youth attempted to rise, and, with one knee on the ground, to fight by the side of his father. Don Alonzo finding him wounded, urged him to quit the field. "Fly, my son!" said he; "let us not put everything at venture upon one hazard. Conduct thyself as a good Christian, and live to comfort and honor thy mother."

Don Pedro still refused to leave his side. Whereupon Don Alonzo ordered several of his followers to bear him off by force. His friend Don Francisco Alvarez of Cordova, taking him in his arms, conveyed him to the quarters of the Count of Ureña, who had halted on the height at some distance from the scene of battle, for the purpose of rallying and succoring the fugitives. Almost at the same moment, the Count beheld his own son, Don Pedro Giron, brought in grievously wounded.

In the meantime, Don Alonzo, with two hundred cavaliers, maintained the unequal con-

test. Surrounded by foes, they fell, one after another, like so many stags encircled by the hunters. Don Alonzo was the last survivor, without horse, and almost without armor—his corselet unlaced, and his bosom gashed with wounds. Still he kept a brave front to the enemy, and retiring between two rocks, defended himself with such valor, that the slain lay in a heap before him.

He was assailed in this retreat, by a Moor of surpassing strength and fierceness. The contest was for some time doubtful; but Don Alonzo received a wound in the head, and another in the breast, which made him stagger. Closing and grappling with his foe, they had a desperate struggle, until the Christian cavalier, exhausted by his wounds, fell upon his back. He still retained his grasp upon his enemy: "Think not, "cried he, "thou hast an easy prize; know that I am Don Alonzo, he of Aguilar!"—"If thou art Don Alonzo," replied the Moor, "know that I am El Feri of Ben Estepar." They continued their deadly struggle, and both drew their daggers; but Don Alonzo was exhausted by seven ghastly wounds; while he was yet struggling, his heroic soul departed from his body, and he expired in the grasp of the Moor.

Thus fell Alonzo de Aguilar, the mirror of Andalusian chivalry—one of the most powerful grandees of Spain, for person, blood, estate, and office. For forty years he had made successful war upon the Moors—in childhood by his household and retainers, in manhood by the prowess of his arm, and in the wisdom and valor of his spirit. His pennon had always been foremost in danger; he had been general of armies, viceroy of Andalusia, and the author of glorious enterprises, in which kings were vanquished, and mighty *alcaydes* and warriors laid low. He had slain many Moslem chiefs with his own arm, and among others the renowned Ali Atar of Loxa, fighting foot to foot, on the banks of the Xenil. His judgment, discretion, magnanimity, and justice, vied with his prowess. He was the fifth lord of his war-like house, that fell in battle with the Moors.

"His soul," observes the worthy Padre Abarca, "it is believed, ascended to Heaven, to receive the reward of so Christian a captain; for that very day, he had armed himself with the sacraments of confession and communion."*

The Moors, elated with their success, pur

* Abarca, *Anales de Aragon*, rey xxx., c. 2.

sued the fugitive Christians down the defiles and sides of the mountains. It was with the utmost difficulty that the Count de Ureña could bring off a remnant of his forces from that disastrous height. Fortunately, on the lower slope of the mountain, they found the rearguard of the army, led by the Count de Cifuentes, who had crossed the brook and the ravine to come to their assistance. As the fugitives came flying in headlong terror down the mountain, it was with difficulty the Count kept his own troops from giving way in panic, and retreating in confusion across the brook. He succeeded, however, in maintaining order, in rallying the fugitives, and checking the fury of the Moors: then taking his station on a rocky eminence, he maintained his post until morning; sometimes sustaining violent attacks, at other times rushing forth and making assaults upon the enemy. When morning dawned, the Moors ceased to combat, and drew up to the summit of the mountain.

It was then that the Christians had time to breathe, and to ascertain the sad loss they had sustained. Among the many valiant cavaliers who had fallen, was Don Francisco Ramirez of Madrid, who had been captain-general of artillery throughout the war of Granada, and

contributed greatly by his valor and ingenuity to that renowned conquest. But all other griefs and cares were forgotten, in anxiety for the fate of Don Alonzo de Aguilar. His son, Don Pedro de Cordova, had been brought off with great difficulty from the battle, and afterwards lived to be Marques of Priego; but of Don Alonzo nothing was known, except that he was left with a handful of cavaliers, fighting valiantly against an overwhelming force.

As the rising sun lighted up the red cliffs of the mountains, the soldiers watched with anxious eyes, if perchance his pennon might be descried, fluttering from any precipice or defile; but nothing of the kind was to be seen. The trumpet-call was repeatedly sounded, but empty echoes alone replied. A silence reigned about the mountain summit, which showed that the deadly strife was over. Now and then a wounded warrior came dragging his feeble steps from among the clefts and rocks; but, on being questioned, he shook his head mournfully, and could tell nothing of the fate of his commander.

The tidings of this disastrous defeat, and of the perilous situation of the survivors, reached King Ferdinand at Granada; he immediately

marched, at the head of all the chivalry of his court, to the mountains of Ronda. His presence, with a powerful force, soon put an end to the rebellion. A part of the Moors were suffered to ransom themselves, and embark for Africa; others were made to embrace Christianity; and those of the town where the Christian missionaries had been massacred, were sold as slaves. From the conquered Moors, the mournful but heroic end of Alonzo de Aguilar was ascertained.

On the morning after the battle, when the Moors came to strip and bury the dead, the body of Don Alonzo was found, among those of more than two hundred of his followers, many of them *alcaydes* and cavaliers of distinction. Though the person of Don Alonzo was well known to the Moors, being so distinguished among them both in peace and war, yet it was so covered and disfigured with wounds, that it could with difficulty be recognized. They preserved it with great care, and, on making their submission, delivered it up to King Ferdinand. It was conveyed with great state to Cordova, amidst the tears and lamentations of all Andalusia. When the funeral train entered Cordova, and the inhabitants saw the coffin containing the remains of

their favorite hero, and the war-horse, led in mournful trappings, on which they had so lately seen him sally forth from their gates, there was a general burst of grief throughout the city. The body was interred, with great pomp and solemnity, in the church of St. Hypolito.

Many years afterwards, his granddaughter, Doña Catalina of Aguilar and Cordova, Marchioness of Priego, caused his tomb to be altered. On examining the body, the head of a lance was found among the bones, received without doubt among the wounds of his last mortal combat. The name of this accomplished and Christian cavalier has ever remained a popular theme of the chronicler and poet, and is endeared to the public memory by many of the historical ballads and songs of his country. For a long time the people of Cordova were indignant at the brave Count de Ureña, who, they thought had abandoned Don Alonzo in his extremity; but the Castilian monarch acquitted him of all charge of the kind, and continued him in honor and office. It was proved that neither he nor his people could succor Don Alonzo, or even know of his peril, from the darkness of the night. There is a mournful little Spanish ballad or romance, which breathes the

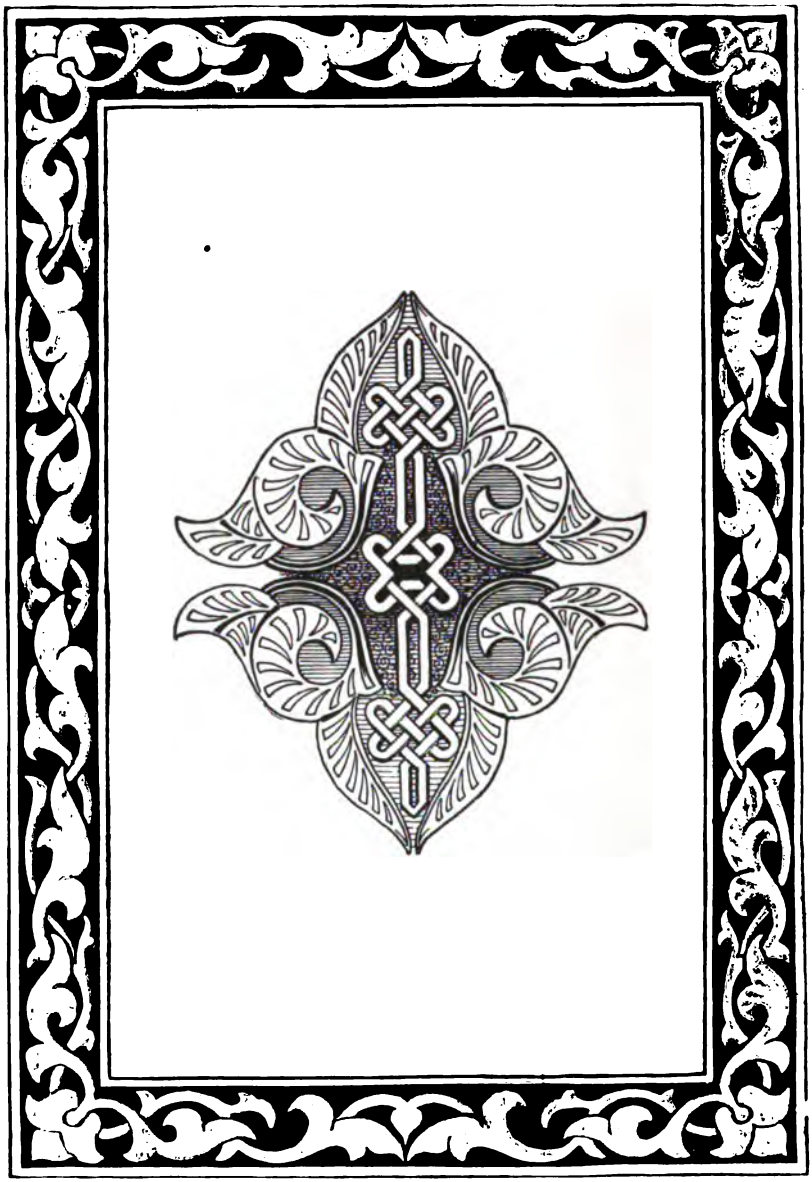
public grief on this occasion ; and the populace, on the return of the Count de Ureña to Cordova, assailed him with one of its plaintive and reproachful verses :

Count Ureña ! Count Ureña !
Tell us, where is Don Alonzo !

(Dezid Conde de Ureña !
Don Alonzo, donde queda ?)*

*Bleda, lib. v., c. 26.

END OF VOL. II.



know more." Harriet Martineau's "Illu
tions of Political Economy" will, he thi
be "universally read" in the United State
The controversy with South Carolina over
nullification, however, filled him with fore-
boding. "Their patriotism must be strange-
ly diluted to magnify this temporary evil
[the tariff] into pretext for rebellion and
separation. . . . But the real nature of
their disaffection lies deeper to my certain
knowledge. They have lost the field of am-
bition at Washington and they are bent upon
creating one of their own. . . . They fear
some decisive step will be taken to miti-
gate the condition of slavery.—But above
all they hate us with the rancour of Shy-
lock for our prosperity and impute our gains
to their losses. They will be our Ireland
without the shadow of the wrongs of that
ill-fated country to stimulate them to civil
war.—You have no idea of the exultation of
the friends of strong government over our
impending difficulties on this side of the
Water. The disgraceful elopement of one of
the sisters of our family they say casts a
deep stain upon our house. . . . Johnny
Bull is full of brotherly sympathy; he be-
holds new markets for his wares. The cause
of freedom is belied and dishonored."

Until 1842, when Irving was again abroad,
the correspondence of the two friends com-
prises only brief notes of no special impor-
tance. Then, with Irving in Spain, Brevoort
once more sends him long letters of gossip
and information. He was growing old, how-
ever, and heavy financial losses, though in
part made good from his share in his
father's estate, evidently brought gloom.
The last letter in the collection (October 18,
1843) compasses both the grave and the gay.
"I am no croaker," he writes, "but it grieves
me to say, my dear Irving, that this our
native land is degenerate and corrupt to the
very core. You would not believe the symp-
toms of rottenness which I could point out
and establish, but which are now apparent—
political, moral, and social—nor am I able
to discover any hope of amendment; any
counteracting principles to arrest the down-
ward tendency of all our institutions." Then,
with the old vivacity undimmed, he turns
to gossip of "old Mr. Astor," who "still holds
out"; of "Mr. Delauny, who had been jilted

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father. This was when he
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stablish the authority over
wayo's young son, Dinizulu.
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epublic," finally annexed by
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)ther result, for it led to
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Emmet, one of the leaders
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led to the Union [illegible]ca. Mr. Spender's account of the Convention of South African statesmen which took this matter in hand is clear and compact and brings out the part of prime importance played by Botha, ably assisted by Jameson, the man he had once been anxious to shoot, in conciliating local jealousies and adjusting differences of the utmost intricacy among the various colonies concerned. Jameson's friendship and admiration for Botha at this time was symptomatic of the union of the races which is ever in the foreground of the latter's policies. "Are you aware," said a British extremist to Jameson, "that Botha was one of those men who wanted to shoot you at Pretoria, after the Raid?" "Ah!" replied Jameson, "Botha was always right." A dramatic chapter on The Hertzog Split, which definitely divided the Boer party and came within an ace of unseating Botha, and one on The Labor Crisis, which must be

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